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WEN. S. COOPER

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SOUTHERN HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE

THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR.

BY

EDWARD A. POLLARD,

AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND SECOND YEARS OF THE WAR."

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CHARLES B. RICHARDSON,

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By CHARLES B. RICHARDSON,

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author has composed this work under many and severe difficulties. The materials were collected in Richmond, while the author was burdened with the heavy duties of public journalism.

After this explanation, and in the third volume of his work, it is, perhaps, unnecessary for the author to repeat that he has not sought literary ornament, or attempted a high standard of historical composition. He has only designed to make a faithful compendium of events, which will illustrate, for the present, what is most interesting in the American War, and serve as a foundation for future and more enlarged inquiries. It may be that these, his unambitious labors, will be appropriated by others, who will rear upon them a superstructure of their own; but he cherishes the hope that he is not destined to lose to others the benefit of his early records, and that he may, at some future time, be able to compose a work on the American War, worthy of its importance, and its relations to the interests and philosophy of the present generation.

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THE THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR.

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IN the close of a former volume, we proposed to open the Third Year of the War with a revised and extended account of the battles fought between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, on the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of May, 1863. On examination, however, of what has already been written of these events, we find so little of authentic detail to add to it, that we shall content ourselves with a general reference to this important series of engagements (known collectively as the battle of Chancellorsville), and a concise statement of results.

We have here again the old story of a great and bloody battle, defective in conclusion and barren in practical results. The Confederates had failed to capture Sedgwick’s corps by

not seizing Banks' Ford. The capture of his whole corps would then have been inevitable, for we held the access to Fredericksburg guarded. As it was, Hooker was able to cross the river under cover of night with all of his army but what had been lost in the casualties of the fight; and the Southern public were again treated to the old excuse that we had neither the men nor the facilities to pursue him.

But, notwithstanding these deficiencies of our victory, it was a great and brilliant one, and it gave the Confederacy occasion of pride second to none in the war. The Confederates had whipped what Hooker entitled "the finest army on the planet." They had done this with an effective fighting force which, compared with that of the enemy, was as three to ten. They had put thirty thousand of the enemy *hors du combat*, while our own casualties did not foot up more than one-third of that number. This battle, more than anything else, confirmed the fame of General Lee; for, however it had failed in accomplishing all that was possible, it was at least a victory won against an enemy of superior numbers, who had the advantage of the initiative and naturally secured that of position.

General Hooker had come with eight days' rations and a plan of battle combining all that was essential on paper to a complete success. General Lee had to watch the movements of Hooker until they were developed; to arrest his progress by attack; to engage him at the same time with a flank movement with a portion of his forces; and then to transfer his blows to Sedgwick. All this was done with a readiness of combination that showed a high order of military ability. Hooker was defeated by two critical circumstances: the flank movement of Jackson, executed with signal rapidity and decision, and the failure of Sedgwick to effect a junction. It was these movements and interpositions directed by Lee which ranked him among the greatest of modern strategists. He was now recognized as the master military mind of the Confederacy.

General Lee had, by a perceptible progress, risen to be one of the most remarkable men of the revolution. His military life had been one of steady advancement. He had graduated at West Point in 1829, at the head of his class; and it is said that, in that severe school and early test of the soldier, he had never been marked with a demerit or had received a reprimand.

mand. He had twice been brevetted in the Mexican war. For thirty years he had served the United States, and the period of disunion found him lieutenant-colonel of that famous regiment of cavalry of which Sydney Johnson was colonel.

Upon the secession of Virginia he was appointed commander-in-chief of her forces, and organized an army with a system and rapidity that at once surprised and gratified the public. When President Davis made his appointments of generals, he was the third on the list: General Cooper being first, and General Sydney Johnson second. The appointments were made with reference to the rank held by each officer in the old army. The unfortunate campaign of General Lee in Western Virginia in the first year of the war threw a shadow on his fame; it disappointed his admirers and occasioned a very general denunciation of his ability. The battles around Richmond secured his fame. There was, in fact, but little military merit in them; but there was a great success, and results alone are the standards of popular appreciation. It was when General Lee moved out to the line of the Rappahannock that the true display of his abilities commenced; and his title to a substantial and abiding fame he had now crowned with the victory of Chancellorsville.

No one had ever accused General Lee of "genius." A sedate, methodical man, putting duty before everything else, illustrating the unselfish and Christian orders of virtue, almost sublime in his magnanimity, and uniting with these qualities a fair intellectual ability and an excellent practical judgment, this modern copy of Washington had nothing with which to dazzle mankind, but much with which to win its sober admiration. It has often been remarked how entirely limited by professional routine was the circle of intellectual accomplishments in the old army of the United States. Thirty years in this school had not made General Lee an "Admirable Crichton." Outside of his profession, his conversation was limited to a few commonplaces; he knew nothing of literature, and never attempted to draw an illustration from history. But the stranger who was at first shocked at such poverty of accomplishments in one so famous was soon won to admiration by the charming simplicity of a man who knew but little outside of the line of his duty, but in that was pre-eminently able

and thoroughly heroic. It may be said of him that he was one of those few self-depreciating men whose magnanimity was not sentimental, and whose modesty was not unmanly.

In taking up the thread of our story after the battle of Chancellorsville, we must now follow this great commander in one of the most extraordinary movements of the war, and to one of its most critical and imposing fields.

A great battle had now been twice fought on the line of the Rappahannock with no other effect than driving the enemy back to the hills of Stafford. The position was one in which he could not be attacked to advantage. It was on this reflection that General Lee resolved to maneuver Hooker out of Virginia, to clear the Shenandoah Valley of the troops of the enemy, and to renew the experiment of the transfer of hostilities north of the Potomac. It was a blow to the summer campaign of the enemy, calculated to disarrange it and relieve other parts of the Confederacy, but, above all, aimed at the prize of a great victory on Northern soil, long the aspiration of the Southern public.

The movement commenced on the 3d of June. The army of Northern Virginia had been thoroughly reorganized, and the question of Stonewall Jackson's successor had been determined to the satisfaction of the country. About the 20th of May the President commissioned both Major-generals R. S. Ewell and A. P. Hill as lieutenant-generals in the army of Northern Virginia. To each of these generals a corps was assigned, consisting of three divisions, General Longstreet, for this purpose, parting with one of his divisions (Anderson's), and A. P. Hill's old division being reduced by two brigades, was assigned to Major-general W. D. Pender. The two brigades thus taken from A. P. Hill's division, were united with Pettigrew's and another North Carolina brigade, and assigned to Major-general Heth, who, with Major-general Pender, was promoted from the rank of brigadier-generals. General A. P. Hill was assigned to the command of this corps, whilst General Ewell retained General Jackson's old corps, consisting of Early's division; Early having been made a Major-general in February, and receiving command of Ewell's old division; Rode's division and Trimble's division, to which General Edward Johnson, then just promoted to a major-gen-

eralship, was assigned. Five of the six major-generals in the infantry department of this army, and the two corps generals, received their promotion within the twelve months past.

On the 3d of June McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps left Fredericksburg for Culpepper Court-house, and Hood's division, which was occupied on the Rapidan, marched to the same place. General Ewell's corps took up the line of march from its camps near Fredericksburg on the morning of June 4th, moving in the direction of Culpeper Court-House. On the same evening Longstreet's corps moved in the same direction. On Friday, June 5th, the enemy crossed a force below Fredericksburg, near the Bernard House, as if they intended to move once more upon our lines, stretching from Hamilton's crossing up to Fredericksburg. Ewell and Longstreet were halted at or near Locust Grove, in Orange county, to await the issue of the movement. Hooker having made this diversion in our front, set himself to work in removing his stores and in retiring his troops from the Stafford heights.

The forces of Longstreet and Ewell reached Culpeper Court-house by the 8th, at which point the cavalry, under General Stuart, was also concentrated. On the 9th a large force of Federal cavalry, strongly supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's and Kelly's fords, and attacked General Stuart. A severe engagement ensued, continuing from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, when the enemy was forced to recross the river with heavy loss, leaving four hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several colors in our hands.

This affair, popularly known as that of Brandy Station, was distinguished by an extraordinary exploit of Confederate troops. In one of the charges the Eleventh Virginia cavalry, under Colonel Lomax, captured, the third and last time, a battery of three pieces, the Sixth regiment and Thirty-fifth battalion having done so before them. Pushing his success, he divided his regiment, sending a squadron after the fugitives east of the railroad, while, with the remainder of his regiment, he assailed three regiments of cavalry, awaiting him at the depot. He routed this whole force completely.

THE CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER.

General Jenkins, with his cavalry brigade, had been ordered to advance towards Winchester to co-operate with the infantry in the proposed expedition into the Lower Valley, and at the same time General Imboden was directed, with his command, to make a demonstration in the direction of Romney, in order to cover the movement against Winchester, and prevent the enemy at that place from being reinforced by the troops on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Both of these officers were in position when General Ewell left Culpepper Court-house, on the 16th. Crossing the Shenandoah near Front Royal, he detached Rodes' division to Berryville with instructions, after dislodging the forces stationed there, to cut off the communication between Winchester and the Potomac. With the divisions of Early and Johnson, General Ewell advanced directly upon Winchester, driving the enemy into his works around the town on the 13th. On the same day the troops at Berryville fell back before General Rodes, retreating to Winchester. Lieutenant-general Ewell, after consultation with Major-general Early, determined upon a flank movement, in order to reduce the town, as preferable to an assault in front. General Early at once began to move to attack a work of the enemy on the Pughtown road, on a hill commanding their main fort.

About an hour before sunset, on the evening of the 14th of June, General Early, without encountering scout or picket, was in easy cannon range of the enemy's work, which it was his purpose to assault. He at once set to work making disposition of his forces preparatory to the attack. Twenty pieces of artillery were placed in position. Hay's Louisiana brigade was now ordered to prepare for the charge. Our artillery opened a vigorous and well-directed fire on the enemy's works and guns. They responded with considerable spirit. Then Hay's Lousianians moved forward to the music of our cannon, which were still playing upon the works of the enemy. No Yankee dared show his head above the parapet. When our men got within two hundred yards of the enemy's works, suddenly our artillery ceased. And now Hay's men charge over an abattis,

capturing the work and taking six pieces of artillery. The enemy vainly attempted, under cover of the guns of their main fort, to form in the bottom, between the two hills, and retake the works, but Hay's men manned and turned the enemy's own guns upon them. A few well-directed shots quickly broke them in confusion, and they retreated to the inner fort.

General Edward Johnston had been ordered to move to the Martinsburg road, and intercept the expected retreat of the enemy. His dispositions had scarcely been made when the Yankees charged, with loud yelling, hoping to break through our lines and escape. The battle raged for nearly an hour, our troops (but little over twelve hundred men) being greatly outnumbered. Just, however, as the last of our cartridges gave out, General Walker came up. The enemy had by this time divided into two columns, for the purpose of endeavoring to turn both of our flanks simultaneously. General Walker charged the party attempting to turn our right flank, and they surrendered. General Johnson moved the two Louisiana regiments, held in reserve, against the body of the enemy attempting to pass our left flank, and captured the greater part of them. Though Milroy and three hundred cavalry, besides some straggling infantry, made their escape, our captures here amounted to some twenty-five hundred men. The unfortunate Yankee commander fled to Harper's Ferry with his small party of fugitives.

General Rodes marched from Berryville to Martinsburg, entering the latter place on the 14th, where he took seven hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery and a considerable quantity of stores. These operations cleared the valley of the enemy, those at Harper's Ferry withdrawing to Maryland Heights. More than four thousand prisoners, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, two hundred and seventy wagons and ambulances, with four hundred horses, were captured, besides a large amount of military stores. Our loss was small. On the night that Ewell appeared at Winchester, the Federal troops in front of A. P. Hill, at Fredericksburg, recrossed the Rapahannock, and the next day disappeared behind the hills of Stafford.

The onward movement of General Lee had now fairly commenced. The success of Winchester was a brilliant introduc-

tion to the campaign. The men who had achieved this success, and who had been trained in marching, fighting and endurance, under Stonewall Jackson, were appropriately placed in the van of the imposing movement that now threatened the territory of the agitated and alarmed North.

The whole army of General Hooker withdrew from the line of the Rappahannock, pursuing the roads near the Potomac, and no favorable opportunity was offered for attack. It seemed to be the purpose of General Hooker to take a position which would enable him to cover the approaches to Washington City.

With this view, he occupied strong positions at Centreville and Manassas, so as to interpose his army between us and Washington, and thus prevent a sudden descent from the Blue Ridge by General Lee upon the Yankee capital. Meanwhile, Longstreet and Hill were following fast upon Ewell's track, the former reaching Ashby's and Snicker's gaps in time to prevent any movement upon Ewell's rear, and the latter (Hill) getting to Culpepper in good season to protect Longstreet's rear, or to co-operate with him in the event of an attack upon his flank, or to guard against any demonstration in the direction of Richmond.

When Longstreet occupied the mountain gaps, the cavalry, under General Stuart, was thrown out in his front to watch the enemy, now reported to be moving into Loudon. On the 17th, his cavalry encountered two brigades of ours, under General Stuart, near Aldie, and was driven back with loss. The next day the engagement was renewed, the Federal cavalry being strongly supported by infantry, and General Stuart, in turn, was compelled to retire.

The enemy advanced as far as Upperville and then fell back. In these engagements General Stuart took about four hundred prisoners and a considerable number of horses and arms.

In the meantime, a portion of Ewell's corps had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport. No report had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information. In order, however, to retain it on the east side of the mountains after it should enter Maryland, and thus leave open our communication with the Potomac, through Hagerstown

and Williamsport, General Ewell had been instructed to send a division eastwards from Chambersburg to cross the South Mountains. Early's division was detached for this purpose, and proceeded as far east as York, while the remainder of the corps proceeded to Carlisle.

On the 24th, the whole of A. P. Hill's corps crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, that of Longstreet having previously reached the Maryland shore by the Williamsport ford—the corps of General Longstreet being composed of the divisions of McLaws, Pickett and Hood, whilst that of Hill consisted of Pender, Heth and Anderson. The columns reunited at Hagerstown, and advanced thence into Pennsylvania, encamping near Chambersburg on the 27th.

The invasion of Pennsylvania had now progressed to a crisis, which was the signal of unbounded excitement in the North. On the 29th, Brigadier-general Jenkins and command went within sight and artillery range of Harrisburg, with a view, it was thought, of attack. The light horsemen of the Confederates scoured the southern region of Pennsylvania. For weeks the dashing and adventurous cavalry of Jenkins and Imboden were persistently busy in scouring the country between the Susquehannah and the Alleghanies, the Monocacy and the Potomac, and from the lines before Harrisburg their trumpets had sounded.

At the first news of the invasion, Lincoln had called for a hundred thousand men to defend Washington. Governor Andrews offered the whole military strength of Massachusetts in the terrible crisis. Governor Seymour, of New York, summoned McClellan to grave consultations respecting the defences of Pennsylvania. The bells were set to ringing in Brooklyn. Regiment after regiment was sent off from New York to Philadelphia. The famous Seventh regiment took the field, and proceeded to Harrisburg. The Dutch farmers in the valley drove their cattle to the mountains, and the archives were removed from Harrisburg.

Hooker had declined a battle in Virginia. This hesitation was to cost him his command; it was the theme of bitter reproach in the North. Lee had been allowed to obtain the important advantage of the military initiative, and had gained time enough to firmly establish his communications in the rear

of his base of operations on the other side of the Potomac. Having brought up and consolidated his forces with consummate address he was in a position to hurl them wherever he might desire.

On crossing the Potomac, Hooker had taken up a line extending from Washington to Baltimore, expecting General Lee to offer him battle in Maryland. Finding himself disappointed in this, and compelled by his superiors at Washington, or smarting under their distrust, he relinquished his command to George C. Meade, who, finding that Lee had deflected in his march through Pennsylvania, moved towards Chambersburg to meet him.

General Lee had proposed to attack Harrisburg. On the 30th, as General Ewell was preparing to march to Harrisburg, twenty miles distant, an order came to him to unite his corps with the rest of the army near Gettysburg. Major-general Early, of this corps, who, after crossing the river, had moved to York, and who was then at that place, was at once notified, and the corps immediately took up the line of march.

Important news had been received. On the night of the 29th, information was brought to General Lee's head-quarters that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northwards, and that the head of the column had reached the South Mountain. As our communications with the Potomac were thus menaced, it was resolved to prevent his further progress in that direction by concentrating our army on the east side of the mountains. Accordingly, Longstreet and Hill were directed to proceed from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point General Ewell had been also instructed to march.

A day pregnant with a momentous issue was at hand. The two armies which had ceased to confront each other since the breaking up of the Fredericksburg lines found themselves again face to face near Gettysburg, on Wednesday, July 1st.

Before turning to the bloody page of Gettysburg, the curiosity of the reader naturally inquires into the conduct of the Confederate army on the long march which had at last penetrated the fruitful fields of Pennsylvania. Considering what the country and homes of the Confederacy had suffered from the ferocity of the enemy, it might have been supposed that

Lee's army would have improved their grand opportunity in Pennsylvania, not indeed by an imitation of the enemy's outrages in the South, but by that eminently justifiable retaliation which, while it scorns to mete out in kind the enemy's crime, in arson, pillage and innocent blood, insists upon doing him some commensurate injury by severe acts of war, done with deliberation and under the authority of superiors. Such expectations were disappointed. Every just and intelligent reader of the records of this war must wonder that General Lee gave a protection to the citizens of Pennsylvania which had never been accorded to our own people; that, with an obtuseness that is inexplicable, he confounded two very different classes of retaliation; and that, while forbidding the irregular pillage of the country, and threatening marauders with death (which admirable orders were heartily approved by all people in the South), he also restrained his army from laying waste the country in line of battle, or destroying the enemy's subsistence. Such tenderness, the effect of a weak and strained chivalry, or more probably that of deference to European opinion, is another of the many instances which the war has furnished of the simplicity and sentimental facility of the South.

General Lee attempted conciliation of a people who were little capable of it, but were always ready to take counsel of their fears. The effect of his moderate warfare on such a people was to irritate them without intimidating them; in fact, to compose their alarms and to dissuade them from what had been imagined as the horrors of invasion. In this respect, his movement into Pennsylvania gave to the enemy a certain moral comfort, and encouraged the prosecution of the war.

With reference, now, to the military features of the movement, it must rank with the most remarkable marches on record. Looking back to the Rappahannock, we now see what Lee had accomplished. When he set out upon the northern expedition, he was confronted by one of the largest and best-appointed armies the enemy ever had in the field. Winchester, Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry and Berryville were garrisoned by hostile forces. The cavalry of the enemy were in splendid condition. General Lee marched over the Blue Ridge and across the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. The mountain

passes and the fords of the rivers might have been effectually blockaded. The whole of the lower valley was in possession of the enemy. And yet, starting from Culpepper Court-house, General Lee conducted his army across the mountains, along the valley and over the rivers, without encountering serious opposition. Except a few cavalry engagements, the army marched from Culpepper Court-house to Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, without resistance.

The conjuncture which had been reached was the most critical of the war. Meade's army was the only real obstacle which could impede the triumphant march of the army of Lee into the very heart of the Yankee States, and in whatever direction he might choose to push his campaign. The press attempted some ridiculous comfort by writing vaguely of thousands of militia springing to arms. But the history of modern warfare afforded better instruction, for it taught clearly enough that an invading army of regular and victorious troops could only be effectively checked by the resistance of a similar army in the field, or of fortified places strong enough to compel a regular siege. In Richmond, the garish story of the newspapers prepared the public mind for a great victory. There was the renewed and feverish anticipation of an early peace. The elated public of the Confederate capital little imagined that, in a few days, events were to occur to turn back the war for years.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The march towards Gettysburg was conducted slowly. At 10 o'clock A. M., on the 1st instant, Heth's division, of Hill's corp, being ahead, encountered the enemy's advance line, the Eleventh corps, about three miles west of Gettysburg. Here a sharp engagement ensued, our men steadily advancing and driving the enemy before them to the town, and to a range of hills or low mountains running out a little east of south from the town.

General Reynolds, who commanded the enemy's advance, rode forward to inspect the ground and select a position for his line of battle. The Confederates, distinguishing him from his uniform to be an officer of high rank, opened upon him with

heavy volleys of infantry fire. He was struck by several balls, and died instantly without uttering a word.

About an hour after the opening of the engagement, which was principally of artillery, General Ewell, who was moving from the direction of Carlisle, came up and took a position on our extreme left. Rodes came into the engagement on the flank of the enemy, who were confronting A. P. Hill, and occupied the most commanding point of the very ridge with artillery which the enemy were upon. This ridge runs in the shape of a crescent around Gettysburg, following the windings of a creek which is between it and the town.

After our artillery had been engaged for some half an hour, with admirable effect, the enemy were observed to be moving rapidly from Hill's front to that of Rodes, and to be advancing their new columns against Rodes from the town. Rodes, his dispositions having been made, advanced his whole line. It had first to cross a field, six hundred yards wide, and enter woods—immediately upon entering which it became hotly engaged.

The Alabama brigade (Rodes' old command) advanced somewhat confusedly, owing, it is said, to a misconception as to the direction which it should take, and, whilst confused, became engaged, and was forced back with its lines broken, though reinforced by the Fifth Alabama, which uncovered Lawson's brigade. This brigade was thought to have behaved badly; it was reported to General Rodes, in the midst of the fight, that one of the regiments had raised the white flag, and gone over in a body to the enemy. The only foundation for this report was, that two of the regiments were almost entirely surrounded, in consequence of the giving way of the Alabama brigade and the concentration of the enemy at that point, and were either killed or captured almost to a man. The gallant resistance, however, which they made is shown by a statement coming from General Rodes himself: that, riding along behind where their line had been, he thought he observed a regiment lying down, as if to escape the Yankee fire. On going up, however, to force them into the fight, he found they were all corpses.

As the battle wavered General Early came up, and got his artillery into position so as to enfilade and silence batteries which were then occupied in an attempt to enfilade Rodes'

battery. As the enemy attempted a flank movement, Gordon's brigade of gallant Georgians was ordered to make a charge. They crossed a small stream and valley, and entered a long narrow strip of an opposite slope, at the top of which the enemy had a strong force posted. For five minutes nothing could be heard or seen save the smoke and roar proceeding from the heavy musketry, and indicating a desperate contest; but the contest was not long or uncertain. The Yankees were put to flight, and our men pressed them, pouring a deadly fire at the flying fugitives. Seeing a second and larger line near the town, General Early halted General Gordon until two other brigades (Hayes' and Hoke's) could come up, when a second charge was made, and three pieces of artillery, besides several entire regiments of the enemy, were captured.

There should not be lost from the records of the individual heroism of the Confederacy an incident of this battle. During a lull in the engagement, when the enemy were reforming and awaiting reinforcements, Lieutenant Roberts, of the Second Mississippi, observing, some distance off, but nearer the enemy's than our own fires, two groups, each consisting of from seven to ten men, and each guarding a stand of colors, called for volunteers to take them. Four gallant spirits from his own, and an equal number from the Forty-second Mississippi regiment, readily responded, and soon a dash is made for the colors. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which all on both sides were either killed or wounded, except Private McPherson, who killed the last Yankee color-bearer and brought off the colors, Lieutenant Roberts being killed just as he was seizing one of the colors.

The result of the day's fight may be summed up thus: We had attacked a considerable force; had driven it over three miles; captured five thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded many thousands. Our own loss was not heavy, though a few brigades suffered severely.

Unfortunately, however, the enemy, driven through Gettysburg, got possession of the high range of hills south and east of the town. Here was the fatal mistake of the Confederates. In the engagement of the 1st instant, the enemy had but a small portion of his force up, and if the attack had been pressed in the afternoon of that day there is little doubt that our forces could have got the heights and captured this entire detach-

ment of Meade's army. But General Lee was not aware of the enemy's weakness on this day. In fact, he had found himself unexpectedly confronted by the Yankee army. He had never intended to fight a general battle so far from his base. He was forced to deliver battle where prudence would have avoided it; he could obtain no certain information of the disposition of Meade's forces; and the inaction of an evening—the failure to follow up for a few hours a success—enabled the Yankee commander to bring up his whole army, and post it on an almost impregnable line which we had permitted a routed detachment of a few thousand men to occupy.

During the night, General Meade and staff came up to the front. Before morning all his troops but the Sixth corps, commanded by General Sedgwick, arrived on the field. The forces of the enemy were disposed on the several hills or ridges, so as to construct a battle-line in the form of a crescent.

The town of Gettysburg is situated upon the northern slope of this ridge of hills or mountain range, and about one and a half or two miles from its summit. The western slope of this range was in cultivation, except small "patches," where the mountain side is so precipitous as to defy the efforts of the farmer to bring it into subjection to the ploughshare. At the foot of the mountain is a narrow valley, from a mile to two miles in width, broken in small ridges running parallel with the mountain. On the western side of the valley rises a long, high hill, mostly covered with heavy timber, but greatly inferior in altitude to the mountain range upon which the enemy had taken position, but running nearly parallel with it. The valley between this ridge and the mountain was in cultivation, and the fields were yellow with the golden harvest. About four or five miles south from Gettysburg, the mountain rises abruptly to an altitude of several hundred feet. Upon this the enemy rested his left flank, his right being upon the crest of the range about a mile or a mile and a half from Gettysburg.

Our line of battle was formed along the western slope of the second and inferior range described above, and in the following order: Ewell's corps on the left, beginning at the town with Early's division, then Rodes' division; on the right of Rodes' division was the left of Hill's corps, commencing with Heth's, then Pender's and Anderson's divisions. On the right

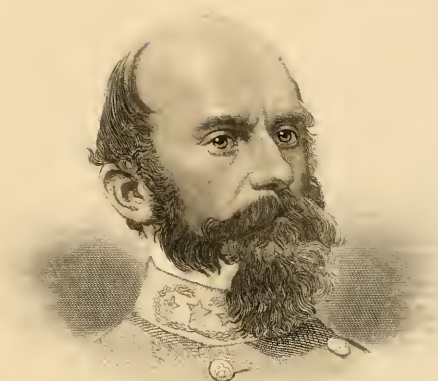
of Anderson's division was Longstreet's, left, McLaw's division being next to Anderson's, and Hood on the extreme right of our line, which was opposite the eminence upon which the enemy's left rested.

THE SECOND DAY.

The preparations for attack were not completed until the afternoon of the 2d. Late in the afternoon an artillery attack was made by our forces on the left and centre of the enemy, which was rapidly followed by the advance of our infantry, Longstreet's corps on our side being principally engaged. A fearful but indecisive contest ensued, and for four hours the sound of musketry was incessant. The main object of the attack of the Confederates was the famous Cemetery Hill, the key of the enemy's position. The enemy's artillery replied vigorously. The roar and thunder and flame and smoke of artillery, and the screech of shells, so completely filled the heavens that all else seemed forgotten.

General Ewell had been ordered to attack directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. It was half an hour of sunset when Johnson's infantry were ordered forward to the attack. In passing down the hill on which they had been posted, and whilst crossing the creek, they were much annoyed by the fire to which they were subjected from the enemy's artillery, which, from Cemetery Hill poured nearly an enfilade fire upon them. The creek was wide, and its banks steep, so that our men had to break ranks in order to cross it. Having passed the creek, General Jones' brigade was thrown into disorder and retired a short distance.

On the extreme left, General G. H. Stewart's brigade was more successful. Pushing around to the enemy's left, he enfiladed and drove the enemy from a breastwork they had built in order to defend their right flank, and which ran at right angles to the rest of their lines up the mountain side. The enemy, however, quickly moved forward a force to retake it, but were repulsed, our troops occupying their own breastworks in order to receive their attack. General Stewart made no further effort to advance. Night had nearly fallen, and the ground was new to him.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL

General Early, upon hearing General Johnson's infantry engaged, sent forward Hayes' Louisiana and Hoke's North Carolina brigades. The troops, advancing as a storming party, quickly passed over a ridge and down a hill. In a valley below they met two lines of the Federals posted behind stone-walls. These they charged. At the charge the Federals broke and fled up the hill closely pursued by our men. It was now dark ; but Hayes and Avery, still pursuing, pushed the enemy up the hill and stormed the Cemetery heights.

The contest here was intensely exciting and terrible. The gloom of the falling night was lighted up by the flashes of the enemy's guns. Thirty or forty pieces, perhaps more, were firing grape and canister with inconceivable rapidity at Early's column. It must have been that they imagined it to have been a general and simultaneous advance, for they opened on our men in three or four directions besides that which they were attacking.

Hayes' and Hoke's brigades pressed on and captured two or three lines of breastworks and three or four of their batteries of artillery. For a few moments every gun of the enemy on the heights was silenced ; but, by the time General Hayes could get his command together, a dark line appeared in front of them and on either flank a few yards off. The true situation soon became clear. The Yankees were bringing up at least a division to retake the works. General Hayes, being unsupported by the troops on his right (which were from Hill's corps), was compelled to fall back.

Major-general Rodes commenced to advance simultaneously with General Early. He had, however, more than double the distance of Early to go, and being unsupported by the troops on his right, who made no advance, he consequently moved slower than he would have done had he been supported. Before reaching the enemy's works Early had been repulsed, and so General Rodes halted, thinking it useless to attack since he was unsupported.

When the second day closed this was the position of Ewell's corps. Johnson's left had gained important ground, part of it being a very short distance from the top of the mountain, which, if once gained, would command the whole of the enemy's position ; but his right had made no progress. Early's

attack, almost a brilliant success, had produced no results, and he occupied nearly his former position. Rodes, having advanced nearly half-way to the enemy's works, and finding there good cover for his troops, remained in his advanced position.

But we must take the reader's attention to another part of the field, where a more dramatic circumstance than Early's momentary grasp of victory had occurred.

General Hill had been instructed to threaten the centre of the Yankee line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack.

On the right of Hill's corps and the left of Longstreet, being joined on to Barksdale's brigade of McLaw's division, was Wilcox's brigade, then Perry's, Wright's, Posey's, Mahone's. At half-past five o'clock Longstreet commenced the attack, and Wilcox followed it up by promptly moving forward; Perry's brigade quickly followed, and Wright moved simultaneously with him. The two divisions of Longstreet's corps soon encountered the enemy, posted a little in rear of the Emmetsburg turnpike, which winds along the slope of the range upon which the enemy's main force was concentrated. After a short but spirited engagement, the enemy was driven back upon the main line upon the crest of the hill. McLaw's and Hood's divisions made a desperate assault upon their main line; but, owing to the precipitate and very rugged character of the slope, were unable to reach the summit.

After Barksdale's brigade, of McLaw's division, had been engaged for some time, Wilcox, Wright, and Perry, were ordered forward, encountering a line of the enemy, and soon putting them to rout. Still pressing forward, these three brigades met with another and stronger line of the enemy, backed by twelve pieces of artillery. No pause was made. The line moved rapidly forward and captured the artillery.

Another fresh line of battle was thrown forward by the enemy. Wright had swept over the valley under a terrific fire from the batteries posted upon the heights, had encountered the enemy's advance line, and had driven him across the Emmetsburg pike, to a position behind a stone wall, or fence, which runs parallel with the pike, and about sixty or eighty

yards in front of the batteries on the heights, and immediately under them. Here the enemy made a desperate attempt to retrieve his fortunes. The engagement lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes. Charging up the steep sides of the mountains, the Confederates succeeded in driving the enemy from behind the wall at the point of the bayonet. Rushing forward with a shout, they gained the summit of the heights, driving the enemy's infantry in disorder and confusion into the woods beyond.

The key of the enemy's position was for a moment in our hands. But the condition of the brave troops who had wrested it by desperate valor, had become critical in the extreme. Wilcox, Perry, and Wright, had charged most gallantly over a distance of more than three-quarters of a mile, breaking two or three of the enemy's lines of battle, and capturing two or three batteries of artillery. Of course, our lines were greatly thinned, and our troops much exhausted. No reinforcements were sent this column by the Lieutenant-general commanding. The extent of their success was not instantly appreciated. A decisive moment was lost.

Wright's little brigade of Georgians had actually got in the enemy's entrenchments upon the heights. Perceiving, after getting possession of the enemy's works, that they were isolated—more than a mile from support—that no advance had been made on their left, and just then seeing the enemy's flanking column on their right and left flanks rapidly converging in their rear, these noble Georgians faced about, abandoning all the guns they had captured, and cut their way back to our main lines, through the enemy, who had now almost entirely surrounded them.

The results of the day were unfortunate enough. Our troops had been repulsed at all points save where Brigadier-general Stewart held his ground. A second day of desperate fighting and correspondingly frightful carnage was ended. But General Lee still believed himself and his brave army capable of taking these commanding heights, and thus to be able to dictate a peace on the soil of the free States.

THE THIRD DAY.

The third day's battle was again to be commenced by the Confederates. At midnight a council of war had been held by the enemy, at which it was determined that the Confederates would probably renew the attack at daylight on the following morning, and that for that day the Yankees had better act purely on the defensive.

The enemy's position on the mountain was well-nigh impregnable, for there was no conceivable advance or approach that could not be raked and crossed with the artillery. All the heights and every advantageous position along the entire line where artillery could be massed or a battery planted, frowned down on the Confederates through brows of brass and iron. On the slopes of the mountain was to occur one of the most terrific combats of modern times, in which more than two hundred cannon were belching forth their thunders at one time, and nearly two hundred thousand muskets were being discharged as rapidly as men hurried with excitement and passion could load them.

Early in the morning preparations were made for a general attack along the enemy's whole line, while a large force was to be concentrated against his centre, with the view of retaking the heights captured and abandoned the day before. Longstreet massed a large number of long-range guns (fifty-five in number) upon the crest of a slight eminence just in front of Perry's and Wilcox's brigades, and a little to the left of the heights, upon which they were to open. Hill massed some sixty guns along the hill in front of Posey's and Mahone's brigades, and almost immediately in front of the heights. At twelve o'clock, while the signal-flags were waving swift intelligence along our lines, the shrill sound of a Whitworth gun broke the silence, and the cannonading commenced.

The enemy replied with terrific spirit, from their batteries posted along the heights. Never had been heard such tremendous artillery firing in the war. The warm and sultry air was hideous with discord. Dense columns of smoke hung over the beautiful valley. The lurid flame leaps madly from the cannon's mouth, each moment the roar grows more intense; now

chime in volleys of small arms. For one hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which time the shrieking of shells, the crashing of falling timber, the fragments of rock flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the *splash* of bursting shrapnel, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery-horses made a picture terribly grand and sublime.

But there was now to occur a scene of moral sublimity and heroism unequalled in the war. The storming party was moved up—Pickett's division in advance, supported on the right by Wilcox's brigade, and on the left by Heth's division, commanded by Pettigrew. With steady measured tread the division of Pickett advanced upon the foe. Never did troops enter a fight in such splendid order. Their banners floated defiantly in the breeze as they pressed across the plain. The flags which had waved amid the wild tempest of battle at Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, and Manassas, never rose more proudly. Kemper, with his gallant men, leads the right; Garnett brings up the left; and the veteran Armistead, with his brave troops, moves forward in support. The distance is more than half a mile. As they advance the enemy fire with great rapidity—shell and solid shot give place to grape and canister—the very earth quivers beneath the heavy roar—wide gaps are made in this regiment and that brigade. The line moves onward, cannons roaring, grape and canister plunging and ploughing through the ranks, bullets whizzing as thick as hail-stones in winter, and men falling as leaves fall in the blasts of autumn.

As Pickett got well under the enemy's fire, our batteries ceased firing, for want, it is said, of ammunition. It was a fearful moment—one in which was to be tested the pride and mettle of glorious Virginia. Into the sheets of artillery fire advanced the unbroken lines of Pickett's brave Virginians. They have reached the Emmettsburg road, and here they meet a severe fire from heavy masses of the enemy's infantry, posted behind the stone fence, while their artillery, now free from the annoyance of our artillery, turn their whole fire upon this devoted band. Still they remain firm. Now again they advance. They reach the works—the contest rages with intense

fiery—men fight almost hand to hand—the red cross and the “stars and stripes” wave defiantly in close proximity. A Federal officer dashes forward in front of his shrinking columns, and with flashing sword, urges them to stand. General Pickett, seeing the splendid valor of his troops, moves among them as if courting death. The noble Garnett is dead, Armistead wounded, and the brave Kemper, with hat in hand, still cheering on his men falls from his horse. But Kemper and Armistead have already planted their banners in the enemy’s works. The glad shout of victory is already heard.*

But where is Pettigrew’s division—where are the supports? The raw troops had faltered and the gallant Pettigrew himself had been wounded in vain attempts to rally them. Alas, the victory was to be relinquished again. Pickett is left alone to contend with the masses of the enemy now pouring in upon him on every side. Now the enemy move around strong flanking bodies of infantry, and are rapidly gaining Pickett’s rear. The order is given to fall back, and our men commence the movement, doggedly contesting for every inch of ground. The enemy press heavily our retreating line, and many noble spirits who had passed safely through the fiery ordeal of the advance and charge, now fall on the right and on the left.

This division of Virginia troops, small at first, with ranks now torn and shattered, most of the officers killed or wounded, no valor able to rescue victory from such a grasp, annihilation or capture inevitable, slowly, reluctantly, fell back. It was

* A correspondent of a Yankee paper thus alludes to the traces of the struggle at the Cemetery :

“Monuments and headstones lie here and there overturned. Graves, once carefully tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horses’ feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. The neat and well-trained shrubbery has vanished, or is but a broken and withered mass of tangled brushwood. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse fast decomposing under a July sun. On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with his blood. Across a small headstone, bearing the words “To the memory of our beloved child, Mary,” lie the fragments of a musket, shattered by a cannon shot. In the centre of the space enclosed by an iron fence and containing a half-dozen graves, a few rails are still standing where they were erected by our soldiers and served to support the shelter tents of a bivouacking squad. A family shaft has been broken to fragments by a shell, and only the base remains, with a portion of the inscription thereon. Stone after stone felt the effect of the *feu d’enfer* that was poured upon the crest of the hill. Cannon thundered, and foot and horse soldiers trampled over the sleeping-places of the dead. Other dead were added to those who are resting there, and many a wounded soldier still lives to remember the contest above those silent graves.”

not given to these few remaining brave men to accomplish human impossibilities. The enemy dared not follow them beyond their works. But the day was already lost.

The field was covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily retiring in small broken parties under a heavy fire of artillery. There was no panic. Never did a commanding general behave better in such trying circumstances than did Lee. He was truly great in disaster. An English colonel who witnessed the fight, says: "I joined General Lee, who had, in the meanwhile, come to the front on becoming aware of the disaster. General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance, and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, 'All this will come right in the end; we'll talk it over afterwards; but, in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,' &c. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted 'to bind up their hurts and take up a musket' in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him."

"It is difficult," says the same intelligent spectator, "to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise there is no saying what might have happened. General Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation; yet there was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders, than at any ordinary field day; the men, as they were rallied in the wood, were brought up in detachments and lay down quiet and coolly in the positions assigned to them."

At night the Confederate army held the same position from which it had driven the enemy two days previous. The starry sky hung over a field of hideous carnage. In the series of engagements a few pieces of artillery were captured by the Confederates and nearly seven thousand prisoners taken, two thousand of whom were paroled on the field. Our loss in killed,

wounded, and prisoners, was quite ten thousand. The enemy's loss probably exceeded our own, as the Yankees were closely crowded on the hills, and devoured by our artillery fire. The information of the enemy's loss is perhaps most accurately obtained from the bulletin furnished by his Surgeon-general, which stated that he had something over twelve thousand Yankee wounded under his control. Counting one killed for four wounded, and making some allowance for a large class of wounded men who had not come under the control of the officers referred to, we are justified in stating the enemy's loss in casualties at Gettysburg as somewhere between fifteen and eighteen thousand. Our loss, slighter by many thousands in comparison, was yet frightful enough. On our side Pickett's division had been engaged in the hottest work of the day, and the havoc in its ranks was appalling. Its losses on this day are famous, and should be commemorated in detail. Every brigadier in the division was killed or wounded. Out of twenty-four regimental officers, only two escaped unhurt. The Ninth Virginia went in two hundred and fifty strong and came out with only thirty-eight men.

Conspicuous in our list of casualties was the death of Major-general Pender. He had borne a distinguished part in every engagement of this army, and was wounded on several occasions while leading his command with admirable gallantry and ability. Brigadier-generals Barksdale and Garnett were killed, and Brigadier-general Semmes mortally wounded, while leading their troops with the courage that had always distinguished them. The brave and generous spirit of Barksdale had expired, where he preferred to die, on the ensanguined field of battle. Of this "haughty rebel," who had fallen within their lines, the Yankees told with devilish satisfaction the story that his end was that of extreme agony, and his last words were to crave, as a dying boon, a cup of water, and a stretcher from an ambulance boy. The letter of a Yankee officer testifies that the brave and suffering hero declared with his last breath that he was proud of the cause he died fighting for; proud of the manner in which he received his death; and confident that his countrymen were invincible.

The fearful trial of a retreat from a position far in the enemy's country was now reserved for General Lee. Happily

he had an army with zeal unabated, courage intrepid, devotion unchilled; with unbounded confidence in the wisdom of that great chieftian who had so often led them to victory. The strength of the enemy's position; the reduction of our ammunition; the difficulty of procuring supplies, these left no choice but retreat.

On the night of the 4th, General Lee's army began to retire by the road to Fairfield, without any serious interruption on the part of the enemy. In passing through the mountains, in advance of the column, the great length of the trains exposed them to attack by the enemy's cavalry, which captured a number of wagons and ambulances; but they succeeded in reaching Williamsport without serious loss.

They were attacked at that place on the 6th, by the enemy's cavalry, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden. The attacking force was subsequently encountered and driven off by General Stuart, and pursued for several miles in the direction of Boonsboro'. The army, after an arduous march, rendered more difficult by the rains, reached Hagerstown on the afternoon of the 6th and morning of the 7th July.*

* The following official communication from General Lee illustrates the unreliability of despatches emanating from Yankee generals:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
21st July, 1863. }

GENERAL S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General U. S. A.*, Richmond, Va.:

General—I have seen in Northern papers what purported to be an official despatch from General Meade, stating that he had captured a brigade of infantry, two pieces of artillery, two caissons, and a large number of small arms, as this army retired to the south bank of the Potomac, on the 18th and 14th inst.

This despatch has been copied into the Richmond papers, and as its official character may cause it to be believed, I desire to state that it is incorrect. The enemy did not capture any organized body of men on that occasion, but only stragglers and such as were left asleep on the road, exhausted by the fatigue and exposure of one of the most inclement nights I have ever known at this season of the year. It rained without cessation, rendering the road by which our troops marched to the bridge at Falling Waters very difficult to pass, and causing so much delay that the last of the troops did not cross the river at the bridge until 1 P. M. on the 14th. While the column was thus detained on the road, a number of men, worn down with fatigue, lay down in barns and by the roadside, and though officers were sent back to arouse them, as the troops moved on, the darkness and rain prevented them from finding all, and many were in this way left behind. Two guns were left in the road. The horses that drew them became exhausted, and the officers went forward to procure others. When they returned, the rear of the column had passed the guns so far that it was deemed unsafe to send back for them, and they were thus lost. No arms, cannon, or prisoners were taken by the enemy in battle, but only such as were left

The enemy in force reached our front on the 12th. A position had been previously selected to cover the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, and an attack was awaited during that and the succeeding day. This did not take place, though the two armies were in close proximity, the enemy being occupied in fortifying his own lines. Our preparations being completed, and the river, though still deep, being pronounced fordable, the army commenced to withdraw to the south side on the night of the 13th. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and the movement was attended with no loss of material, except a few disabled wagons and two pieces of artillery, which the horses were unable to move through the deep mud.

The following day the army marched to Bunker Hill, in the vicinity of which it encamped for several days. It subsequently crossed the Blue Ridge, and took position south of the Rappahannock.

Any comment on Gettysburg must necessarily be a tantalizing one for the South. The Pennsylvania campaign had been a series of mishaps. General Lee was disappointed of half of his plan, in the first instance, on account of the inability or unwillingness of the Richmond authorities to assemble an army at Culpepper Court-house under General Beauregard, so as to distract the enemy and divide his force by a demonstration upon Washington. Johnston was calling for reinforcements in Mississippi; Bragg was threatened with attack; Beauregard's whole force was reported to be necessary to cover his line on the sea-coast; and the force in Richmond and in North Carolina was very small. Yet with what force Lee had, his campaign proposed great things—the destruction of his adversary, which would have uncovered the Middle and Eastern States of the North; for, behind Meade's array, there was nothing but militia mobs and home-guards incapable of making any resistance to an army of veterans. It was in

behind under the circumstances I have described. The number of stragglers thus lost, I am unable to state with accuracy, but it is greatly exaggerated in the despatch referred to.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

anticipation of this great stake that Richmond was on the tiptoe of expectation. For once in the Confederate capital gold found no purchasers, prices declined, speculation was at its wits' end, and men consulted their interests as if on the eve of peace.

The recoil at Gettysburg was fatal, perhaps, not necessarily, but by the course of events, to General Lee's campaign; and the return of his army to its defensive lines in Virginia was justly regarded in the South as a reverse in the general fortunes of the contest. Yet the immediate results of the battle of Gettysburg must be declared to have been to a great extent negative. The Confederates did not gain a victory, neither did the enemy. The general story of the contest is simple. Lee had been unable to prevent the enemy from taking the highlands, many of them with very steep declivities, and nearly a mile in slope. The battle was an effort of the Confederates to take those heights. The right flank, the left flank, the centre, were successively the aim of determined and concentrated assaults. The Yankee lines were broken and driven repeatedly. But inexhaustible reserves and a preponderant artillery, advantageously placed, saved him from rout.

The first news received in Richmond of General Lee's retreat was from Yankee sources, which represented his army as a disorganized mass of fugitives, unable to cross the Potomac on account of recent floods, and at the mercy of an enemy immensely superior in numbers and flushed with victory. A day served to dash the hope of an early peace, and to overcloud the horizon of the war.

A few days brought news from our lines, which exploded the falsehoods of the Yankees, and assured the people of the South that the engagements of Gettysburg had resulted in worsting the enemy, in killing and wounding a number exceeding our own, and in capturing a large number of prisoners; and that the falling back of our army, at least as far as Hagerstown, was a movement dictated by general considerations of strategy and prudence.

And here it must be confessed that the retreat from Hagerstown across the Potomac was an inconsequence and a mystery to the intelligent public. Lee's position there was strong; his force was certainly adequate for another battle; preparations

were apparently made for aggressive movements; and in the midst of all came a sudden renouncement of the campaign and the retreat into Virginia. The public had its secondary wish for the safety of the army. But this did not exclude mortification on the part of those who believed that General Lee had abandoned the enemy's territory, not as a consequence of defeat, but from the undue timidity or arrogant disposition of the authorities who controlled him.

But news of an overshadowing calamity, undoubtedly the greatest that had yet befallen the South, accompanied that of Lee's retreat, and dated a second period of disaster more frightful than that of Donelson and New Orleans. The same day that Lee's repulse was known in Richmond, came the astounding intelligence of *the fall of Vicksburg*. In twenty-four hours two calamities changed all the aspects of the war, and brought the South from an unequalled exaltation of hope to the very brink of despair.

CHAPTER II.

Vicksburg, "the Heroic City."—Its Value to the Confederacy.—An Opportunity Lost by Butler.—Lieutenant-general Pemberton.—A Favorite of President Davis.—The President's Obstinacy.—Blindness of Pemberton to the Enemy's Designs.—His Telegram to Johnston.—Plan of U. S. Grant.—Its Daring.—THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.—Exposure of General Bowen by Pemberton.—The First Mistake.—Pemberton's Disregard of Johnston's Orders.—Grant's advance against Jackson.—Johnston's Evacuation of Jackson.—His Appreciation of the Situation.—Urgent Orders to Pemberton.—A Brilliant Opportunity.—Pemberton's Contumacy and Stupidity.—His Irretrievable Error.—Yankee Outrages in Jackson.—THE BATTLE OF BAKER'S CREEK, &c.—Stevenson's Heroic Fight.—Alleged Dereliction of General Loring.—His Division Cut Off in the Retreat.—Demoralization of Pemberton's Troops.—The Enemy's Assault on the Big Black.—Shameful Behavior of the Confederates.—A Georgia Hero.—Pemberton and the Fugitives.—His Return to Vicksburg.—Reeriminations as to the Disaster of the Big Black.—How Pemberton Was in the Wrong.—Johnston Orders the Evacuation of Vicksburg.—Pemberton's Determination to Hold It.

VICKSBURG had already become famous in the history of the war, from the cupidity of the enemy and the gallantry of its resistance. The habitual phrase in the Yankee newspapers was—"the three strongholds of the rebellion, Richmond, Vicksburg, and Charleston." The possession of Richmond would have given an important *éclat* to the enemy, and some strategic advantages. That of Charleston would have given him a strip of sea-coast and an additional barrier to the blockade. Vicksburg was a prize almost as important as Richmond, and much more so than Charleston. It was the key of the navigation of the Mississippi, and the point of union between the positions of the Confederacy on the different sides of this river.

At the time of the fall of New Orleans, the defence of Vicksburg was not even contemplated by the authorities at Richmond; and the city was given up for lost by President Davis, as appears by an intercepted letter from one of his family. It was a characteristic want of appreciation of the situation by the Confederate Administration. It is not improbable, that if Butler had had the enterprise and genius to direct a land attack against Vicksburg, it might have readily fallen, on ac-

count of the feeble nature of its defences and the insufficiency of its garrison. But the tyrant of New Orleans was a man utterly destitute of military ability, whose ferocious genius was expended in a war upon non-combatants. He let slip the golden opportunity which the pre-occupation of Beauregard with Halleck gave him to operate upon Vicksburg, and at once complete the Yankee victory, which had been gained at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The time the enemy gave for strengthening the defences of Vicksburg was improved; and we have seen in another volume how it passed comparatively unscathed through one bombardment; how it resisted Sherman's expedition of 1862; and how it defied the gigantic enterprises of the enemy to encompass it with the waters of the Mississippi turned from their channel. But, unfortunately, the battle of Corinth had placed its destinies in the hands of a commander who had not the confidence of the army; who encountered a positive hostility among the people within the limits of his command; and whose haughty manner and military affectation were ill-calculated to win the regard of the soldier or reconcile the dislike of the civilian.

But a short time after the battle referred to, Major-general Earl Van Dorn was removed from command, and Major-general Pemberton was placed in command of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and, in consequence of his being outranked by both General Van Dorn and General Lovell, was soon after appointed a Lieutenant-general. He was raised by a single stroke of President Davis's patronage from the obscurity of a major to the position of a lieutenant-general. He had never been on a battle-field in the war, and his reputation as a commander was simply nothing. He was entirely the creature of the private and personal prejudices of President Davis. Never was an appointment of this president more self-willed in its temper and more unfortunate in its consequences. It might have been supposed that the fact that Pemberton did not command the confidence of his troops or of any considerable portion of the public would, of itself, have suggested to the President the prudence of a change of commanders, and dissuaded him from his obstinate preference of a favorite. But it had none of this effect. The Legislature of Mississippi solicited the removal of Pemberton. Private delegations from

Congress entreated the President to forego his personal prejudices and defer to the public wish. But Mr. Davis had that conceit of opinion which opposition readily confirms; and the effect of these remonstrances was only to increase his obstinacy and intensify his fondness for his favorite. To some of them he replied that Pemberton was "a great military genius," not appreciated by the public, and destined on proper occasion to astonish it.

General Pemberton took command amid the suppressed murmurs of a people to whom he was singularly unwelcome. The first evidence of his want of comprehension was his ignorance and bewilderment as to the enemy's designs. We have referred to the failure of the canal projects. The enemy, after long-continued and strenuous efforts to reach the right flank of Vicksburg, by forcing a passage through the upper Yazoo river, finally relinquished his design, and on the nights of the 4th and 5th of April, re-embarked his troops, and before daylight was in rapid retreat. About the same time a heavy force of the enemy, which had been collected at Baton Rouge, was mostly withdrawn and transferred to western Louisiana, leaving but one division to occupy that place.

So blind was Pemberton to the designs of the enemy, that for many weeks he continued to believe that the object of the movements of Ulysses S. Grant—the last commander sent from Washington to contest the prize of the Mississippi—was not Vicksburg, but Bragg's army in Tennessee. In this delusion, and the self-complacent humor it inspired, he telegraphed to General Johnston, on the 13th of April: "I am satisfied that Rosecrans will be reinforced from Grant's army. Shall I order troops to Tullahoma?" The aberration was soon dispelled. A few days after this despatch, information obtained from Memphis indicated that Grant's retrograde movement was a ruse; and thus suddenly Pemberton was called upon to prepare for one of the most extraordinary and audacious games that the enemy had yet attempted in this war.

We know that it is customary to depreciate an adversary in war, by naming his enterprise as desperation, and entitling his success as luck. We shall not treat with such injustice the enemy's campaign in Mississippi. In daring, in celerity of movement, and in the vigor and decision of its steps it was the

most remarkable of the war. The plan of Grant was, in brief, nothing else than to gain firm ground on one of the Confederate flanks, which, to be done, involved a march of about one hundred and fifty miles, through a hostile country, and in which communication with the base of supplies was liable at any moment to be permanently interrupted. In addition, a resistance to his advance could be anticipated, of whose magnitude nothing was certainly known, and which, for aught he knew, might at any time prove great enough to annihilate his entire army.

The plan involved the enterprise of running a fleet of transports past the batteries, crossing the troops from the Louisiana shore, below Vicksburg, to Mississippi, and then marching the army, by the way of Jackson, through the heart of the Confederacy, so to speak, to the rear of Vicksburg. On the night of the 22d of April, the first demonstration was made, in accordance with the newly-formed plan, by the running past our batteries of three gunboats and seven transports.

Grand Gulf is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, immediately below the mouth of the Big Black river. It was not selected as a position for land-defence, but for the protection of the mouth of the Big Black, and also as a precautionary measure against the passage of transports, should the canal before referred to prove a success, which then seemed highly probable. The necessary works were constructed under the direction of Brigadier-general Bowen, to defend the batteries against an assault from the river front, and against a direct attack from or across Big Black.

THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.

The enemy having succeeded in getting his transports past Vicksburg, an attack on Grand Gulf was anticipated. Twelve miles below this, at the mouth of the Bayou Pierre, is Brainsburg, and at this point the enemy landed in heavy force, on the 30th of April, and prepared for an advance movement.

As soon as General Bowen received information of the landing of the enemy, he crossed Bayou Pierre, and advanced towards Port Gibson, situated several miles south-east of Grand

Gulf. In the vicinity of this place General Bowen met the enemy advancing in full force, and immediately prepared for battle, having previously telegraphed to Vicksburg for reinforcements. He was left with a few thousand men to confront an overwhelming force of the enemy, as Pemberton had insisted upon putting the Big Black between the enemy and the bulk of his own forces, which he declared were necessary to cover Vicksburg.

Early on the morning of the 1st of May, General Green, who had been sent out on the Brainsburg road with about a thousand men, encountered the enemy. He was joined by General Tracy, with not more than fifteen hundred men. The enemy's attack was sustained with great bravery until between nine and ten o'clock, when, overwhelmed by numbers and flanked on the right and left, General Green had to fall back. Courier after courier had been sent for General Baldwin, who was on the way with some reinforcements, but his troops were so utterly exhausted that he could not get up in time to prevent this. Just as the retreat was taking place General Baldwin arrived, and was ordered to form a new line about one mile in rear of General Green's first position. General Baldwin had no artillery, and that ordered up from Grand Gulf had not arrived. Colonel Cockrell, with three Missouri regiments came up soon after. General Bowen now had all the force at his command on the field, excepting three regiments and two battalions, which occupied positions which he could not remove them from until the last moment. He ordered them up about one o'clock, but only one of them arrived in time to cover the retreat and burn the bridges. Between twelve and one o'clock General Bowen attempted, with two of Colonel Cockrell's regiments, to turn the enemy's right flank, and nearly succeeded. The enemy formed three brigades in front of a battery, to receive our charge. The first was routed, the second wavered, but the third stood firm, and after a long and desperate contest, our troops had to give up the attempt. It is probable, however, that this attack saved the right from being overwhelmed, and kept the enemy back until nearly sunset. All day long the fight raged fiercely, our men everywhere maintaining their ground. Just before sunset a desperate attack was made by the enemy, they having again received fresh

troops. Our right was forced to give ground, and General Bowen was reluctantly compelled to fall back. The order was given and executed without confusion. The enemy attempted no pursuit.

Though unsuccessful, the bloody encounter in front of Port Gibson nobly illustrated the valor and constancy of our troops, and shed additional lustre upon the Confederate arms. In his official report, General Bowen declared that the enemy's force engaged exceeded twenty thousand, while his own did not number over fifty-five hundred.

It was the first mistake with which Pemberton had opened his chapter of disasters. On the 28th of April he ascertained that the enemy was landing troops at Hard Times, on the west bank of the river; he became satisfied that neither the front nor right (north) of Vicksburg would be attacked, and he turned his attention to the left (south) of Vicksburg; but unfortunately he did not concentrate "*all*" his troops on that side of Vicksburg. On the 29th of April he telegraphed General Johnston that the enemy were at Hard Times, and "can cross to Brainsburg;" and on the 1st of May that "a furious battle has been going on all day below Port Gibson." On the 2d of May General Johnston replied: "If General Grant crosses unite all your troops to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned to win it." Unfortunately it was not done. His explanation why it was not done, was, that to have marched an army across Big Black of sufficient strength to warrant a reasonable hope of successfully encountering his very superior forces, would have stripped Vicksburg and its essentially flank defences of their garrisons, and the city itself might have fallen an easy prey into the eager hands of the enemy. His apprehensions for the safety of Vicksburg were morbid. While he was gazing at Vicksburg, Grant was turning towards Jackson.

The battle of Port Gibson won, Grant pushed his columns directly towards Jackson. Pemberton's want of cavalry did not permit the interruption of Grant's communications, and he moved forward unmolested to Clinton. General Pemberton anticipated "a raid on Jackson," and ordered the removal of "the staff department and all valuable stores to the east;" but he regarded Edwards' Depot and the Big Black Bridge as the objects of Grant's movement to the eastward.

The movement of the enemy was one of extreme peril. On one flank was General Joseph E. Johnston with a force whose strength was unknown to General Grant; and on the other was Lieutenant-general Pemberton. To have remained at Grand Gulf would have ruined the Federal army, and, with this knowledge, Grant determined to make certain movements on the west bank of the Big Black, while he marched rapidly on Jackson, Mississippi, with his main force. The object of the Yankee commander was to make sure of no enemy being in his rear when he marched on Vicksburg.

By glancing at a map it will be seen that the country included between Grand Gulf, Jackson and Big Black river, at the railroad crossing, forms a triangle. In moving forward, Grant's forces kept upon the line which leads from Grand Gulf to Jackson; but, instead of all going to Jackson, as might have been expected, the advance only continued toward that point, while the remainder of the army turned off to the left, at intervals, and proceeded along lines which converged until they met in the angle of the triangle located at the Big Black railroad crossing.

Many persons have doubtless been astonished at the ease with which Grant's forces advanced upon and took possession of Jackson. Its importance as a railroad centre and a depot for Confederate supplies warranted the anticipation that the place would be vigorously defended and only surrendered in the last extremity.

Unfortunately such a resistance could not be made. General Johnston had arrived too late to prepare a defence of the capital of Mississippi. On reaching Jackson, on the night of the 13th of May, he found there but two brigades numbering not more than six thousand men; and, with the utmost that could be relied upon from the reinforcements on the way, he could not expect to confront the enemy with more than eleven thousand men. But he comprehended the situation with instant and decisive sagacity. He ascertained that General Pemberton's forces, except the garrison of Port Hudson (five thousand) and of Vicksburg, were at Edwards' Depot—the general's headquarters at Bovina; and that four divisions of the enemy, under Sherman, occupied Clinton, ten miles west of Jackson, between Edwards' Depot and ourselves.

Not a moment was to be lost. A despatch was hurried to Pemberton on the same night (13th), informing him of Johnston's arrival, and of the occupation of Clinton by a portion of Grant's army, urging the importance of re-establishing communications, and ordering him to come up, if practicable, on Sherman's rear at once, and adding, "to beat such a detachment would be of immense value." "The troops here," wrote Johnston, "could co-operate. All the strength you can quickly assemble should be brought. Time is all-important."

It appears from General Pemberton's official report that he had preconceived a plan of battle; that he expected to fight at Edwards' Depot; and that he was unwilling to separate himself further from Vicksburg, which he regarded as his base. He had the choice of disobeying Johnston's orders, and falling back upon his own matured plan, or of obeying them, and taking the brilliant hazard of crushing an important detachment of the enemy. He did neither. He attempted a middle course—a compromise between his superior's orders and his own plans, the weak shift and fatal expedient of military incompetency. He telegraphed to Johnston, "I comply at once with your order." Yet he did not move for twenty-eight hours. A council of war had been called, and a majority of officers approved the movement indicated by General Johnston. Pemberton opposed it; but he says, "I did not, however, see fit to put my own judgment and opinion so far in opposition as to prevent a movement altogether." So he determined upon *an advance*, not to risk an attack on Sherman, but, as he says, to cut the enemy's communications. He abandoned his own former plans; he disobeyed Johnston's order, and invented a compromise equally reprehensible for the vacillation of his purpose and the equivocation of his despatch. He moved, not on Sherman's rear at Clinton, but in another direction toward Raymond. The purpose of General Johnston's order was to unite the two armies and attack a detachment of the enemy. The result of General Pemberton's movement towards Raymond was to prevent this union, and to widen the distance between the two armies.

In a moral view, it is difficult to find any term but that of the harshest censure for this trifling compromise of General Pemberton between the orders of his superior and the prefer-

ences of his own mind. In a military view it was equally reprehensible. When the several corps of the enemy were separated into two or more distinct columns, separated by twelve or fifteen miles, it would be naturally supposed that the true opportunity of Pemberton would have been to strike at one separately, rather than to wait until all the enemy's forces concentrated, and attacked him on his uncertain march.

The error was irretrievable. While General Pemberton was in "council of war," on the 14th, the enemy, from Clinton and Raymond, marched on Jackson and compelled its evacuation. Had General Pemberton promptly obeyed General Johnston's order, and boldly marched on Clinton, the enemy could not have marched to Jackson, as that would have been to facilitate the union of Johnston and Pemberton and to have encountered their concentrated armies. The audacity of Johnston's order, if executed, might have reversed the fate of Vicksburg. The vacillation of General Pemberton, and his loss of a day and a half, caused the evacuation of Jackson, and opened the way to Vicksburg.

The occupation of Jackson was the occasion of the usual scenes of Yankee outrage. The watchword of McPherson's corps, which first entered it, was plunder. The negroes were invited to assist and share in the pillage. Supposing that the year of jubilee had finally come, the blacks determined to enjoy it, and, with this end in view, they stole everything they could carry off. "Nothing," says a Yankee spectator, "came amiss to these rejoicing Africans; they went around the streets displaying aggregate miles of double-rowed ivory, and bending under a monstrous load of French mirrors, boots, shoes, pieces of calico, wash-stands and towels, hoop-skirts, bags of tobacco, parasols, umbrellas, and fifty other articles equally incongruous."

McPherson left Jackson on the afternoon of the 15th, and, in the morning of the next day, Sherman's corps took up its line—the whole moving westward along the south side of the railroad to Vicksburg. As the enemy left Jackson it resembled more the infernal regions than the abode of civilization. Vast volumes of smoke lay over it, through which, here and there, rolled fiercely up great mountains of flame, that made infernal music over their work of destruction. The Confederate

State-house—a large new wooden building—the Penitentiary, several private house and several government buildings were all in flames. It was the first step of that catalogue of horrors of invasion in which Mississippi was to rival Virginia, and the Big Black was to be associated with the Potomac in the ghastly romances of ruin and desolation.

We return to Pemberton and his ill-starred march. On the 15th, at the head of a column of seventeen thousand men, he had taken the direction of Raymond. On the morning of the 16th, at about six and a half o'clock, he ascertained that his pickets were skirmishing with the enemy on the Raymond road, some distance in his front. At the same moment a courier arrived and handed him a despatch from General Johnston announcing the evacuation of Jackson, and indicating that the only means by which a union could now be effected between the two forces was that Pemberton should move directly to Clinton, whither Johnston was retiring. The order of counter-march was given by Pemberton. It was too late. Just as this reverse movement commenced, the enemy drove in his cavalry pickets, and opened with artillery, at long range, on the head of his column on the Raymond road. The demonstrations of the enemy soon becoming more serious, orders were sent by General Pemberton to the division commanders to form in line of battle on the cross-road from the Clinton to the Raymond road—Loring on the right, Bowen in the centre, and Stevenson on the left. The enemy had forced the Confederates to give battle on the ground of his own selection, under the disadvantages of inferior numbers and in circumstances which had all the moral effect of a surprise.

THE BATTLE OF BAKER'S CREEK, ETC.

But the ground itself was not unfavorable to our troops. The line of battle was quickly formed, in a bend of what is known as Baker's creek, without any interference on the part of the enemy; the position selected was naturally a strong one, and all approaches from the front well covered. The enemy made his first demonstration on our right, but, after a lively artillery duel for an hour or more, this attack was relinquished

and a large force was thrown against our left, where skirmishing became heavy about ten o'clock, and the battle began in earnest along Stevenson's entire front about noon.

At this time Major-general Loring was ordered to move forward, and crush the enemy in his front, and General Bowen was directed to co-operate with him in the movement. The movement was not made by Loring. He replied that the enemy was too strongly posted to be attacked, but that he would avail himself of the first opportunity of successful assault. The opportunity never came to him.

Stevenson's troops sustained the heavy and repeated attacks of the enemy. Six thousand, five hundred men held in check four divisions of the enemy, numbering, from his own statement, twenty-five thousand men. Such endurance has its limits. The only reinforcements that came to the relief of these devoted men were two brigades of Bowen, among them Cockrell's gallant Missourians. This was about half-past two o'clock. The combined charge of these forces for a moment turned the tide of battle. But the enemy still continued to move troops from his left to his right, thus increasing his vastly superior forces against Stevenson's and Bowen's divisions. Again orders were despatched to General Loring to move to the left as rapidly as possible leaving force enough only to cover the bridge and ford at Baker's Creek. He did not come. He seems still to have been engaged with the movements of the enemy in his front, and to have supposed that they were endeavoring to flank him.

In the mean time the contest raged along Stevenson's lines, the enemy continuing his line movement to our left. Here were displays of gallantry, which, unable to retrieve the disaster, adorned it with devotion. Here fell the gallant Captain Ridley, commanding a battery, refusing to leave his guns, single-handed and alone fighting until he fell, pierced with six shots, receiving, even from his enemies, the highest tribute of admiration. Nothing could protect the artillery horses from the deadly fire of the enemy; almost all were killed, and along the whole line, the pieces, though fought with desperation, on the part of both officers and men, almost all fell into the hands of the enemy. In this manner the guns of Corput's and Johnston's batteries, and Waddell's section, were lost.

Double shotged, they were fired until, in many instances, swarms of the enemy were in amongst them. Officers and men stood by them to the very latest moment that they could be served.

About 5 o'clock P. M., a portion of Stevenson's division broke and fell back in disorder. General Pemberton rode up to Stevenson and told him that he had repeatedly ordered two brigades of Loring to his assistance. The brave commander, who had fought the enemy since morning, replied that the relief would be too late and that he could no longer hold the field. "Finding," says General Pemberton, "that the enemy's vastly superior numbers were pressing all my forces engaged steadily back into old fields, where all advantages of position would be in his favor, I felt it too late to save the day even should Brigadier-general Featherstone's brigade of General Loring's division come up immediately. I could, however, learn nothing of General Loring's whereabouts; several of my staff officers were in search of him, but it was not until after General Bowen had personally informed me that he could not hold his position, and not until I had ordered the retreat, that General Loring, with Featherstone's brigade, moving, as I subsequently learned, by a country road, which was considerably longer than the direct route, reached the position on the left, known as Champion's Hill, where he was forming line of battle when he received my order to cover the retreat. Had the movement in support of the left been promptly made, when first ordered, it is not improbable that I might have maintained my position, and it is possible the enemy might have been driven back, though his vastly superior and constantly increasing numbers would have rendered it necessary to withdraw during the night to save my communications with Vicksburg."*

* In a correspondence which ensued between the Richmond authorities and General Pemberton as to the cause of the defeat, the Secretary of War wrote, in a letter dated October 1st, 1863: "I should be pleased to know if General Loring had been ordered to attack before General Cummings' brigade gave way; and whether, in your opinion, had Stevenson's division been promptly sustained, the troops with him would have fought with so little tenacity and resolution as a portion of them exhibited? Have you had any explanation of the extraordinary failure of General Loring to comply with your reiterated orders to attack? And do you feel assured your orders were received by him?"

But the disaster of the day was not yet complete. The retreat of the Confederates was by the ford and bridge of Baker's Creek. Bowen's division was directed to take position on the left bank, and to hold the crossing until Loring's division, which was directed to bring up the rear, had effected the passage. The intelligence of the approach of Loring was awaited in vain. Probably another unfortunate misapprehension had occurred. He had covered the retreat with great spirit. It was in this part of the contest that Brigadier-general Lloyd Tilghman, one of the bravest officers in the Confederate army, fell, pierced through his manly breast with a fragment of a shell. He was serving with his own hands a twelve-pound howitzer, trying to dislodge a piece which was annoying the retreat. It is said that General Loring was under the impression that a force of the enemy had got in the rear of the bridge, and that Stevenson had been compelled to continue his retreat in the direction of Edwards' Depot. At any rate, he resolved to make his retreat through the east, turn Jackson, and effect a junction with the forces of General Johnston, then supposed to be near Canton. He succeeded, but with the loss of his artillery.

Pemberton had retired from the battle-field with a demoralized army. It had lost nearly all of its artillery; it was weakened by the absence of General Loring's division; it had already shown the fatal sign of straggling; and, worse than all, it had conceived a distrust of its commander, who had carried his troops by a vague and wandering march on the very front of the concentrated forces of the enemy.

On Sunday morning, the 17th of May, the enemy advanced in force against the works erected on the Big Black. The river, where it is crossed by the railroad bridge, makes a bend somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe. Across this horse-shoe,

His conduct, unless explained by some misapprehension, is incomprehensible to me."

To this General Pemberton replied, on the 10th of November: "General Loring had been ordered to attack before General Cummings' brigade gave way, and the order had been again and again repeated; and, in my opinion, 'had Stevenson's division been promptly sustained,' his troops would have deported themselves gallantly and creditably. I have received no explanation of 'the extraordinary failure of General Loring to comply with my reiterated orders to attack,' and I do feel 'assured that my orders were received by him.'"

at its narrowest part, a line of rifle-pits had been constructed, making an excellent cover for infantry, and, at proper intervals, dispositions were made for field artillery. The line of pits ran nearly north and south, and was about a mile in length. North of, and for a considerable distance south of the railroad, and of a dirt-road to Edwards' Depot, nearly parallel with it extended a bayou, which, in itself, opposed a serious obstacle to an assault upon the pits. This line abutted north on the river, and south upon a cypress brake, which spread itself nearly to the bank of the river. In addition to the railroad bridge, which had been floored for the passage over of artillery and wagons, a steamer, from which the machinery had been taken, was converted into a bridge, by placing her fore-and-aft across the river. Between the works and the bridge, about three-quarters of a mile, the country was open, being either clear or cultivated fields, affording no cover should the troops be drawn from the trenches. East and north of the railroad, the country over which the enemy must necessarily pass was similar to those above described; but north of the railroad, and about three hundred yards in front of the rifle-pits, a copse of wood extended from the road to the river. Our line was manned on the right by the gallant Cockrell's Missouri brigade, the extreme left by Brigadier-general Green's Missouri and Arkansas men, both of Bowen's division, and the centre by Brigadier-general Vaughan's brigade of east Tennesseans, in all about four thousand men, as many as could be advantageously employed in defending the line with about twenty pieces of field artillery. •

The position was one of extraordinary strength, yet this position was abandoned by our troops, almost without a struggle, and with the loss of nearly all that remained of our artillery.

It would be well if this page could be omitted from our martial records, and its dishonor spared. But it is easily told, and the charitable reader is already prepared for it. Early in the morning the enemy opened his artillery at long range, and very soon pressed forward, with infantry, into the copse of wood north of the railroad; about the same time he opened on Colonel Cockrell's position with two batteries, and advanced a line of skirmishers, throwing forward a column of infantry,

which was quickly driven back by our batteries. Pretty heavy skirmishing was, for awhile, kept up along our whole line, but presently the enemy, who had massed a large force in the woods immediately north of the railroad, advanced at a run with loud cheers. Our troops in their front did not remain to receive them, but broke and fled precipitately.

The retreat was disgraceful. It soon became a matter of *sauve qui peut*. A strong position, with an ample force of infantry and artillery to hold it, was shamefully abandoned, almost without resistance. Between the troops occupying the centre and the enemy there was an almost impassable bayou. They fled before the enemy had reached that obstacle. In this precipitate retreat but little order was observed, the object with all being to reach the bridge as rapidly as possible. Many were unable to do so, but effected their escape by swimming the river; some were drowned in the attempt. A considerable number, unable to swim, and others too timid to expose themselves to the fire of the enemy by an effort to escape, remained in the trenches, and were made prisoners. A captain, who disgraced the Confederate uniform, laid down in the rifle-pits, and was captured by the enemy. Another behaved more bravely. Captain Osborne, of the Thirty-sixth Georgia, took his place just behind his line, and, with drawn revolver, swore he would shoot the first unwounded man who turned his back. The consequence was that his company, and the fragment of another, were soon left alone in the field where the steady line of the enemy were advancing under the smoke of their own murderous fire. Completely flanked, and in peril of capture, he gave the order to "march a retreat," but still with revolver and voice checking any unwise or unbecoming haste. When satisfied with his distance, he halted his company, and dressed the line; just then General Cumming rode up, and, taking off his hat, said: "Captain, I compliment you upon having the only organized body of men on the field."

Lieutenant-general Pemberton rode up and down the lines trying to rally the men; but his courage was not well rewarded. One of his staff threatened to shoot a runaway with his pistol. "Bigger guns than that, back there," said the soldier, and went on.

General Pemberton told a fellow to stop and to go back, and, to give force to the order, said: "I am Lieutenant-general Pemberton, commanding this department." The fellow looked up and said, "You are!"—and proceeded the same way.

Who could have recognized in the flying mob the same men whose heroic defence of Vicksburg had attracted the attention and won the applause of the world!

About ten o'clock, Sunday night, the main body of Pemberton's army entered Vicksburg. A scene of terror ensued. Many planters living near the city with their families, abandoned their homes and entered our lines with the Confederate forces. The stillness of the Sabbath night was broken in upon, and an uproar in which the blasphemous oath of the soldier and the cry of the child mingled, heightened the effect of a scene which the pen cannot depict. There were many gentle women and tender children, torn from their homes by the advance of a ruthless foe and compelled to fly to our lines for protection; and mixed up with them, in one vast crowd, were the gallant men who had left Vicksburg three short weeks before in all the pride and confidence of a just cause, and returning to it under the shame of a defeat, and with the panic of a mob.

It is not necessary to enter at length into the recrimination which ensued between Pemberton and Johnston, as to the memorable disaster of the Big Black. It was argued on Pemberton's side that had it not been for Johnston's order to move on the enemy at Canton, he never would have advanced *in any direction* beyond the Big Black. To this the reply of General Johnston was neat and conclusive. "It was," he said, "a new military principle that when an officer disobeys a positive order of his superior, that superior becomes responsible for any measure his subordinate may choose to substitute for that ordered."

Pemberton had neither obeyed the order referred to, nor fallen back upon his original plan; he had supplanted both by a new movement which concluded in one of the worst disasters of the war. The order of the 13th directed truly a "hazardous movement," but it was nevertheless a great conception—it was one of those bold and audacious moves that characterize military genius, and is a practical illustration of Napo-

leon's maxim, that "a great captain supplies all deficiencies by his courage, and marches boldly to meet the attack." It was a wise order, for it tended to concentration and the union of both detachments of his army; and, if promptly and boldly executed, might have resulted in saving Vicksburg. For if Sherman had been defeated between Clinton and Jackson, Grant could not have invested Vicksburg.

As it was, the fall of Vicksburg had become but a question of time. General Johnston was convinced of the impossibility of collecting a sufficient force to break the investment of the city, should it be completed. He appreciated the difficulty of extricating the garrison. It was with this foresight that, on learning that Pemberton had been driven from the Big Black, he ordered the *evacuation of Vicksburg*. He wrote: "If Haynes' Bluff be untenable, Vicksburg is of no value and cannot be held. If, therefore, you are invested in Vicksburg, you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, you must, if possible, save the troops. If it is not too late, evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies, and march to the northeast."

It was a grave order. It commanded the surrender of valuable stores and munitions of war; the surrender of the Mississippi river; and the severance of the Confederacy. But Johnston had presented to his mind a given alternative: that of the loss of Vicksburg, and that of the loss of Vicksburg *and* an army of twenty-five thousand men, and he had the nerve to accept with promptness the lesser of two evils. It required the greatest moral courage to come to such a conclusion; for so deluded were the Confederate people as to the safety of Vicksburg, and so firmly persuaded were they that Grant was a desperate fool "who would butt his brains out against the stockades of Vicksburg," that had this order of Johnston been known at the time it would have produced from one end of the Confederacy to the other an outbreak of indignation, and have probably made him the victim of an incorrigible popular passion and ignorance.

Pemberton received the order with dismay; he called a council of war. It was unanimous for its rejection; but the reason given was peculiar and but little creditable. It was decided that it was impossible to withdraw the army with such

morale and material as to be of future service to the Confederacy; and this, although there were eight thousand fresh troops in Vicksburg. Pemberton replied: "I have decided to hold Vicksburg as long as possible, with the firm hope that the Government may yet be able to assist me in keeping this obstruction to the enemy's free navigation of the Mississippi river. I still conceive it to be the most important point in the Confederacy." While the council of war was assembled, the guns of the enemy opened on the works.

CHAPTER III.

The Defences of Vicksburg.—Pemberton's Force.—His Troops Reinspired.—A Memorable Appeal.—Grant's Assault on the Works.—Confidence of the Yankees.—Their Repulse and Losses.—Commencement of Siege Operations.—Confidence in Richmond.—Johnston's Secret Anticipation of the Fall of Vicksburg.—His Alleged Inability to Avert it.—Critical Condition of the Confederate Armies in Numbers.—Secret Correspondence of Richmond Officials.—Mr. Seddon's Bait of Flattery.—Sufferings of the Garrison of Vicksburg.—Johnston's Attempt to Extricate them.—Proposed Diversion in the Trans-Mississippi.—Its Failure.—A Message from Pemberton. A Gleam of Hope.—An Important Dispatch Miscarries.—The Garrison Unable to Fight Their Way Out.—But Their Condition not Extreme.—Pemberton's Surrender on the Fourth of July.—Surprise in Richmond—Mendacity of the Telegraph.—The Story of the Rats and Mules.—Pemberton's Statement as to his Supplies.—His Explanation as to the Day of Surrender.—The last Incident of Humiliation.—Behavior of the Vicksburg Population.—A Rival of "The Beast."—Appearance and Manners of the City under Yankee Rule.—Consequences of the Fall of Vicksburg.—THE YANKEE REOCCUPATION OF JACKSON.—Johnston's Second Evacuation.—The Enemy's Ravages in Mississippi.—How they Compared with Lee's Civilities in Pennsylvania.—THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON, &c.—Enemy's Capture of Yazoo City.—THE BATTLE OF HELENA.—THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.—Repulse of the Confederates.—Abandonment of Little Rock.—The Trials and Sufferings of the Trans-Mississippi Department.—Hindman's Memorable Rule.—Military Autocracy.—The Generous and Heroic Spirit of the Trans-Mississippi.

THE line of defence around the city of Vicksburg consisted of a system of detached works (redans, lunettes, and redoubts) on the prominent and commanding points, with the usual profile of raised field works, connected, in most cases, by rifle-pits. The strength of the city towards the land was equally as strong as on the river side. The country was broken, to a degree affording excellent defensive positions. In addition to this, the ravines intervening the ridges and knolls, which the Confederates had fortified, were covered with a tangled growth of cane, wild grape, &c., making it impossible for the enemy to move his troops in well-dressed lines.

To man the entire line of fortifications, General Pemberton was able to bring into the trenches about eighteen thousand five hundred muskets; but it was absolutely necessary to keep a reserve always ready to reinforce any point heavily threatened. It became indispensable, therefore, to reduce the number in the trenches to the minimum capable of holding them

until a reserve could come to their aid. It was also necessary that the reserve should be composed of troops among the best and most reliable. Accordingly, Bowen's division (about twenty-four hundred) and some other forces were designated for that purpose, reducing the forces in the trenches to little over fifteen thousand five hundred men.

Fortunately, the army of Vicksburg had speedily recovered from its demoralization, reassured, as the troops were, of a prospect of Johnston's co-operation, and inspired by a remarkable appeal from Pemberton. This unfortunate commander appeased the clamor against himself by an apparently noble candor and memorable words of heroism. He said that it had been declared that he would sell Vicksburg, and exhorted his soldiers to witness the price at which he would sell it, for it would not be less than his own life, and that of every man in his command. Those words deserve to be commemorated in relation to the sequel.

The stirring words of Pemberton were circulated through the Confederacy, and satisfied the public that either Vicksburg was safe, or that the catastrophe would be glorious. They called to mind Leyden and Genoa, Londonderry and Saragossa, and the people of the Confederacy expected that a name not less glorious would be added to the list of cities made immortal by heroism, endurance, suffering, and, as they hoped, triumph. Much of this elation, it is true, was from ignorance of the true situation; but even the intelligent refused to entertain a sequel so humiliating and disastrous to the South as that which was to ensue.

The troops of Grant were flushed with victory, and had proposed to finish their work by a single assault. The events of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of May, wearied those who imagined that they saw in their grasp the palm of the Mississippi. So fully assured were they of victory, that they postponed it from day to day. To storm the works was to take Vicksburg, in their opinion, and when it was known on the morning of the 21st, that at ten o'clock next morning the whole line of Confederate works would be assaulted, the credulous and vain enemy accounted success so certain, that it was already given to the wings of the telegraph.

On the 22d, the fire from the enemy's artillery and sharp-

shooters in the rear was heavy and incessant until noon, when his gunboats opened upon the city, while a determined assault was made along Moore's, Hebert's, and Lee's lines. At about one o'clock P. M., a heavy force moved out to the assault on the lines of General Lee, making a gallant charge. They were allowed to approach unmolested to within good musket range, when every available gun was opened upon them with grape and canister, and the men, rising in the trenches, poured into their ranks volley after volley, with so deadly an effect that, leaving the ground literally covered in some places with their dead and wounded, they precipitately retreated. The angle of one of our redoubts having been breached by their artillery previous to the assault, when the repulse occurred, a party of about sixty of the enemy, under the command of a Lieutenant-colonel, made a rush, succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the ditch at the foot of the redoubt, and planted two colors on the parapet. It was of vital importance to drive them out, and, upon a call for volunteers for that purpose, two companies of Waul's Texas legion, commanded respectively by Captain Bradley and Lieutenant Hogue, accompanied by the gallant and chivalrous Colonel E. W. Pettus, of the Twentieth Alabama regiment, musket in hand, promptly presented themselves for the hazardous service. The preparations were quietly and quickly made, but the enemy seemed at once to divine the purpose, and opened upon the angle a terrific fire of shot, shell, and musketry. Undaunted, this little band, its chivalrous commander at its head, rushed upon the work, and, in less time than it requires to describe it, it and the flags were in our possession. Preparations were then quickly made for the use of our hand-grenades, when the enemy in the ditch, being informed of the purpose, immediately surrendered.

On other parts of our lines the enemy was repulsed, although he succeeded in getting a few men into our exterior ditches at each point of attack, from which they were, however, driven before night. Our entire loss in this successful day was comparatively very small, and might be counted in a few hundreds. So accustomed had the population of Vicksburg become to the fire and rage of battle, that the circumstance is no less true than curious that throughout the day stores in the city were open, and women and children walked the streets, as if no missiles

of death were filling the air and bursting and scattering the fragments around. There is no reliable account of the enemy's loss this day ; but, in killed and wounded, it was several thousands. Two thousand had fallen in front of General Forney's lines alone, according to the report of that commander. The dead lay before our works, while thousands of wounded men were carried off as soon as they fell.

The result of this engagement was a lesson to the temerity of the enemy. After this decided repulse, the enemy seemed to have abandoned the idea of taking Vicksburg by assault, and went vigorously at work to thoroughly invest and attack by regular approaches. The weakness of our garrison prevented anything like a system of sallies, but, from time to time, as opportunities offered, and the enemy effected lodgments too close to our works, they were made with spirit and success. But these were unimportant incidents. The patience of Southern soldiers—a virtue for which they are not remarkable—was now to be tried by the experiences of a siege : exhausting labors, scant rations, a melancholy isolation, and the distress of being entirely cut off from their homes and friends.

The siege was established by the enemy under circumstances of peculiar and extraordinary advantage. Although Grant's attack was made from Grand Gulf, that place was not long his base ; and, when he gained Haines' Bluff and the Yazoo, all communication with it was abandoned. He was enabled to rely on Memphis and the river above Vicksburg for food and reinforcements ; his communications were open with the entire West ; and the Northern newspapers urgently demanded that the utmost support should be given to a favorite general, and that the Trans-Mississippi should be stripped of troops to supply him with reinforcements.

But the South still entertained hopes of the safety of Vicksburg. It was stated in Richmond, by those who should have been well informed, that the garrison numbered considerably more than twenty thousand men, and was provisioned for a siege of six months. Nearly every day the telegraph had some extravagance to tell concerning the supreme safety of Vicksburg and the confidence of the garrison. The heroic promise of Pemberton, that the city should not fall until the last man

had fallen in the last ditch, was called to the popular remembrance. The confidence of the South was swollen even to insolence by these causes; and, although a few of the intelligent doubted the extravagant assurances of the safety of Vicksburg, the people at large received them with an unhesitating and exultant faith.

The prospect of Johnston's relief to Vicksburg was a delusion of its unhappy garrison and of an ignorant public. Indeed, on learning of the Baker creek disaster, Johnston had given up Vicksburg for lost, and considered that Pemberton had made a fatal mistake in determining to be besieged in Vicksburg, rather than maneuvering, in the first instance, to prevent a siege. The fact is, that at no time after the disaster referred to did General Johnston have at his disposal half the troops necessary to risk an assault on Grant. After the evacuation of Jackson he had retired to Canton, and the force he had collected there, including reinforcements to the amount of eight thousand men from Bragg's army in Tennessee, and above six thousand from Charleston, scarcely exceeded twenty-four thousand men. Grant's army was estimated at sixty thousand or eighty thousand men, and drawn, as they were, principally from the Northwestern States, they were of the best material. His great excess of force was being daily enlarged by reinforcements, while the Richmond authorities refused to give or to promise more troops to Johnston. On the 5th of June, Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, telegraphed to Johnston: "You must rely on what you have, and the irregular forces Mississippi can afford."

The fact is, that the resources of the Confederacy were at this time in the most critical condition. In Virginia we were outnumbered by the enemy more than two to one; and with reference to Bragg's condition in Tennessee, General Johnston did not hesitate to declare that, to take from him a force sufficient to oppose Grant, would involve the yielding of that State. He advised the Richmond authorities that it was for them to decide between Mississippi and Tennessee. He informed Pemberton that it was impossible for him (Johnston) with the force at his command to raise the siege of Vicksburg, and all that he could attempt was to extricate the garrison by a simultaneous attack on some part of the enemy's lines.

On the 15th of June, General Johnston communicated to the government his opinion that, without some great blunder of the enemy, we could not hold both Mississippi and Tennessee, and that he considered saving Vicksburg hopeless. Indeed such an attempt had now become utterly desperate. Grant had entrenched his position, and protected it by powerful artillery. His reinforcements alone equalled Johnston's whole force. The Big Black covered him from attack, and would cut off our retreat, if Johnston had been defeated in his mad enterprise of attack.

And now ensued a series of extraordinary communications from Richmond, remarkable even among the curiosities of the secret correspondence of officials. A favorite of the Richmond Administration had entangled himself in a hopeless siege, and the proposition was to be recklessly made to General Johnston to effect the relief of the favorite, or to cover his disaster by an attempt, which he (General Johnston) had declared would be tantamount to the sacrifice of himself and army, and which all the circumstances of the situation plainly denounced as hopeless. The authorities essayed the dictatorial style, and declared that the aim justified "any risk and all probable consequences." General Johnston could not be convinced. They attempted the persuasions of flattery: "The eyes and the hopes of the whole Confederacy are upon you," wrote Mr. Seddon to Johnston, "with the full confidence that you will act." General Johnston could not be cajoled. The Richmond authorities were left to await the development of that for which they themselves were most responsible.

The situation revealed in this correspondence was a close secret to the public. It was known to Pemberton, but most studiously kept from his troops, who, whenever a courier reached Vicksburg, imagined certain tidings of Johnston's approach. At times, the unhappy men listened for the sound of his guns. The hardships of the siege were telling upon them. The enemy were mining at different points, and it required the active and constant attention of our engineers to repair at night the damage inflicted upon our works during the day, and to meet his different mines by countermining. The same men were constantly in the trenches. The enemy bombarded day and night from seven mortars on the opposite

side of the peninsula. He also kept up a constant fire on our lines by artillery and sharpshooters. Many officers and men were lost by this fire. Among the first, was the brave Brigadier-general Green, of Missouri, who was shot in the neck by a minie ball. His wish was gratified—"he lived not to see Vicksburg fall."

But although General Johnston despaired of the ability of his army to save Vicksburg, he was busy with efforts to extricate the garrison or to cut the enemy's communications, hoping, from day to day, there might possibly be some new development of the situation. On arriving in Mississippi he had informed General Kirby Smith, commanding the forces west of the Mississippi river, of the condition of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and requested his aid and co-operation. General Smith did send troops to give all possible aid to Vicksburg. General Taylor was sent with eight thousand men to co-operate from the west bank of the Mississippi, to throw in supplies and to cross with his force if expedient and practicable. On the 27th of June General Johnston telegraphed Pemberton that these troops "had been mismanaged, and had fallen back to Delhi." All prospect of relief from this quarter was thus terminated.

A few days before this disappointment Pemberton had communicated to Johnston the suggestion, that he (Johnston) should make to Grant propositions to pass the army of Vicksburg out with all its arms and equipages. He renewed the hope, however, of his being able, by force of arms, to act with Johnston, and expressed the opinion that he could hold out for fifteen days longer. Johnston was reassured by this spirit of determination. He still had some hopes of the co-operation of Kirby Smith. He replied to Pemberton, that *something might yet be done to save Vicksburg*, and to postpone the modes suggested of merely extricating the garrison.

This despatch never reached Vicksburg. "Had I received," said General Pemberton, "General Johnston's despatch of the 27th of June, in which he encouraged the hope that both Vicksburg and the garrison might be saved, I would have lived upon an ounce a day, and have continued to meet the assaults of all Grant's army, rather than have surrendered the city until General Johnston had realized or relinquished

that hope; but I did not receive his despatch until the 20th day of August, in Gainesville, Alabama, nor had I the most remote idea that such an opinion was entertained by General Johnston; he had for some weeks ignored its possibility."

Whatever may be the merit of this declaration, Johnston's reassurance was too late. The very day it was penned, Pemberton had proposed a capitulation.

Forty-five days of incessant duty, with short rations, had had a marked effect upon the troops of Vicksburg. The trials of the siege were extraordinary. The men had been exposed to burning suns, drenching rains, damp fogs, and heavy dews, and had never had, by day or by night, the slightest relief. The extent of our works required every available man in the trenches, and even then they were, in many places, insufficiently manned. It was not possible to relieve any portion of the line for a single hour. Confined to the narrow limits of a trench, with their limbs cramped and swollen, without exercise, constantly exposed to a murderous storm of shot and shell, while the enemy's unerring sharpshooters stood ready to pick off every man visible above the parapet, the troops had suffered many combinations of hardship which had told upon their health and spirits. It is undoubtedly true, that in the condition in which the troops were, they would not have been able to cut their way through the enemy's lines, without the abandonment of a large number of sick, and the loss of, probably, half their effective strength. Such an enterprise was discouraged by all the division commanders. But however unequal the condition of the troops to an enterprise of such vigor and hardihood, it is certain that it was yet equal to sustain for many days longer the fatigues and hardships of a siege. The condition of the garrison was certainly not as extreme as that which Pemberton had heroically prefigured as the alternative of surrender; and it must be said, in the severe interest of truth, that it holds no honorable comparison with the amount of privation and suffering borne in other sieges recorded in history.

On the 3d of July, Pemberton proposed terms of capitulation for the morrow, to "save the further effusion of blood," "feeling himself fully able to maintain his position for a yet indefinite period." There was but little dispute about terms:

the parole of the garrison, Grant's persistent refusal to make any stipulation with regard to the treatment of citizens, and the surrender of this latter point by Pemberton.

On the morning of Saturday, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence, the troops of Vicksburg marched from the lines of entrenchments they had defended and held for nearly two months, and, after stacking their arms and lowering their standards which had proudly floated upon many a battle-field, returned inside of the works, prisoners of war to a detested and exultant foe. At the hour of noon the Yankee flag was raised over the Court-house amid the shouts and cheers of Grant's troops. Demoralized as was Pemberton's army, there were yet those whose hearts throbbed or eyes filled with tears as they saw the hated ensign floating over a city which the Confederacy had boasted to be impregnable, and which had at last been surrendered to signalize an American holiday.

The public confidence of the South with regard to the safety of Vicksburg had been abused by the silly mendacities of the telegraph, which, to the last, reported the garrison in supreme spirits and the enemy in woful plight. Under these circumstances the surprise and consternation of the people of the South may be imagined, when, without the least premonition, the announcement came that the select anniversary of the Fourth of July had been signalized by the capitulation of Vicksburg, without a fight: the surrender of twenty odd thousand troops as prisoners; and the abandonment to the Yankees of one of the greatest prizes of artillery that had yet been made in the war. The news fell upon Richmond like a thunder-clap from clear skies. It was at first denounced as an invention of speculators in sugar. The people were unwilling to reconcile themselves to a misfortune so unexpected in its announcement, and so monstrous in its particulars.

The authorities of Richmond maintained a sullen silence. But the truth, at last, came out stark and unwelcome. We had surrendered to the enemy a force of more than twenty-three thousand men, with three major-generals, and nine brigadiers; upwards of ninety pieces of artillery, and about forty thousand small arms, large numbers of the latter having been taken from the enemy during the siege.

The statement that the garrison of Vicksburg was surrendered on account of an inexorable distress, in which the soldiers had to feed on mules, with the occasional luxury of rats, is either to be taken as a designing falsehood, or as the crudities of that foolish newspaper romance so common in the war. In neither case does it merit refutation. A citizen of Vicksburg declares that the only foundation for the rat story is that a pie spiced with this vermin was served up in some of the officers' messes as a practical joke, and that for days after the surrender he himself had dined on excellent bacon from Pemberton's stores. In his official report Pemberton declares that he had at the time of the surrender of Vicksburg about 40,000 pounds of pork and bacon, which had been reserved for the subsistence of his troops in the event of attempting to cut his way out of the city. Also 51,241 pounds of rice, 5,000 bushels of peas, 112,234 pounds of sugar, 3,240 pounds of soap, 527 pounds of tallow candles, 27 pounds of star candles, and 428,000 pounds of salt.*

There appears, then, to have been no immediate general occasion for the surrender of Vicksburg other than Pemberton's desire "to save the further effusion of blood." The explanation of his motives for selecting the Fourth of July as the day of surrender implies a singular humiliation of the Confederacy; as he was willing to give this dramatic gratification to the vanity of the enemy in the hope of thus conciliating the ambition of Grant, and soliciting the generosity of the Yankees. He says: "If it should be asked why the Fourth of July was

* But it must be stated that Pemberton's supplies of Vicksburg, which he had a year to provide, were criminally scant; and that as the failure of supplies would in all probability have decided the fate of Vicksburg, had he not anticipated it by a surrender, he cannot be acquitted of blame in this particular. He declined to provision Vicksburg in prospect of a siege. When one of the Confederate generals, from Mississippi, pointed out to him vast supplies in certain counties of the State accessible to his garrison, he dismissed the advice with a haughtiness that almost amounted to personal insult.

As proof of the abundance of the country around Vicksburg, we have Grant's official report of his Mississippi campaign, in which he states that, with a view of rapid movement and surprise, having calculated that twenty days would place him before Vicksburg, he permitted his troops to take only four days' provisions, trusting to the country for the other sixteen days' supply, and, in fact, supplied his army (50,000 men), from the country lying about the line of his march.

selected as the day for the surrender, the answer is obvious; I believed that, upon that day, I should obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foes, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance, on the Fourth of July, into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time." Such an incident of humiliation was alone wanting to complete the disaster and shame of Vicksburg.

What the Confederacy had proudly entitled its "heroic city," was now destined to the experience of Yankee despotism, and, what was worse, to the shame of those exhibitions of cowardly submission which suited the interests of those who were left to herd with their country's destroyers. The citizens of Vicksburg had suffered little more than mere inconvenience from the siege. There had been but little loss of life among them in the bombardment. The city was filled with groups of caves on every hill-side. In these caves the women and children were sheltered during the nights, and occasionally in the daytime when the firing was very severe. The excavations branched out in various directions after passing the entrance. They were not very desirable bed-chambers, but they seemed to have answered a very good purpose. In one or two instances shells entered them, and two women and a number of children were thus killed during the siege.

On the same day the Yankees entered Vicksburg, several places of business were opened. Signs were hoisted on express offices, book and fruit stores, informing the new customers that the proprietors were in and ready to serve them. A well-known citizen of Vicksburg took the oath of allegiance and accommodated General Grant with headquarters at his residence. The Jewish portion of the population, composed principally of Germans, with but one honorable exception, went forward and took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

These tokens of submission were rewarded in the enemy's usual way. At first the citizens were placed under very little restraint. They were permitted to come in and go out of the lines almost at pleasure. In a few days, however, the reins were tightened. Vicksburg found a second edition of Beast Butler in General Osterhaus, a tawny Dutchman, who peremp-

torily stopped the ingress and egress of the people; forbid citizens from purchasing provisions without first registering their names; re-enacted much of the ingenious despotism of New Orleans; and declared that the height of his ambition was to get our people to hate and abhor him.

A Mississippi paper declared that it had no word of excuse or charity for the men who had remained in Vicksburg under the enemy's flag. To quote from their own slang dialect, "the Confederacy was about gone up, and there was no use in following its fortunes any further." But it repeated the characteristic story of the conquered cities of the South. The spirit of the women of Vicksburg was unbroken; and amid all its shameful spectacles of subserviency, female courage alone redeemed the sad story of a conquered and emasculated city. There was but a single exception to the compliment; and she a Northern school-teacher who was first to sing "the Bonnie Blue Flag" in Vicksburg, at the commencement of the war, to raise the means to clothe our soldiers. She forgot the "hope-crowned past," and attended a social gathering at MacPherson's headquarters, where during the evening a sword was presented "in honor of the surrender of Vicksburg."

The city had been accounted one of the most beautiful of the South, of commanding situation, and adorned with a profusion of shrubbery; but the rain of shot and shell had sadly marred its beauty. But few buildings were entirely demolished; yet there was scarcely a house in Vicksburg that remained unscathed; in all of them were frightful looking holes in the walls and floors. The streets had been ploughed up by shells. In walking along the pavement one had to exercise care not to tumble into a pit dug by a projectile from a thirteen-inch mortar, or from a Parrott gun. The yards, gardens, and open lots were cut up with shot holes. Nearly every gate in the city was crowned with unexploded thirteen-inch shells placed a-top of each post, and the porches and piazzas were adorned with curious collections of shot and shell that had fallen within the inclosures. Everywhere were to be found evidences of the fiery ordeal through which the city had passed.

It is impossible to recount with precision the various interests involved in the fate of Vicksburg. It compelled, as its necessary consequence, the surrender of other posts on the

Mississippi, and cut the Confederacy in twain. It neutralized successes in Lower Louisiana, to which we shall presently refer. Its defence had involved exposure and weakness in other quarters. It had about stripped Charleston of troops; it had taken many thousand men from Bragg's army; and it had made such requisitions on his force for the newly organized lines in Mississippi, that that general was compelled or induced, wisely or unwisely, to fall back from Tullahoma, to give up the country on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and practically to abandon the defence of Middle Tennessee.

The fall of Vicksburg was followed by the enemy's re-occupation of Jackson, the capitulation of Port Hudson, the evacuation of Yazoo city, and important events in Arkansas, which resulted in the retreat of our army from Little Rock and the surrender to the enemy of the important valley in which it is situated. To these events we must now direct the attention of the reader.

THE YANKEE RE-OCCUPATION OF JACKSON.

General Grant advanced his forces on Jackson, to which point Johnston retreated so soon as he learned the Vicksburg disaster. His policy was to march rapidly to the capture or discomfiture of General Johnston's army. On the evening of the 9th of July, his advance drove in our outer line of pickets. The troops employed in this expedition were Sherman's army corps, the Fifteenth, commanded by General Steele; the Thirteenth army corps, General Ord, commanding, with Lauman's division of Sixteenth army corps attached, a portion of the Sixteenth and Ninth army corps, commanded by General Parker, and McArthur's division of General McPherson's corps—in all about four army corps.

The works thrown up for the defence of Jackson consisted of a line of rifle-pits, prepared at intervals for artillery. These extended from a point north of the town, a little east of the Canton road, to a point south of the town, within a short distance of Pearl river, and covered most of the approaches west of the river; but were badly located and constructed, presenting but a slight obstacle to a vigorous assault.

The troops promptly took their assigned positions in the

intrenchments on the appearance of the enemy, in expectation of immediate assault: Major-general Loring occupying the right; Major-general Walker the right of the centre; Major-general French the left of the centre, and Major-general Breckinridge the left. The cavalry, under Brigadier-general Jackson, was ordered to observe and guard the fords of Pearl river, above and below the town.

But the enemy, instead of attacking, as soon as he arrived, commenced intrenching and constructing batteries. On the 10th, there was spirited skirmishing with slight cannonading, continuing throughout the day. This was kept up with varying intensity. Hills commanding and encircling the town, within easy cannon range, offered favorable sites for batteries. A cross-fire of shot and shell reached all parts of the town, showing the position to be entirely untenable against a powerful artillery.

On the 12th, besides the usual skirmishing, there was a heavy cannonade from the batteries near the Canton and south of the Clinton roads. The missiles reached all parts of the town. An assault, though not a vigorous one, was also made on Major-general Breckinridge's line. It was quickly repelled, however, principally by the direct fire of Cobb's and Slocumb's batteries, and a flank attack of the skirmishers of the First, Third and Fourth Florida and Forty-seventh Georgia regiments. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was at least five hundred.*

On the 16th, General Johnston obtained information that a large train from Vicksburg, loaded with ammunition, was near the enemy's camp. This, and the condition of the enemy's batteries, made it probable that Sherman would the next day concentrate upon Jackson the fire of near two hundred guns.

* During the heavy bombardment Colonel Withers was killed by the explosion of a shell near his own residence. He had just returned from the front when he was killed. He was buried at night by his faithful slave, who was fired upon by the enemy during the interment. This boy's conduct to his deceased master was a rebuke to the enemy. In the face of the enemy's position, at night, within easy range of the enemy's sharpshooters, he, with the assistance of two Confederate officers, and by the flickering light of a lamp—which was shot out of his hand while he was performing his sacred duty—carried the body of his dead master and interred it with as much affection and tender care as if it were his own child.

The evacuation of Jackson was determined on and effected on the night of the 16th. The evacuation was not discovered by the enemy until the next day; and Johnston retired by easy marches to Morton, distant about thirty-five miles from Jackson.

When Sherman's troops entered Jackson, exasperated by the losses which their ranks had sustained, they commenced a destruction of the houses by fire, which was kept up until there was but little left of the town but ashes. Jackson has been an ill-fated place. When it was captured before there was a great destruction. Now, where was but lately a thriving and pretentious town of between four and five thousand inhabitants, with a State-house, lunatic asylum, and many other public buildings, there was a heap of ruins.

The country between Vicksburg and Jackson was completely devastated. A letter from our lines in Mississippi thus described the outrages there:

"I thought the condition of northern Mississippi and the country around my own home in Memphis deplorable. There robberies were committed, houses were burned, and occasionally a helpless man or woman was murdered; but here, around Jackson and Vicksburg, there are no terms used in all the calendar of crimes which could convey any adequate conception of the revolting enormities perpetrated by our foes. Women have been robbed of their jewelry and wearing apparel—stripped almost to nakedness in the presence of jeering Dutch; ear-rings have been torn from their ears, and rings from bleeding fingers. Every house has been pillaged, and thousands burned. The whole country between the Big Black and the Mississippi, and all that district through which Grant's army passed, is one endless scene of desolation. This is not the worst; robbery and murder are surely bad enough, but worse than all this, women have been subjected to enormities worse than death.

"Negroes, men and women, who can leave their homes, are forced or enticed away. The children alone are left. Barns and all descriptions of farm-houses have been burned. All supplies, bacon and flour, are seized for the use of the invading army, and the wretched inhabitants left to starve. The roads, along which Grant's army has moved, are strewn with all descriptions of furniture, wearing apparel, and private

property. In many instances husbands have been arrested, and threatened with instant death by the hangman's rope, in order to make their wives reveal the place of concealment of their valuable effects. The poor women are made to ransom their sons, daughters, and husbands. The worst slaves are selected to insult, taunt, and revile their masters, and the wives and daughters of their masters."

We must remember that these enormities were contemporary with Lee's civilities in Pennsylvania. It was bad enough for that commander to make such return for what he had experienced in Virginia; but the enemy's warfare in distant and remote parts of the Confederacy exceeded in atrocity what had been known on the lines of the Potomac. It appears to have been aggravated in proportion to its distance from the centres of intelligence. In the Southwest it was not denied that the policy of the enemy was the destruction of all resources of livelihood, but on the border (in Missouri, for instance), the enemy was bold enough to announce the policy of the extermination of the inhabitants.* But to this subject we shall have occasion to refer again.

THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON, ETC.

The fate of Port Hudson was necessarily involved in that of Vicksburg. But it did not fall until after a prolonged and gallant resistance, the facts of which may be briefly commemorated. On the morning of the 22d of May, the enemy, under

* For instance, a Missouri paper, speaking of the policy of General Ewing (the Yankee general in command of that department), towards the secessionists of that country, says:

"General Ewing's policy towards these wretches from the very start has been simply *extermination*—nothing less. His orders have been *to take no prisoners from them, and the orders have been strictly obeyed.*"

Again, the *St. Louis Democrat*, an abolition sheet, says, in referring to the troubles on the Missouri border:

"The Seventh Missouri State militia are burning all the houses of rebel sympathizers all along the border. A fearful state of things exists in all the border counties, and general devastation is observable."

One of these ruffians, a Yankee colonel, declared that he would hang every man without "protection papers." He said that "the whole duty" of his regiment (the Fifteenth) would be "to kill rebels;" and closed with the following atrocious boast: "We carry the flag; kill with the sabre; and hang with the gallows."

command of General Banks, pushed his infantry forward within a mile of our breastworks. Having taken his position for the investment of our works, he advanced with his whole force against the breastworks, directing his main attack against the left, commanded by Colonel Steadman. Vigorous assaults were also made against the extreme left of Colonel Miles and General Beale, the former of whom commanded on the centre, the latter on the right. On the left the attack was made by a brigade of negroes, composing about three regiments, together with the same force of white Yankees, across a bridge which had been built over Sandy creek. About five hundred negroes in front advanced at double-quick within one hundred and fifty yards of the works, when the artillery on the river bluff, and two light pieces on our left, opened upon them, and at the same time they were received with volleys of musketry. The negroes fled every way in perfect confusion, and, according to the enemy's report, six hundred of them perished. The repulse on Miles' left was decisive.

On the 13th of June a communication was received from General Banks, demanding the unconditional surrender of the post. He complimented the garrison in high terms for their endurance. He stated that his artillery was equal to any in extent and efficiency; that his men outnumbered ours five to one; and that he demanded the surrender in the name of humanity, to prevent a useless sacrifice of life. General Gardner replied that his duty required him to defend the post, and he must refuse to entertain any such proposition.

On the morning of the 14th, just before day, the fleet and all the land batteries, which the enemy had succeeded in erecting at one hundred to three hundred yards from our breastworks, opened fire at the same time. About daylight, under cover of the smoke, the enemy advanced along the whole line, and in many places approached within ten feet of our works. Our brave soldiers were wide-awake, and, opening upon them, drove them back in confusion, a great number of them being left dead in the ditches. One entire division and a brigade were ordered to charge the position of the First Mississippi and the Ninth Alabama, and by the mere physical pressure of numbers some of them got within the works, but all these were immediately killed. After a sharp contest of two

hours, the enemy were everywhere repulsed, and withdrawn to their old lines.

During the remainder of the month of June there was heavy skirmishing daily, with constant firing night and day from the gun and mortar boats. During the siege of six weeks, from May 27th to July 7th, inclusive, the enemy must have fired from fifty to seventy-five thousand shot and shell, yet not more than twenty-five men were killed by these projectiles. They had worse dangers than these to contend against. About the 29th or 30th of June, the garrison's supply of meat gave out, when General Gardner ordered the mules to be butchered after ascertaining that the men were willing to eat them. At the same time the supply of ammunition was becoming exhausted, and at the time of the surrender there were only twenty rounds of cartridges left, with a small supply for artillery.

On Tuesday, July 7th, salutes were fired from the enemy's batteries and gunboats, and loud cheering was heard along the entire line, and Yankees, who were in conversing distance of our men, told them that Vicksburg had fallen. That night about ten o'clock, General Gardner summoned a council of war, who, without exception, decided that it was impossible to hold out longer, considering that the provisions of the garrison were exhausted, the ammunition almost expended, and a large proportion of the men sick or so exhausted as to be unfit for duty. The surrender was accomplished on the morning of the 9th. The number of the garrison which surrendered, was between five and six thousand, of whom not more than half were effective men for duty.

A few days later, and another disaster is to be noticed in Mississippi: the enemy's capture of Yazoo city. He advanced against Yazoo city, both by land and water, on the 13th of July. The attack of the gunboats was handsomely repulsed by our heavy battery, under the command of Commander Isaac N. Brown of the navy. The *De Kalb*, the flag-ship of the hostile squadron, an iron-clad, mounting thirteen guns, was sunk by a torpedo. To the force advancing by land no resistance was made by the garrison, commanded by Colonel Creasman, of the 29th North Carolina regiment.

The greatest misfortune of this event was our loss in boats

and material of a character much needed. Some twenty vessels were scuttled and destroyed; and of the fine fleet of boats that had sought refuge in the Yazoo river, not more than four or five were saved, which were up the Tallahatchie and Yellobusha.

THE BATTLE OF HELENA.—THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

The Vicksburg disaster was attended with a grave misfortune on the other side of the Mississippi: the repulse of the Confederates at Helena. Our army arrived within five miles of Helena on the evening of the 3d of July, when General Holmes assumed immediate command, detached Marmaduke's division and left Price but two brigades—McRae's Arkansians and Parsons' Missourians—with which he was ordered to assume position, assault and take what was known as the Graveyard Hill the next morning.

The route lay for the greater part of the way across abrupt hills and deep ravines, over which it was utterly impossible to move artillery during the darkness. General Price ordered his artillery to be left behind until daybreak, and moved forward with details from each battery accompanying the infantry, in order to command the guns which he expected to capture.

Within half a mile of the enemy's works, Price's troops were formed into two columns of divisions, Parsons' brigade occupying the right, moving in front. Both brigades moved forward rapidly, steadily, unflinching, and in perfect order under a storm of grape, canister, and minie balls, which were poured upon them not only from the Graveyard Hill in their front, but from the fortified hills upon the right and left, both of which were in easy range. The enemy gave way before the impetuous assault of the attacking columns, which entering the works almost simultaneously, planted the Confederate flag on the summit of the Graveyard Hill.

In the meantime, however, the attack of the enemy's works on Price's left, which was to have been made by General Fagan, had been repeatedly repulsed; although the men fought gallantry, and more than once drove the enemy from his rifle pits, under a heavy enfilading fire from one of the

enemy's strongest forts and a gunboat in front of the town. General Price had ordered McRae's brigade to reinforce Fagan; but it soon became obvious that it had been so much weakened by losses, and by the straggling of men overcome by thirst and the intense heat of the day, or disheartened by the failure of the other assaulting column, that it could not be detached without too greatly endangering General Price's own position. Under these circumstances, an order came from General Holmes to Price to withdraw his division. The attack was abandoned after a loss to the Confederates of about five or six hundred killed and wounded, and probably twice that number of prisoners.

But the result was important in other respects than that of the casualties of the fight. It, in connection with the fall of Vicksburg, terminated all hope of the connection of the Trans-Mississippi with the eastern portions of the Confederacy, and was the first step of the retreat which, at last abandoning Little Rock, was to surrender into the hands of the enemy the most valuable portion of Arkansas.

It was supposed that the worst consequences of these events would be to estrange the Trans-Mississippi, and easily subject it to the arms or to the persuasions of the enemy. Never were fears of Confederate statesmen so little realized. They found in this distant section of the Confederacy a virtue which had been maintained under all disasters, and which should be commemorated here in a brief review of the history of this section.

The spirit of the Trans-Mississippi was most conspicuous and noble in view of the peculiar sufferings it had endured. It had made a proud record of patriotic integrity. In another volume we have seen how the Confederate forces, in anticipation of a grand contest near Corinth, were moved east of the Mississippi by order of General Albert Sidney Johnson, then commanding the Western Department. We may look back to that dark period. The Confederates took with them from Arkansas all material of war and public property, of every description. Immediately afterwards, Brigadier-general Pike retreated southward, to the vicinity of Red river. Thus Missouri was left hopeless of early succor, Arkansas without a soldier, and the Indian country undefended, except by its own inhabitants. A Federal force, five thousand strong, was organ-

ized at Fort Scott, under the name of the "Indian expedition," and with the avowed intention to invade the Indian country and wrest it from our control. Hostile Indians began collecting on the border, and Federal emissaries were busy among the Cherokees and Creeks, inciting disaffection. Detachments of Federal cavalry penetrated, at will, into various parts of the upper half of Arkansas, plundering and burning houses, stealing horses and slaves, destroying farming utensils, murdering loyal men or carrying them into captivity, forcing the oath of allegiance on the timid, and disseminating disloyal sentiments among the ignorant. Tory bands were organized in many counties, not only in the upper, but in the lower half of the State likewise, and depredations and outrages upon loyal citizens were of constant occurrence. Straggling soldiers, belonging to distant commands, traversed the country, armed and lawless, robbing the people of their property, under the pretence of "impressing" it for the Confederate service. The governor and other executive officers fled from the capital, taking the archives with them. The courts were suspended, and civil magistrates almost universally ceased to exercise their functions. Confederate money was openly refused, or so depreciated as to be nearly worthless. This, with the short crop of the preceding year, and the failure, on all the uplands, of the one then growing, gave rise to the cruelest extortion in the necessities of life, and menaced the poor with actual starvation.

But it was not only the omissions of the Richmond Administration of which the Trans-Mississippi had to complain. There were perpetrated upon it such positive outrages of the Confederate authority as had never been ventured or imagined in other portions of the country. The excesses of Major-general Hindman, who assumed, by a certain color of authority from Richmond, to be commanding-general of the Trans-Mississippi, had been severely censured by members of the Confederate Congress, and were the subject of an investigation in that body. They were such as might have moved any people from their allegiance, whose patriotism was not paramount to all other considerations. He suspended the civil authority, and instituted what he called "a government *ad interim*." In the summer of 1863, he had proclaimed martial law. To make

this declaration effective, a provost martial was appointed in each county, and all the independent companies therein were placed under his control. Over these were appointed provost marshals of districts which included several counties. The provost marshal general, at General Hindman's headquarters, had command over all.

Whatever may have been the good intentions or the palliative circumstances of this singular usurpation, it certainly could not be agreeable to a people accustomed to civil liberty; and it was an exerecence of the war, after the fashion of Yankee "vigor," which did serious dishonor to the Confederacy. We have referred to it here to illustrate the virtues of a people, whose steadfast patriotism could survive such trials.

As we have elsewhere seen, General Holmes assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi Department in the latter part of 1862. His operations had been feeble and unsuccessful. The fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Helena, were irreparable disasters. Communication was interrupted between the two sections of the Confederacy, and each thrown on its own resources. It was supposed that this division of the efforts of the Confederacy would tend to weakness and jealousies. But these fears were dismissed, when it was known that the governors of the States of the Trans-Mississippi had made the recent disasters an occasion of official conference, in which they had taken the noble resolution to do their respective parts in the war, and to take care that the common cause of our independence should not suffer by a division of the efforts to obtain it. They declared that, instead of such division of effort being occasion of jealousy, it should be that of noble and patriotic rivalry.

It is not to be denied that it was unfortunate that the Eastern States and those of the Trans-Mississippi had been constrained to separate efforts in the war. But it was an especial subject of congratulation and pride that the spirit and unanimity of the South were unaffected by such an event, and that the most distant people of the Confederacy, not only faithfully kept, but fondly cherished their attachment to the vital principle of our struggle and the common cause of our arms.

CHAPTER IV.

Elasticity of the Spirit of the Confederacy.—What it Taught.—Deeay of Confidence in President Davis's Administration.—His Affection for Pemberton.—A Season of Encouraging Events.—THE CAMPAIGN IN LOWER LOUISIANA.—Capture of Brashear City.—The Affair of Donaldson.—THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—Operations of the Enemy on Folly Island.—General Beauregard's Embarrassments.—Assault of the Enemy of Fort Wagner.—His Foothold on Morris Island.—Beauregard's Designs.—Bombardment of Fort Wagner.—Second Repulse of the Enemy's Assault.—Gilmore's Insolent Demand.—His Attempt to Fire Charleston.—A Noble Reply from Beauregard.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter.—The Fort in Ruins.—Evacuation of Morris Island by the Confederates.—The Yankee Congratulations.—Devilish Penalties for "the Secession City."—Dahlgren's Part of the Programme.—His Night Attack on Sumter.—His Failure.—Safety of Charleston.—Bitterness of Yankee Disappointment.—MORGAN'S EXPEDITION INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.—His Capture of Lebanon.—An Unnatural Encounter.—Murder of Captain Magennis.—The Incursion Through Indiana.—The Yankee Pursuit.—A Chaplain's Trick.—Operations in Ohio.—The Affair of Buffington Island.—Morgan's Attempt to Escape.—His Capture and Imprisonment.—Results of his Expedition, Strategic and Material.—The Value of Military Adventure.

THE most remarkable quality displayed by the Southern mind in this war has been its elasticity under reverse, its quick recovery from every impression of misfortune. This, more than any thing else, has attested the strength of our resolution to be free, and shown the utter insignificance of any "peace party," or element of submission or compromise in the Confederacy. Great as were the disasters of Vicksburg and Gettysburg they were the occasions of no permanent depression of the public mind; and as the force of misfortune could scarcely, at any one time, be expected to exceed these events, it may be said they taught the lesson that the spirit of the Confederacy could not be conquered unless by some extremity close to annihilation. A few days after the events referred to President Davis took occasion, in a proclamation of pardon to deserters, to declare that a victorious peace, with proper exertions, was yet immediately within our grasp. Nor was he extravagant in this. The loss of territory which we had sustained, unaccompanied as it was by any considerable adhesion of its population to the enemy, though deplorable indeed, was not a

vital incident of the war : it had reduced the resources of subsistence, but it had multiplied the spirit of resistance, and it was yet very far from the centre of our defence. While Mr. Seward was making to Europe material calculations of Yankee success in the square miles of military occupation and in the comparative arithmetic of the military power of the belligerents, the Confederacy had merely postponed its prospect of a victorious peace, and was even more seriously confident of the ultimate issue than when it first declared its independence.

But it must not be disguised that one, and perhaps the most important of the disasters referred to—the fall of Vicksburg—while no occasion of despair to the Confederacy, was yet that of another great decline of popular confidence in the Administration of President Davis. Happily, every page of the history of this war attests that the dissatisfaction of the Confederate people with the Richmond Administration was compatible with steady attachment to that cause for which they fought and which was impersonal and sublime. It is the fact of these two existing conditions in the Confederacy, a puzzle to many, that gives the sublimest quality to this war, and contains its most valuable lesson.

Never had the obstinate adhesion of President Davis to his favorites been more forcibly illustrated than in the case of Pemberton. The criticism of the public had no charity for this commander, and his recent campaign, culminating in the surrender of Vicksburg, was denounced by the intelligent as a series of blunders, and by others less just and more passionate as the device of treason. President Davis had retained him in command in spite of the most powerful remonstrance ever made by a people against the gratification of a personal conceit in their ruler. Indeed, the President went further than mere opposition to the public sentiment. He defied and almost insulted it; for after the disaster of Vicksburg, Pemberton, with the public reproaches clinging to him, and public sentiment clamoring in vain for an inquiry into his conduct, was ostentatiously entertained as the President's guest in Richmond, and given the distinction of one of his suite in the subsequent official visit of the President to our armies in the West! It was said by Mr. Foote, in public session of Congress, that when the President, with a peculiar hardihood, es-

said to ride down the lines of our troops, with Pemberton at his side, angry exclamations assailed them, and passed from lip to lip of the soldiers.

There were certain events which aided in relieving the impression of the Vicksburg disaster, or, at least, served to divert the public mind. Of these were the operations of the Confederate general, Taylor, in Lower Louisiana, some of which had preceded the fall of Vicksburg, and, at one time, had kindled in the South the hope of the recapture of New Orleans.

THE CAMPAIGN IN LOWER LOUISIANA.

Information received from Southwest Louisiana had determined General Taylor to organize an attack upon Brashear City and its forts. Colonel Majors, who commanded a brigade of cavalry on the Atchafalaya, was to push boldly through the Grosse Tete, Marangoin and Lafourche country, to Donaldsonville, thence to Thibodeaux, cut off the railroad and telegraph communication, then push rapidly to Beaufort river, in the rear of Brashear City, while a force under Generals Mouton and Green was to co-operate in front of the enemy's position, on Berwick's Bay.

On the 22d of June General Mouton had succeeded in collecting some thirty-seven skiffs and other row-boats, near the mouth of the Teche, with a view to co-operate, from the west side of the Atchafalaya, with Colonel Majors' command, then on the Lafourche. An expedition, numbering three hundred and twenty-five gallant volunteers, under Major Sherod Hunter, started at 6 o'clock P. M., to turn the enemy's stronghold at Brashear City. It was a hazardous mission to cross the lake (twelve miles) in these frail barks, to land at midnight on the enemy's side, in an almost impenetrable swamp, and await the dawn of day, to make the desperate attempt which would insure victory or a soldier's death.

The boat-expedition having got off, General Thomas Green, with the Fifth Texas mounted volunteers, the Second Louisiana cavalry, Waller's Texas battalion, and the Valverde and Nicholls' batteries, advanced, under cover of night, to opposite the enemy's camp. The Seventh and Fourth Texas regiments

were thrown across the Atchafalaya, to Gibbons' Island, during the night. General Green was to attract the enemy's attention and fire, while the troops on Gibbons' Island were to be thrown across to the support of Major Hunter, as soon as the boats returned from the latter's landing-point, in rear of the enemy's position.

Immediately after daylight, General Green fired the first gun from the Valverde battery, at a gunboat of the enemy, which was steaming up the bay in the direction of the upper fort (Buchanan). Instantly the whole bay was in a blaze, our guns playing upon the long lines of the enemy's tents. The Yankees were completely surprised. Their heavy guns, from three forts, opened on Green. There was a keen anxiety on our side for the sound of Colonel Majors' guns, for it only remained for him to occupy the Bœuf crossing, to cut off completely the enemy's communication. At last the long-distant sound of artillery told that Majors was there; and at the same moment the storming party of Major Hunter made its appearance on the edge of a piece of woods. With a real Texas yell the latter dashed at once, with bayonets fixed and pistols drawn, full at the threatening walls of the proud fort—in twenty minutes they had climbed its walls, dispersed its garrison, torn down the stars and stripes, and hoisted the Confederate flag over its ramparts. This heroic charge was made at the point of the bayonet, with unloaded muskets. In half an hour Generals Taylor, Mouton, and Green, with their respective staffs, had their headquarters in the city of Brashear.

The immediate fruits of the capture were one thousand prisoners, ten heavy guns, and a large amount of stores of all descriptions. The position obtained by General Taylor, with that of Thibodeaux, gave him command of the Mississippi river above New Orleans; enabled him, in a great measure, to cut off Banks' supplies, and, it was hoped, might eventually force Banks to the choice of losing New Orleans or abandoning his operations against Port Hudson.

But the plan which General Taylor had arranged for an attack on New Orleans unfortunately fell through, in consequence of his disappointment of reinforcements. His active force, not including the garrison at Berwick's Bay, was less than four thousand. He had obtained from New Orleans in-

telligence of the fall of Vicksburg, and this, with the consequent fate of Port Hudson, rendered his position in the Lafourche extremely hazardous, and not to be justified on military grounds.

On the 28th of June General Green had been repulsed in an attack on Donaldsonville, after a desperate struggle, with two hundred and sixty casualties. On the 12th of July, after the fall of Port Hudson, the enemy, over four thousand strong, advanced six miles from Donaldsonville, where he was met by General Green, with his own and a part of Majors' brigade (in all twelve hundred men), and driven from the field, with a loss of about five hundred in killed and wounded, some three hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, many small arms, and the flag of a New York regiment. The gallant Green dismounted from his horse, placed himself at the head of his old regiment, captured the enemy's guns, and drove his forces into the fort, and under the guns of the fleet.

These operations in Lower Louisiana were not followed by the important consequences which were at one time anticipated: for, as we have seen, Taylor's force was not competent to hold the Lafourche country against the overwhelming forces of the enemy released from the siege of Port Hudson. Yet the events we have briefly narrated, had afforded a certain encouragement to the South; for they were, at least, some relief from the unwelcome news we had hitherto had from an ill-starred portion of the Confederacy.

But one must look in another direction for the first important wave of the returning tide of victory that was to cover the popular recollection of Vicksburg, and again exalt the hopes and confidence of the Confederacy.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The enemy had prepared to follow up the achievements of the summer campaign, by a vigorous attempt upon Charleston. It had been determined by General Gilmore, in command of the Yankee forces, to take Folly Island, as the base of siege operations against Charleston, and to possess, if possible, Morris Island, under the belief that it was the key to Charleston.

This latter island is an outer strip of land, lying directly on the ocean. It is some three and a half miles in length, and the northern end, crowned by Cummings' Point Battery, was the goal aimed at by the enemy, as it bore directly on Fort Sumter and the channel leading by it to the city. At the southern extremity of the island was another battery, pointing out towards the north end of Folly Island, where the Yankees had been encamped for many months, and constructing heavy works. It was known and reported to the Confederate government, that Folly Island was occupied in force since the 7th of April, and, as a consequence, that Morris Island was threatened. The changes of land and naval commanders of the enemy were reported as presages of impending hostilities. But in vain. All ideas of attack were scouted at Richmond, as late even as the first week in July.

General Beauregard's force at Charleston had been greatly reduced by the authorities, under the persistent belief that the city and adjoining coast were safe from any serious military operations of the enemy. He was left to provide against attacks upon Charleston in no less than five different directions. There is no doubt that he had been seriously embarrassed in his attempts to put Morris Island in condition to meet the attack of the enemy, by the want of labor to carry out the plans for its defence; want of armament for the works necessary to that end; and last, but not least, want of men to hold and fight any works which might have been thrown up at the south end of Morris Island, without stripping other important positions of the feeble supports left them.

But although General Beauregard must have had a general expectation of attack in this direction, it is not to be disguised, that he was surprised in the time and manner of its development. It is said, that he had not force enough left to venture upon a thorough reconnoissance of the enemy's outposts on Folly Island. For a number of weeks the enemy had been busily engaged on this point of land, in building sand batteries and mounting heavy guns within eight hundred yards of our works on Morris Island. The work was all performed under cover of the night. Screened from observation by the nature of the ground, hundreds of men were engaged night after night, silently and industriously throwing up earthworks, and

mounting heavy guns so near to the Confederates that a loud word might have revealed the work. Shortly before daylight brush would be so disposed as to conceal the work of the previous night, without exciting the suspicions of the Confederates. The morning light would dawn upon a quiet and deserted scene—not a soul to be seen—not a sound to be heard—not a thing to indicate offensive operations that the night had concealed. In this manner batteries were thrown up, and guns and mortars put in position.

On the evening of the 9th, a division of the enemy was sent up Stono river to effect a landing on James Island, near a place called Stevens' Point. This movement was partially intended to occupy the attention of our forces, and conceal from them the real object of the large fleet of vessels hovering about Stono Inlet, and movements of the enemy on Folly Island. At nightfall small boats, loaded with armed men, began to dash out from either shore. These men were to make their way up the narrow creek, which makes into Morris Island, and there wait till morning, when on a given signal they would assault the battery. This force was under General Strong.

At daybreak on the following morning, the brush and boughs, which had served to conceal the battery on Folly Island from observation, were hastily removed, and the guns exposed to the Confederates. At five o'clock the first gun was heard from the enemy's battery. The battery was somewhat screened from view by a grove of trees, but the incessant cannonade, and the dense white smoke, which rose above the tall pines, told how fearfully the contest raged.

In the meantime the assaulting column of the enemy, consisting of three regiments, moved on slowly and silently up the beach, until they arrived within two hundred yards of Fort Wagner, when the Confederate pickets were encountered. The order to charge was given. The fort opened with three eight-inch howitzers, heavily charged with grape and canister. The Seventh Connecticut, which was in the advance, pressed through the fort, but the Pennsylvania and New York regiments, which were to support them, staggered back and lost their distance, when all three regiments broke into a shameful run, scattering down the beach.

The assault of the enemy was a shameful failure. The loss of life was inconsiderable, as two of the regiments kept out of the fire, and we may imagine how many were "missing" when the casualties in the storming party were officially enumerated by the enemy as three hundred and thirty-four. But as our lower battery had been abandoned, the Yankees had succeeded in getting possession of the lower end of the island. They had gained a foothold, and were now to direct all their energies to get possession of Fort Wagner. This strong earthwork was near midway of the island, and had to be reduced before the enemy could reach Cummings' Point, and operate from there on Fort Sumter.

The enemy having once obtained a foothold on Morris Island, it might have been easily foreseen that he would eventually compel an evacuation by the operations of siege, and the impossibility of defending forever a small island cut off from communication by an enormous fleet. But it was not to be given up without a brilliant incident of arms; for General Beauregard had determined to hold it, while works were elsewhere erected, and until the door of honorable retreat was open.

In about a week the Yankees had occupied Black Island—a small spot between James and Morris Islands—and thrown up a battery; they had erected two or three additional batteries on Morris Island, about one and three-quarter miles from Fort Wagner, and they had concentrated their fleet, consisting of four monitors, the Ironsides, a frigate, and four gunboats, some of which threw shell from mortars. Altogether, the circle of fire embraced not far from seventy guns. At daylight, of the 18th August, these opened, first deliberately; but as the morning wore on the fire increased. Two monitors, two mortar boats, and the Ironsides, had by ten o'clock formed a line nearly in front of Battery Wagner, and about noon these were joined by two additional monitors. Until six o'clock in the evening the firing was incessant. There was scarcely an interval that did not contain a reverberation of the heavy guns, and the shock of the rapid discharges trembling through the city called hundreds of citizens to the battery, wharves, steeples, and various look-outs, where, with an interest never felt before, they looked on a contest that might decide the fate

of their fair city. Above Battery Wagner, bursting high in air, striking the sides of the work or plunging into the beach, and throwing up pillars of earth, were to be seen the quickly succeeding shells and round shot of the enemy's guns. Battery Gregg at Cummings' Point and Fort Sumter took part in the thundering chorus. As the shades of evening fell upon the scene the entire horizon appeared to be lighted up with the fitful flashings of the lurid flames that shot out from monster guns on land and sea.

As night began to fall the bombardment relaxed. But it was known to our officers commanding that such a demonstration on the part of the enemy was not without its object; and every man was ordered, by General Taliaferro, who commanded our side, to the parapet to prepare for the expected assault of the enemy.

At dusk two brigades of the enemy were formed in line on the beach. The regiments were disposed in columns, except a Massachusetts regiment of blacks, which, for peculiar reasons, was given the post of extreme honor and extreme danger in the advance, and was drawn up in line of battle, exposing its full front to our fire.

The enemy moved forward at quick time and in deep silence. As they reached the vicinity of our rifle-pits, our batteries opened, and grape and canister was thrown into their ranks with fearful precision and execution. Checked for an instant only, they closed up the ragged gaps in their lines and moved steadily on until within less than eighty yards.

Barely waiting for the Yankees to get within a destructive range our infantry opened their fusilade, and from a fringe of fire that lined the parapet leaped forth a thousand messengers of death. Staggering under the shock, the first line seemed for a moment checked, but, pushed on by those in the rear, the whole now commenced a charge at a "double-quick." Our men could not charge back; but they gave a Southern yell in response to the Yankee cheer, and awaited the attack. On they came over the sand-hills, tripping and stumbling in the huge pits their own shells had dug, until they reached the ditch of the battery; then it was but a moment's work for those who survived our terrible fire of musketry to clamber up the sloping sides of the fortification and attempt to effect a

lodgment. But the men who met them on the parapet were as desperate as themselves, and the contest that ensued was brief and bloody. The antagonists were breast to breast, and Southern rifles and Southern bayonets made short work of human life. We could stop to take no prisoners then. The parapet was lined with dead bodies, white and black, and every second was adding to the number. It was one of those rencounters in which one side or the other must quickly yield or fly. The enemy took their choice.

In less than five minutes probably, the first line had been shot, bayoneted, or were in full retreat—rolling into the ditch or dragging their bloody bodies through the sand-hills on their hands and knees. But another line came, and another and another, each reinforcing its predecessor, until the battle waxed hot, fierce, and bloody. Finally, however, the whole were driven back, either into the broad trench at the base of the battery, out of reach of our guns, or scampering out of view in the darkness of the night.

There was now a comparative lull in the firing, but in fifteen or twenty minutes a second column of Yankees filed down on the beach towards the left of the fort in much the same manner as that pursued by the first. These repeated the experiment that had just before terminated so disastrously to their companions, and, with a bravery that was worthy of a better cause, dashed upon the work. The first assault failed utterly, but with the reinforcements that joined the defeated party, they came again with such strength and impetuosity that between the extreme darkness of the night, which had now enveloped the entire scene, the difficulty of distinguishing friend and foe, and the confusion incident to such an occasion, some two or three hundred, as is estimated, effected a lodgment in the vicinity of the chambers occupied by two of our guns. Most of these were taken prisoners.

About midnight the enemy gave the order to retire. His repulse had been terribly disastrous in loss of life. His killed and wounded, according to his own accounts, was fifteen hundred and fifty; and the next day we buried six hundred of his dead left on the field. Our own loss was comparatively light, not more than one hundred in killed and wounded.

While the enemy was constrained to fall back upon siege

operations against Fort Wagner, it was determined by Gilmore to employ his batteries in the reduction of Fort Sumter, over the heads of both Wagner and Gregg.

But there was an episode, which was an introduction to these operations against Sumter, and which must not be omitted here. On the 21st of August, Gilmore addressed to General Beauregard a demand, which was curiously without signature, for the evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter; stating that Sumter was already doomed to swift and complete demolition, and that, if the Confederate commander did not comply with his demand *within four hours*, a fire would be opened on the city of Charleston from batteries already established *within easy and effective reach of the heart of the city*. In the following night and without further notice fire was opened on the city from Morris Island batteries. Twelve eight-inch shells fell in the city; several flew in the direction of St. Michael's steeple; but fortunately no one was injured.

Of this atrocious and cowardly episode General Beauregard said in a letter addressed to Gilmore: "It would appear, Sir, that, despairing of reducing these works, you now resort to the novel means of turning your guns against the old men, the women and children, and the hospitals of a sleeping city; an act of inexcusable barbarity from your own confessed point of sight, inasmuch as you allege that the complete demolition of Fort Sumter within a few hours by your guns seems to you a matter of certainty; and your omission to attach your signature to such a grave paper must show the recklessness of the course upon which you have adventured, while the fact that you knowingly fixed a limit for receiving an answer to your demand, which made it almost beyond the possibility of receiving any reply within that time, and that you actually did open fire and threw a number of the most destructive missiles ever used in war into the midst of a city taken unawares, and filled with sleeping women and children, will give you a bad eminence in history—even in the history of this war."

The same day that Gilmore made his feeble attempt to execute the threat he had so fiercely and confidently breathed against Charleston, he opened heavily against the east face of Fort Sumter from his land batteries enfilading it. The cannonade was continued throughout the day, nine hundred and

forty-three shots being fired. The effect was to batter the eastern face heavily, doing considerable damage, and to disable one ten-inch gun and a rifled forty-two pounder. On the 22d the enemy threw six hundred and four shots at the fort, disabling some of the barbette guns, demolishing the arches of the north-west face, and scaling the eastern face severely. The next day the fire from the enemy's land batteries was kept up on Sumter, disabling the only ten-inch columbiad that remained, and the three rifled forty-two-pounders in the northern salient of the second tier. The eastern face was badly scaled, and the parapet seriously injured. The flag-staff was twice shot away, but the flag each time immediately replaced.

On the 24th of August General Gilmore announced in despatches to Washington that "Fort Sumter was a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins." His chief of artillery reported its destruction so far complete that it was no longer of any avail in the defence of Charleston. But in this there was some mistake. Fort Sumter was in one respect stronger than ever; for the battering down of the upper walls had rendered the casemated base impregnable, and the immense volume of stone and debris which protected it was not at all affected by the enemy's artillery. It had been held through the siege and cannonade by the First South Carolina artillery, under Colonel Alfred Rhett, until its armament had been disabled; and the services of the artillerymen being elsewhere required, General Beauregard determined that it should be held by infantry. On the night of the 4th of September, the Charleston battalion, under Major Blake, relieved the garrison; Major Stephen Elliot relieving Colonel Rhett in command of the post.

In the mean time the enemy's operations on Morris Island had fearfully progressed. His sappers had advanced up to the very moat of Wagner. On the night of the 4th September the enemy kept up a continual fire, and on the morning of the 5th the Ironsides combined her fire with the enemy's land batteries, all concentrated on Wagner. The effect was to severely injure the traverses and communications, and to disable the guns and equipments still more effectually. But Wagner was not the only object of this bombardment. During the night of the 5th the enemy displayed from the deck of a monitor off Morris Island an immense calcium light, and several monitors

soon after moved up and opened on battery Gregg. Moultrie and Gregg replied with spirit. At a quarter to two a rocket was thrown up, and ere many minutes elapsed, the enemy were discerned approaching Morris Island at a point between Gregg and Wagner. They had come down in barges through a creek west of Morris Island, obviously with the design of assaulting Gregg in the rear. Advancing in line of battle they were permitted to come very near, when a nine-inch Dahlgren opened upon them at short range, with double canister. Our howitzers then commenced a fire of shrapnel and canister, while our infantry, admirably posted, poured into them a fire of musketry. This the Yankees could not withstand, and though for a very short while they maintained a fire of musketry and grape shot from their barges, they were soon forced to withdraw.

For three days and nights battery Wagner had been subjected to the most terrific fire that any earthwork had undergone in all the annals of warfare. In these nights the whole of Charleston harbor had been lighted up in a scene of terrible beauty. From Moultrie almost to Secessionville a whole semicircle of the horizon was lit up by incessant flashes from cannon and shell. As peal on peal of artillery rolled across the waters, one could scarcely resist the belief that not less than a thousand great guns were in action. All this went on beneath a waning September moon, which, with its warm Southern light, mellowed by a somewhat misty atmosphere, brought out softly, yet distinctly, the most distant outlines of the harbor.

The effect of the fire on Wagner had been terrible. The immense descending force of the enormous Parrott and mortar shells of the enemy had nearly laid the wood work of the bombproofs entirely bare, and had displaced the sand to so great a degree that the sally-ports were almost entirely blocked up. Wagner and battery Gregg had now been held under a continued and furious cannonade, by land and sea, for fifty-seven days; two assaults had been signally and gloriously repulsed; the enemy had been forced to expend time, men and material, most lavishly in approaching the first; but at this time he was within a few yards of the salient; most of the guns of the fort were injured, transportation and supply had become most

difficult with the inefficient means at our disposal, the possibility of throwing heavy reinforcements in time to resist an assault by the enemy's overwhelming forces, issuing from his trenches only a few yards distant, out of the question, and the practicability of keeping a sufficient force on the island for the purpose, under the furious cannonade from land and sea, without protecting shelter, scarcely less so. This matter had been some time under consideration by General Beauregard, and after receiving reports concerning the state of the works, and our capabilities for reinforcing the garrison, it was determined not to subject those brave men, the flower of our force, to the desperate chances of assault. Orders were accordingly given, on the morning of the 6th, to prepare for evacuation.

It commenced about 9 P. M., and was concluded at about twelve. The guns of the batteries were spiked and implements generally destroyed. Matches were fixed to explode the magazines, but, from some unfortunate cause, both those at Wagner and Gregg failed to explode. The enemy threw his calcium light on Wagner during the whole night, and one of the most furious bombardments on record, even during this war, was continuously kept up while the movements were progressing; but he did not ascertain the evacuation until the last of the boats were leaving. Then his guard-boats discovered the movement of our boats engaged in the embarkation, and creeping up upon the rear succeeded in cutting off and capturing three barges.

Thus ended the defence of Morris Island—one relieved by much of glory to Confederate arms, and its conclusion, as we shall soon see, an empty advantage to the enemy. The defence had been prolonged far beyond what was deemed possible at first, and the brave garrisons who had held it deserved the admiration of their countrymen. The aggregate of casualties in the struggle for the Island have been on our side about seven hundred—killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss was estimated at several thousand.

The occupation of Morris Island was the signal to the enemy of great but temporary exultation. The Yankee newspapers flattered their readers that it was the key of Charleston. But the fact was that no one point in its fortification could be so called. In the system of Vaughan there was always such a

point;—once taken, it commanded the rest. But the excellence of the new system of defence, illustrated at Comorn and Sebastopol, and repeated at Charleston, was the necessity of a siege for every battery, in which the besiegers were always exposed to the fire of others. It was easily seen by the Confederates that such a defence, if conducted with courage, by an army which could not be surrounded and starved, might be easily rendered interminable.

But such was not the opinion of Gilmore. On his occupation of the island he announced to the exultant authorities at Washington: "The city and harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by my guns." Now was the time, declared the newspapers, for the famous *Greek fire* to pour destruction upon "the secession city." "General Gilmore," said the Baltimore *American*, "may be expected to roll his fire-shells through the streets of Charleston." That commander had already been experimenting in liquid fire, and in a new style of bombs filled with fuses. During the bombardment of Sumter, in one of his official despatches he had declared with devilish complacency: "the projectiles from my batteries entered the city of Charleston, and General Beauregard himself designates them as the most destructive missiles used in war."

But the enemy's fleet was now to appear upon the scene to accomplish the reduction of Charleston. General Gilmore had proposed—firstly, the occupation of the southern portion of Morris Island; secondly, the capture of Wagner and Gregg; thirdly, the reduction of Sumter. At that point Admiral Dahlgren was to take up the work, for it was calculated that if Gilmore succeeded in his designs, the navy would find it a comparatively easy task to ascend the harbor of Charleston.

But had the condition as to Sumter been fulfilled? On the 7th of September Admiral Dahlgren sent in a flag of truce demanding a surrender of the fort. General Beauregard telegraphed to Major Elliot to reply that the Yankees could have Fort Sumter when they took it and held it, and that, in the mean time, such demands were puerile and unbecoming.

Dahlgren was left to complete the programme in Charleston Harbor, and the North waited to hear that the possession of "the shapeless mass of ruins" that had once been Fort Sum-

ter was readily accomplished, and that Charleston, the cynosure of Yankee hatred, was at last the prize of the costly and protracted operations. It remained for the Yankee admiral to accept the invitation to assault Sumter, and he proposed to do so by an elaborate surprise. A special force of picked men from all the fleet was organized for a night attack.

It was midnight of the 8th of September, when the expedition, consisting of over twenty boats, and with thirty-four officers and four hundred and thirteen men, of which one hundred and twenty were marines, all under the command of Commander Stevens, pulled its way silently and cautiously towards Fort Sumter. The plan was to assail the fort on three sides—one party landing on the gorge-wall, and attempting to ascend the debris and gain the parapet; a second was to attempt to gain entrance through the lower embrasures, and a third was to act as a reserve.

At half-past one in the morning the first line of boats was close upon the fort. The enemy had supposed it to be feebly garrisoned, and had hoped to find an unguarded moment. The garrison consisted of the Charleston Battalion, commanded by Major Stephen Elliot. They were not asleep. As the Yankee boats crept up to the huge and shapeless mass of shivered walls, all was dark and still; the great black rifted mound seemed some long-deserted ruin, where the lizards had crept into their holes for the night, and the very bats and owls had gone to bed. They approached with beating hearts. It appeared, indeed, that the hour of doom for Sumter and for Charleston was come.

Suddenly a "fire of hell" streamed from out of the night. The stilly ruin becomes as a throat of the bottomless pit; the bay is lighted with signals; and on the instant, from Fort Moultrie and from a gunboat in the harbor, hail of shot and shell comes crashing around the barges.

Major Elliot had caused his fire to be reserved until the enemy was within a few yards of the southern and eastern faces upon which the landing was attempted. A close fire of musketry devoured those who had landed; while three of the boats were torn to pieces by hand grenades or shells from the distant batteries. The garrison lined the walls of Sumter, and as the Yankees landed on the rocks, received them with sharp

volleys of musketry, which added confusion to their already bewildered movements. A strong party of the enemy now hastily gathered and made an attempt to climb over the ruins of the sally-port, which had been torn down by the tremendous fire of their land batteries. Our men received them breast to breast, pelting them with brickbats and pouring in a spattering shower of balls. Some bolder than the others, dashed forward, and seizing Yankees, one in each hand, dragged them by main force inside. Thus the fight raged for twenty or thirty minutes, when the Yankees, finding themselves overpowered, and likely to be cut to pieces, threw down their arms, retreated to the shelter of the walls and surrendered. Those who remained in the boats, not already landed, made their escape under the cover of the night, followed, however, by the spiteful balls of the batteries of Moultrie and of the gunboat Chicora.

Not a life was lost on our side. Major Elliot succeeded in securing five boats, five stand of colors, twelve officers, and one hundred and nine men, including two officers and seventeen men wounded. Amongst the captured colors was a worn and torn garrison-flag, reported by some of the prisoners as being that which Major Anderson was permitted to take from the fort, on the occasion of his being compelled to surrender, in April, 1861. This had been brought to hoist on the fort, and to be made the subject of boast and Yankee "sensation," had the assault succeeded. "It was," says a Charleston paper, "the identical 'gridiron' carried from Fort Sumter in 1861; exhibited to a monster mass meeting in New York shortly after; talked, cheered, and prayed over until almost sanctified; wrapped around the gouty limbs of General Scott, and finally brought back under oath that it should be victoriously replanted on the walls where it was first lowered in recognition of the Southern Confederacy."

This unsuccessful attempt to open the way to Charleston, leaves but little to record of the operations of the enemy against this famous city. Those operations were to be nominally continued for many long and weary months; there were daily bulletins of bombardments; but the more intelligent persons of the North were not to be deceived by the noisy and expensive display, and readily came to the conclusion that the

siege of Charleston was a failure, and that, despite Dahlgren's noisy protest, it was virtually abandoned. Months were to pass, and the Yankee admiral was to make no attempt to move up the harbor and complete not only the remaining part of the expedition, but that which he had promised to do when he assumed command of the fleet.

It is unnecessary to pursue here the desultory record of a fruitless bombardment. The Yankee public had had such a series of emotions, surprises, and disappointments about Charleston, that it sickened of the name, and seemed to be fast progressing to the opinion that the monitors were a failure, that their Parrott guns and monster artillery had been greatly overrated, and that sand-bank fortifications were substantially impregnable to their vaunted artillery. "How many times," asked an indignant Philadelphia paper, "has Fort Sumter been taken? How many times has Charleston been burned? How often have the people been on the eve of starvation and surrender? How many times has the famous Greek fire poured the rain of Sodom and the flames of hell upon the secession city? We cannot keep the count—though those can who rang the bells and put out the flags, and invoked the imprecations, and rejoiced at the story of conflagration and ruin."

We must leave here the story of Charleston: the city safe beneath the pale autumn sky, with the waters of its beautiful bay unvexed by the busy keel of commerce, yet sleeping quietly; while across them might be seen the Yankee flag floating from the parapet of Wagner, then the enemy's batteries, still beyond these the white tents of the enemy, and further yet, over the woods of James Island, the masts of the fleet. A large besieging force was in sight of the spires of Charleston, and yet the city was safe, and proclaimed to the Confederacy new lessons of brilliant courage and hope.

We have referred to the period which this chapter traverses as one of encouraging events for the South. The reader's attention must be turned back from the coast to the fields of the West, for another in the list of successes which made this period fortunate.

MORGAN'S EXPEDITION INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

The command of General Morgan, consisting of detachments from two brigades, numbering two thousand and twenty-eight effective men, with four pieces of artillery—two Parrotts and two howitzers—left Sparta, Tennessee, on the 27th of June, and crossed the Cumberland near Burkesville on the 2d July.

On the 4th of July, the expedition took up the line of march for Green river bridge. An attack was here made upon the enemy, who were found to be posted in a strong position, protected by well constructed stockades. On account of the superior strength of the works our forces failed to carry the position.

From Green river bridge Morgan next directed his attention to the town of Lebanon. He encamped within five miles of the place on the night of the 4th. He at once demanded the surrender of the place, which was refused by the Yankee officer in command of the post. A heavy engagement ensued next day, which lasted, with considerable spirit, for some hours, the Yankees stubbornly resisting, firing from the houses. Finally a charge was ordered, and the town was captured, together with the whole Yankee force, consisting of about six hundred effective men, together with a large amount of stores, arms, &c. In the charge was killed Lieutenant Thos. Morgan, a brother of the general, who was shot through the heart. He fell at the very first volley. His only words were, "Brother Cally, they have killed me."

The commandant of the post was Colonel Hanson, a brother of General Hanson, who had fallen on our side at Murfreesboro'. He had behaved with extraordinary gallantry. When a surrender was demanded by Morgan, at his first approach, Colonel Hanson quietly remarked, "If it was any other day he might consider the demand, but the 4th of July was a bad day to talk about surrender, and he must, therefore, decline." His command had been raised in the heart of the Blue Grass region, and among them were brothers and other near relatives of Morgan's own men. This unnatural encounter between men of the same blood and same family—a painful incident of all the Kentucky campaigns—was heightened in its horri-

ble ferocity by the death of General Morgan's brother, a favorite of his comrades, who undertook to revenge his death, and who were with difficulty restrained by their officers from the indiscriminate slaughter of the enemy and pillage of the town.

It is to be remarked that, in all his expeditions, General Morgan restrained his men from all outrages, and was very severe upon those bad men inseparable from adventures of his sort, and who accompanied them simply for plunder. But the day before the Lebanon fight, a terrible incident had occurred in his little army. An officer of the expedition, whose journal lies before us, writes of this occurrence: "About three o'clock, as I rode on about forty yards in advance, I heard the general exclaim something in a very excited tone which I could not understand; and heard at the same time the report of a pistol. I turned, and, great God! to my horror, I saw Captain Magennis falling from his horse, with the blood rushing out of his mouth and breast. His only remark was, 'Let me down easy.' In another moment his spirit had fled. He was killed by Captain Murphy, because Magennis, by the direction of General Morgan, had ordered Murphy to restore a watch taken from a prisoner."

Leaving Lebanon, Morgan proceeded to Bardstown, where he captured some cavalry, advanced then upon the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and next reached Garnettsville, when a feint was made upon the city of Louisville, whilst preparations were on foot to effect a crossing of the Ohio river. A scouting party was sent to the river at Brandenburg, at which point two steamers were captured. Here the command effected a crossing of the river, after a severe fight with the enemy. They captured about one hundred Home Guards, one rifled twelve-pounder piece, and successfully repulsed two gunboats.

On the 8th of July, Morgan's little command stood on the soil of Indiana. He immediately took up the line of march for the town of Corydon, where he captured about 600 militia and some few regular soldiers. Salem was the next point which invited his attention, where an immense amount of damage was inflicted upon the enemy by the destruction of railroad property, bridges, depots, stores, &c.

The expedition from this point visited the interior of the State, and was enabled to find any quantity of work to per-

form, which embraced the destruction of vast amounts of public property, such as railroads, bridges, depots, and government stores generally.

At Salem, Morgan first learned from the telegraph wires of the tremendous excitement his unexampled invasion had created, and the station and numbers of the enemy around for the hunt. He discovered that Indianapolis was running over with them—that New Albany contained 10,000—that 3,000 had just arrived at Mitchell—and, in fact, 25,000 men were armed and ready to meet the “bloody invader.”

Morgan moved rapidly forward to Lexington, thence to Vernon, and from Vernon to Versailles, scattering destruction and dismay along the route. Near the latter place, an amusing and characteristic incident occurred. A Presbyterian chaplain, in Morgan's command, captured an entire company of militia. He was moving ahead, when he found that he had flanked the advance, and run upon a full company of State militia. Imitating his commander's demeanor, he boldly rode up to the company and inquired for the captain. Being informed that there was a dispute as to who should lead them, he volunteered his services, expatiating largely upon the part he had played as an Indiana captain at Shiloh, and was soon elected to lead the valiant Hoosiers against “the invading rebs.” Twenty minutes spent in drilling, inspired complete confidence; and when the advance guard of Morgan's command had passed without Captain P. permitting the Hoosiers to fire, he ordered them into the road, and surrendered them to our command. Crest-fallen, indeed, were the Yankees; but General Morgan treated them kindly, and, returning to them their guns, advised them to go home and not come hunting such game again, as they had every thing to lose and nothing to gain by it.

Leaving the State of Indiana, General Morgan struck the Ohio line at a place called Harrison. Here he completely destroyed a very long bridge of great strength and value. A feint was here made upon Cincinnati. The whole Ohio country, in this direction, is chequered over with railroads, and the attention of the expedition was particularly directed to these. Immense damage was thus inflicted upon the enemy. The Mississippi and Ohio railroad was greatly injured. The com-

mand approached within eight miles of the city of Cincinnati, and it is said that some of Morgan's scouts were within the suburbs of the city.

On the march, the command bore to the left of the city, striking the little Miami railroad, capturing a valuable train of cars soon after reaching the road, together with about 200 Federal soldiers. The train was, of course, destroyed, which was the usual disposition made of such captures.

After passing Cincinnati, Morgan next went in the direction of Camp Denison, upon which point he made another feint for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, who were at this time harassing him as he proceeded. Leaving the neighborhood of Camp Denison, he proceeded through the interior of the State, operating upon an extensive scale, in destroying the railroads in which that section abounds.

Upon arriving near the town of Pomeroy, another feint was here resorted to. The numerous roads in this section were generally very effectively blockaded, and much difficulty was experienced in overcoming these obstacles. Near Pomeroy General Morgan encountered a force of the enemy of several thousand men, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Whilst the skirmishers were engaged at this point, the main body of the command moved around the town to the left, with the view of reaching the river, which they accomplished about daylight on the morning of the 18th of July, at Buffington Island. Here the enemy came up with them, with a strong force, assisted by gunboats in the river, which prevented a crossing at this point.

The rear guard of the expedition held the enemy in check, whilst the main body was enabled to move off from the river, to a point further up, called Belleville. Here another effort was made to cross. About two hundred of the command had succeeded in crossing the river when the gunboats again made their appearance, and also a force of cavalry and infantry, evidently the same which had opposed them at Buffington. Only two men were drowned of the number which attempted to cross the river. Morgan being thus prevented from crossing his whole command, those who effected a crossing succeeded in keeping the gunboats at bay until he could remove his force to a point higher up the river. The enemy claimed to have

taken seventeen hundred prisoners in the running fight. At any rate, the few hundred who had crossed the Ohio, thus cut off from the main body, had no other alternative left them but to make their way as they best could to the Confederate lines, which they succeeded in doing—passing through the mountains of West Virginia to Lewisburg, near which place they encamped.

Morgan and about two hundred of his men had broken through the enemy's lines, on the north side of the Ohio. He had by some means got into a carriage. A Yankee major saw him, and, galloping up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off as fast as horse-flesh could carry him.

The fugitive commander, with the remainder of his scattered forces, pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued their flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back, conveying intelligence of the route taken, which it was believed was with the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio river higher up. Forces were immediately despatched from Wellesville to head him off, whilst another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him.

About two o'clock, in the afternoon, these various detachments closed in around Morgan in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellesville. The Confederates were driven to a bluff from which there was no escape, except by fighting their way through or leaping from a lofty and almost perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus cooped, Morgan surrendered himself and the remnant of his command.

We shall have occasion elsewhere to refer to the enemy's treatment of this distinguished captive. It is sufficient to conclude for the present our narrative of this remarkable expedition to say, that its brave and generous leader and his officers were confined in felons' cells in the Ohio Penitentiary; were subjected to cruelties at which the blood runs cold; and that on the 20th day of November, Morgan and six of his officers escaped from the confinement and torture of their infamous

prison. They had dug out of their cells with small knives, after weeks of constant toil. Morgan left behind to his enemy an account of his toil and escape, "with two small knives," with this legend: "*La patience c'est amère, mais son fruit est doux.*" "Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

So far from Morgan's expedition being accounted a failure, on account of its termination in a surrender, it is to be taken as one of the most fruitful and brilliant of Confederate successes. There were persons who accused him of rashness in crossing the Ohio. But those who preferred this flippant accusation probably did not know that although the passage of the Ohio was not, at the outset, a part of General Morgan's programme, it created an important diversion of Burnside's army, large detachments of which were drawn after Morgan into and through Kentucky; prevented the Yankee general from marching on Knoxville and getting in rear of Bragg's army, then menaced in front by Rosecrans, at Shelbyville; thus disconcerted the Yankee campaign in the West, and delayed its operations for many valuable weeks.

It is true that Morgan lost about two thousand prisoners. But for this number added to the Yankee exchange list, he had exacted an immense and brilliant compensation. With twenty-five hundred men he traversed two enormous States from end to end—occupied their towns almost at pleasure—cut their principal arteries of communication, burnt depots, destroyed engines, sunk steamboats innumerable. He threw several millions of people into frantic consternation for the safety of their property, turned entire populations into fugitives, and compelled several thousand men to leave their occupations for weeks and go under arms—only as an equivalent to him and his twenty-five hundred troops. He paroled near six thousand Yankees, they obligating themselves not to take up arms during the war. He destroyed thirty-four important bridges, destroying the track in sixty places. His loss was by no means slight: twenty-eight commissioned officers killed, thirty-five wounded, and two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. By the Yankee accounts he killed more than two hundred, wounded at least three hundred and fifty, and captured, as before stated, near six thousand. The damage to railroads, steamboats, and bridges, added to the destruction

of public stores and depots, was not less than ten millions of dollars.

This brilliant expedition taught Confederates the value of adventure. Want of enterprise had been the curse of the South in war as in peace; and the counsels of the war in the Confederacy had been too much to the effect that it must do nothing but parry—that it must never presume to thrust. However unwelcome the ultimate misfortune of General Morgan, it did not rob his expedition of its glory, or its profit to the Confederacy.

CHAPTER V.

' Contrast between our Military Fortunes in the East and in the West.—Some Reasons for our Success in Virginia.—Her Hearty Co-operation with the Confederate Authorities.—Her Contributions to the War.—General Bragg's Situation in Tennessee.—Confederate criticisms on General Rosecrans.—Opinion of the "Chattanooga Rebel."—An Extensive Movement Contemplated by Rosecrans.—Bragg's Retreat to Chattanooga.—The Yankees on a Double Line of Operations.—Buckner's Evacuation of Knoxville. THE SURRENDER OF CUMBERLAND GAP.—President Davis' Comment on the Surrender.—THE BATTLES OF CHICKAMAUGA.—Bragg's Evacuation of Chattanooga.—Topography of the Battle-field.—Thomas's Column of Yankees in McLenore's Cove.—Disobedience of Orders by Lieutenant-general Hill of the Confederates.—Bragg's Orders to Lieutenant-general Polk.—Two Opportunities Lost. *Note*: Bragg's Secret and Official Report of the Miscarriage of His Plans.—The First Day's Engagement on the Chickamauga.—Second Day.—General Polk's Fight on our Right.—Longstreet's Successful Attack on the Left.—The Grand Charge.—Rout of the Enemy.—Longstreet's Message to Bragg.—Forrest Up a Tree.—Bragg Declines to Pursue.—His Hesitation and Error.—His Movement upon Chattanooga.—Boast of Rosecrans.—An Empty Victory for the Confederates.—Bragg's Awkward Pause.—Discussions of the Campaign.—His Supposed Investment of Chattanooga.—Two Blunders of the Confederate Commander.—Chickamauga a Second Edition of Bull Run. *Note*: Observations of a General Officer of the Confederate States Army on the Campaign in the West.

TENNESSEE was a conspicuous theatre of the war, but one of strange misfortune to the Confederates. We have in preceding volumes of this work, and at different periods in the history of the war, referred to the marked and striking contrast between our military fortunes in the East and in the West. True, the picture was not entirely free from lights and shadows on either side. Roanoke Island somewhat marred the one, while the first day of Shiloh, the brilliant forays of Morgan, Wheeler, and Forrest, and the unexpected success with which, for more than a year, Vicksburg defied three successive expeditions, until an evil star shed its malignant influence over her, lighted up the sombre tints of the other. The steady tendency and actual result on each side was, however, clear and unmistakable. Two years ago our army was encamped at Bowling Green, and our batteries, on the beetling cliff of Columbus, scowled defiance to Cairo. From the time General Johnston fell back from

Bowling Green, a dark and bloody struggle ensued, which culminated in the disasters of Bragg's Kentucky campaign. The battle of Murfreesboro', in which we won a brilliant victory, on the 31st of December, 1862, afterwards proved but a drawn battle, and on the night of the 2d of January following, the Confederates had retreated to Tullahoma.

The remarkable and persistent contrast between our military affairs in the West and those east of the Alleghanies, especially on the grand theatre of Virginia, affords a curious study for the future and elaborate historian of the war. But some partial explanation of it is to be found in obvious circumstances. The army of Virginia was undoubtedly superior in composition to that of the West. The Virginia troops—it may be said without invidiousness, where there is so much of common glory for every member of the Confederate army—were especially complimented by General Lee for a remarkable union of spirit and *tractability*, which made them the best soldiery in the world. And it may be said emphatically, that no other State, whose soil was the theatre of war, had exhibited such happy accord, and such thorough and generous co-operation with the Confederate authority as had Virginia. It is in the circumstance of this zealous and devoted co-operation of Virginia with the Confederate authority—in contrast with the conduct of certain other States, in whose borders was pitched the theatre of war—that we shall especially find an explanation for those triumphs of the common arms of the South, which so frequently and so uniformly graced her soil.

No embarrassments of party politics, no indecent bickerings of demagogues, chilled the zeal of Virginia, or divided her efforts in the war. From the beginning of the contest she had poured out a lavish stream of contributions to every necessity of the general government. In the fall of 1863, it was officially reported in her legislature, that she had already furnished 102,915* soldiers to the Confederate service, and that, in addition, thirty thousand conscripts had just passed through the camp of instruction, and that she had issued in this time, 103,840 muskets, 399 pieces of cannon, and other arms in proportion.

* *Statement of the Number of Troops Furnished the Confederate States by the*

In adverting to the fortunes involved by the fall of Vicksburgh, we have already said, that General Bragg's army in Tennessee had been considerably weakened by drafts upon it to reinforce the lines in the Southwest. He was in a critical condition at Tullahoma. Rosecrans had nearly double his numbers in his front, and Burnside, who commanded what the Yankees called the Army of the Cumberland, was in a position, by an advance towards Knoxville, to threaten his rear.

Rosecrans, whose name is coupled with so much of the military history of the West, enjoyed a divided reputation in the Confederacy, being esteemed by many as the most skilful and formidable of Yankee generals, and by others, as a lucky military adventurer, who would soon run his career of good fortune. In the early stages of the war, he had made great reputation by his successes over Lee in Western Virginia, the latter being taken quite out of his element, in a contracted mountain warfare, and being easily bewildered by a man who, as an itinerary speculator, a peddler in "oil springs," had made himself minutely familiar with these mountains. He was now at the head of the class in President Lincoln's academy, for the graduation of young and sudden field-m Marshals. In the Department of Tennessee his star had been in the ascendant; he had yet to sustain a defeat; but such fortune, said those who disputed his generalship, was simply that likely to attend the march of a much superior army of well-disciplined western troops, against a small army of brave and patient, but badly handled Confederates. The *Chattanooga Rebel* quoted against

State of Virginia, as taken from the first Rolls on file in the Adjutant and Inspector-general's Office.

Sixty-four regiments infantry.....	52,496
Twenty regiments cavalry.....	14,175
Two regiments artillery.....	1,779
Twenty-eight battalions, cavalry, infantry and artillery..	11,717
Nine battalions artillery, Army Northern Virginia.....	4,500
Two hundred and fourteen unattached companies, artillery, infantry and cavalry.....	18,248
Total number of men.....	102,915

The above statement does not embrace the recruits or conscripts furnished by the State of Virginia.

October, 1863.

him a vulgar, but trite axiom, among the backwoodsmen of Tennessee: "There is no telling the luck of a lousy calf—he lives all the winter, and dies in the spring."

Rosecrans was now to test his generalship by one of the most extensive movements in the West: the occupation of East Tennessee, and a movement thence into the heart of the cotton States. This military Hercules, said a Northern paper, had, of all others, been selected to "drive a wedge into the centre of the Confederacy."

Since his retreat to Tullahoma General Bragg had advanced to Wartrace and Shelbyville, and was apparently ready to give the enemy battle. A portion of his forces having been withdrawn to Mississippi, he considered that he was left as a mere army of observation. The enemy at last succeeded in surprising our forces at Liberty and Hoover's Gaps by a flank movement, and General Bragg, to save his army, fell back, on the 27th of June, to Chattanooga. The enemy followed at leisure to the banks of the Tennessee.

The enemy's advance on Chattanooga was in two columns, on a double line of operations—Rosecrans moving on Chattanooga, and Burnside moving on Knoxville. It was thought to be necessary that the exposed left flank of Rosecrans' army should be covered while he made a right swinging movement on Chattanooga, and this appeared to be the whole purpose of the co-operation of Burnside's column. The possession of Knoxville, under the circumstances, was not supposed to be of vital moment, for, Chattanooga in the enemy's possession, Knoxville and the whole line was turned and fell of its weight.

On the 20th of August, it was ascertained certainly that Rosecrans had crossed the mountains to Stevenson and Bridgeport. His force of effective infantry and artillery amounted to fully 70,000, divided into four corps. About the same time General Burnside advanced from Kentucky towards Knoxville, East Tennessee, with a force estimated by the General commanding that department at over 25,000. In view of the great superiority of numbers brought against him, General Buckner concluded to evacuate Knoxville, and with a force of about 5000 infantry and artillery, and his cavalry, took position in the vicinity of Loudon. Two brigades of his command, Frazier's at Cumberland Gap and Jackson's in Northeast Tennessee,

were thus severed from us. The enemy having already obtained a lodgment in East Tennessee by another route, the continued occupation of Cumberland Gap became very hazardous to the garrison and comparatively unimportant to us. Its evacuation was accordingly ordered, but on the appeal of its commander, stating his resources and ability for defence, favorably endorsed by Major-General Buckner, the orders were suspended on the 31st of August. The main body of our army was encamped near Chattanooga, whilst the cavalry force, much reduced and enfeebled by long service on short rations, was recruiting in the vicinity of Rome, Georgia.

THE SURRENDER OF CUMBERLAND GAP.

We may anticipate our narrative to say here that Cumberland Gap was surrendered on the 9th of September by General Frazier; a garrison, consisting of four regiments, about two thousand men, and fourteen pieces of artillery being unconditionally surrendered to the enemy without firing a gun.

The first demand for a surrender was made on the 5th by the Yankee General Shackelford; and Colonel De Courcy having come up with a brigade on the Kentucky side, renewed the demand on the evening of the 9th September. General Frazier replied under flag of truce, asking De Courcy the number of forces to which he was ordered to surrender. De Courcy replied nearly twelve o'clock at night, refusing to give the number of forces under his command, stating that it was from motives entirely disconnected with the attack upon the gap that he did so. General Frazier then refused to surrender, and it was understood that the fight would open at twelve o'clock the next day. A council of the commanding officers of regiments was called, which resulted in the refusal of all to be surrendered. A majority preferred the risk of cutting their way through the Yankee lines to being surrendered on any terms. A fight was therefore confidently expected. Near twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the 9th, when all was in anxious expectation for the fight to open, General Frazier received from Burnside, under flag of truce, a demand for the unconditional surrender of himself and his command. Very soon after its

reception, one of General Frazier's aid-de-camps came in great haste down the mountain and ordered the battle-flag down, and a white one to be hoisted in its stead.*

This surrender was declared by the Richmond *Dispatch* to be "one of the most disgraceful occurrences of the war." In a message to Congress President Davis said of it: "The country was painfully surprised by the intelligence that the officer in command of Cumberland Gap had surrendered that important and easily defensible pass without firing a shot, upon the summons of a force still believed to have been inadequate to its reduction, and when reinforcements were within supporting distance, and had been ordered to his aid. The entire garrison, including the commander, being still held prisoners by the enemy, I am unable to suggest any explanation of this disaster, which laid open eastern Tennessee and south-western Virginia to hostile operations, and broke the line of communication between the seat of government and middle Tennessee."

* The following communication with respect to this surrender was published in the Richmond newspapers from Major McDowell, one of the officers of the garrison.

"Various statements have been made in regard to the conduct of the troops composing the command at Cumberland Gap. I assert most positively that I have yet to see troops in finer spirits, or more determined to hold their ground than the troops in the gap. I have learned that an attempt is being made to justify the surrender of the gap upon the ground that the troops in the gap would not fight, and that some of them shouted when the flag was ordered down. The last charge was made against the Sixty-second North Carolina regiment. The first is false, and the second not only false, but is a base and cowardly effort to protect those that may be guilty at the expense of the innocent, brave, patriotic and true. We were surrendered, then, to General Burnside on Wednesday, the 9th, at 4 o'clock P. M. Many made their escape after the surrender. We had when we were surrendered provisions upon which we could have subsisted thirty days. We had all the ammunition on hand that we had when the gap was first invested. My regiment had 150 rounds to the man, and I presume other regiments had the same. If the surrender was a matter of necessity, it was from causes other than a want of provisions, ammunition, or a willingness on the part of the men to do their duty."

THE BATTLES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Before proceeding to discuss those movements, by which the forces of Rosecrans and of Bragg at last joined in decisive battle, a topographical *coup d'œil* is necessary.

The Cumberland range is a lofty mass of rocks, separating the waters which flow into the Cumberland from those which flow into the Tennessee, and extending from beyond the Kentucky line in a south-westerly direction nearly to Athens, Alabama. The Sequatchie Valley is along the river of that name, and is a cañon or deep cut splitting the Cumberland range parallel to its length.

Chattanooga commands the southern entrance into Tennessee, and is one of the great gateways through mountains to the champaign counties of Georgia and Alabama. It is situated on the Tennessee river, at the mouth of the Chattanooga Valley—a valley following the course of the Chattanooga creek, and formed by Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The former is a vast palisade of rocks, rising twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, in abrupt rocky cliffs, from a steep, wooded base. East of Missionary Ridge, and running parallel with it, is another valley—Chickamauga Valley—following the course of Chickamauga creek, which, with the Chattanooga creek, discharges its waters into the Tennessee river—the first above, and the last below the town of Chattanooga, and has with it a common source in McLemore's Cove—the common head of both valleys, and formed by Lookout Mountain on the west, and Pigeon Mountain to the east. Wills' Valley is a narrow valley lying to the west of Chattanooga, formed by Lookout Mountain and Sand Mountain, and traversed by a railroad, which takes its name from the valley, and which, branching from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, where the latter crosses the valley, has its present terminus at Trenton, and future at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The wagon-road from Chattanooga to Rome, known as the Lafayette road, crosses Missionary Ridge into Chickamauga Valley at Rossville, and, proceeding in a south-westerly direction, crosses Chickamauga creek, eleven miles from Chattanooga, at Lee and Gordon's Mills, and, passing to

the east of Pigeon Mountain, goes through Lafayette, distant some twenty-two miles from Chattanooga, and Summerville within twenty-five miles of Rome.

Immediately after crossing the mountains to the Tennessee, the enemy threw a corps by the way of Sequatchie Valley to strike the rear of General Buckner's command, whilst Burnside occupied him in front. One division, already ordered to his assistance, proving insufficient to meet the force concentrating on him, Buckner was directed to withdraw to the Hiawassee with his infantry, artillery, and supplies, and to hold his cavalry in front, to check the enemy's advance. As soon as this change was made, the corps threatening his rear was withdrawn, and the enemy commenced a movement in force against our left and rear. On the last of August it became known that he had crossed his main force over the Tennessee river at or near Caperton's Ferry, the most accessible point from Stevenson. By a direct route, he was now as near our main depot of supplies as we were, and our whole line of communication was exposed, while his own was partially secured by mountains and the river. By the timely arrival of two small divisions from Mississippi, our effective force, exclusive of cavalry, was now a little over thirty-five thousand, with which it was determined to strike on the first favorable opportunity. Closely watched by our cavalry, which had been brought forward, it was soon ascertained that the enemy's general movements were towards our left and rear, in the direction of Dalton and Rome, keeping Lookout Mountain between us. The nature of the country, and the want of supplies in it, with the presence of Burnside's force on our right, rendered a movement on the enemy's rear, with our inferior force, extremely hazardous, if not impracticable. It was now, therefore, determined to meet him in front whenever he should emerge from the mountain gorges. To do this and hold Chattanooga was impossible, without such a division of our small force as to endanger both parts. Accordingly, our troops were put in motion on the 7th and 8th of September, and took position from Lee and Gordon's Mills to Lafayette, on the road leading south from Chattanooga, and fronting the east slope of Lookout Mountain.

On Monday, September 7th, Lieutenant-general D. H. Hill

was ordered to move with his corps to Lafayette, and General Polk to Lee and Gordon's Mills, and Major-general Buckner, with the army of East Tennessee, and Major-general Walker, with his division from the army of Mississippi, to concentrate at Lafayette, and Brigadier-general Pegram to cover the railroad with his cavalry. These dispositions having been made of the Confederate forces, Major-general Crittenden commanding the left wing of Rosecrans' army, which had not moved with the right and centre, but had been left in the Sequatchie Valley, crossed the Tennessee river at the mouth of Battle creek, and moved upon Chattanooga. Major-general McCook, commanding the right wing, was thrown forward to threaten Rome, and the corps of Major-general Thomas was put in motion over Lookout Mountain, in the direction of Lafayette.

During the 9th of September it was ascertained that a column of the enemy had crossed Lookout Mountain into the cove by the way of Stevens' and Cooper's. Thrown off his guard by our rapid movement apparently in retreat, when in reality we had concentrated opposite his centre, and deceived by information from deserters and others sent into his lines, the enemy pressed on his columns to intercept us, and thus exposed himself in detail.

A splendid opportunity was now presented to Bragg. The detached force in McLemore's cove was Thomas's corps. Being immediately opposite Lafayette, at and near which General Bragg had all his forces concentrated, it was completely at the mercy of the latter. It was only necessary that General Bragg should fall upon it with such a mass as would have crushed it; then turned down Chattanooga Valley, thrown himself in between the town and Crittenden, and crushed him; then passed back between Lookout Mountain and the Tennessee river into Wills' Valley, and cut off McCook's retreat to Bridgeport; thence moved along the Cumberland range into the rear of Burnside, and disposed of him.

No time was to be lost in taking advantage of a blunder of the enemy, into which he had fallen in his stupid conceit that the Confederates were retreating. Instant orders were given to Major-general Hindman to prepare his division to move against Thomas, and he was informed that another division

from Lieutenant-general D. H. Hill's command, at Lafayette, would move up to him and co-operate in the attack.

General Hill received his orders on the night of the 9th. He replied that he could not undertake the movement; that the orders were impracticable; that Cleburne, who commanded one of his divisions, was sick; and that both the gaps, Dug and Cutlett's, through which he was required to move, were impassable, having been blocked by felled timber.

Early the next morning, Hindman was promptly in position to execute his part of the critical movement. Disappointed at Hill's refusal to move, General Bragg, with desperate haste, despatched an order to Major-general Buckner to move from his present position at Anderson, and execute, without delay, the orders issued to Hill.

It was not until the afternoon of the 10th, that Buckner joined Hindman, the two commands being united near Davis's Cross-roads in the cove. The enemy was still in flagrant error moving his three columns, with an apparent disposition to form a junction at or near Lafayette. To strike in detail these isolated commands, and to fall upon Thomas, who had got the enemy's centre into McLemore's Cove, such rapidity was necessary as to surprise the enemy before he discovered his mistake.

Lieutenant-general Polk was ordered to Anderson's, to cover Hindman's rear, who, at midnight of the 10th of September, again received orders, at all hazards to crush the enemy's centre, and cut his way through to Lafayette. The indomitable Cleburne, despite the obstructions in the road, had moved up to Dug Gap; was in position at daylight; and only waited the sound of Hindman's guns to move on the enemy's flank and rear.

Courier after courier sped from Dug Gap to urge Hindman on. *But it was too late.* The enemy had discovered the mistake that had well-nigh proved his ruin. He had taken advantage of our delay, retreated to the mountain passes; and so the movement upon Thomas, which promised such brilliant results, was lost by an anachronism by which the best laid military schemes are so frequently defeated.

But it was not easy for Rosecrans to repair his error wholly, and extricate himself from the meshes of a bad military move-

ment. The movement upon Thomas in McLemore's Cove having failed, he having effected his escape up the mountain, Rosecrans, who, by this time, had discovered Bragg's whereabouts, recalled McCook into Wills' Valley, and ordered him to follow Thomas, who was again put in motion over the mountain into the cove. But the third corps, under Crittenden, moving from the direction of Chattanooga, was yet in position to be attacked; and dispositions were rapidly made by General Bragg to fall upon it, and thus retrieve in some measure the miscarriage of his other plans.

Crittenden had moved on towards Ringgold, with the hope of cutting off Buckner. On reaching the point on the Georgia railroad at which Buckner crossed, he discovered he was too late, and turned towards Lafayette to follow him. He moved up the Chickamauga, on its east side, in the direction of Lafayette, and was confronted by the cavalry under Generals Pegram and Armstrong. After skirmishes with them, in which there were some brilliant dashes on the part of our cavalry, the latter retired slowly before the enemy, falling back towards Lafayette. To meet this movement, General Bragg ordered a force of two divisions, under Lieutenant-general Polk, to move to the front. These divisions, Cheatham's and Walker's, were put in motion, and were in line of battle before daylight, covering the three roads on which the enemy's three divisions were marching. Hindman came up after daylight, and Buckner was thrown forward as a supporting force to guard Polk's left against Thomas and McCook in the cove. Crittenden, finding himself confronted, declined battle, and retired during the night, falling back on the Chickamauga, which he crossed at Lee and Gordon's Mills. This placed the whole of Rosecrans' three corps on the east side of the Chickamauga, and in easy supporting distance.

Thus had failed the preliminary plans to take the enemy in a flagrant error of generalship, and at vital disadvantage; and nothing remained but to fight out the issue against his concentrated forces on the banks of the Chickamauga.*

* To avoid recriminations, which resulted in Generals Hill and Polk being deprived of their commands in Bragg's army, we annex here what has never been published in the Confederacy: General Bragg's official letters and orders

On Saturday, the 19th September, General Bragg had moved his army by divisions and crossed it at several fords of the Chickamauga and bridges north of Lee and Gordon's Mills. Reinforcements had reached him. Johnston had arrived with

with respect to the alleged dereliction of these officers. General Polk was also blamed in subsequent operations, as we shall see.

. Major-general Hindman received verbal instructions on the 9th to prepare his division to move against this force [Thomas's corps], and was informed that another division from Lieutenant-general Hill's command, at Lafayette, would join him. That evening, the following written orders were issued to Generals Hindman and Hill:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lee and Gordon's Mills, 11½ P. M., Sept. 9th, 1863. }

GENERAL:—You will move your division immediately to Davis's X roads on the road from Lafayette to Stevens' Gap. At this point you will put yourself in communication with the column of General Hill, ordered to move to the same point, and take command of the joint forces, or report to the officer commanding Hill's column, according to rank. If in command you will move upon the enemy, reported to be 4,000 or 5,000 strong, encamped at the foot of Lookout Mountain, at Stevens' Gap. Another column of the enemy is reported to be at Cooper's Gap, number not known.

I am, General, &c.,

Signed, KINLOCK FALCONER, A. A. General.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL HINDMAN,
Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lee and Gordon's Mills, 11½ P. M., Sept. 9th, 1863. }

GENERAL:—I enclose orders given to General Hindman. General Bragg directs that you send or take, as your judgment dictates, Cleburne's division to unite with General Hindman at Davis's X roads to-morrow morning. Hindman starts at 12 o'clock to-night and he has thirteen miles to make. The commander of the column thus united will move upon the enemy encamped at the foot of Stevens' Gap, said to be 4,000 or 5,000. If unforeseen circumstances should prevent your movement, notify Hindman. A cavalry force should accompany your column. Hindman has none. Open communications with Hindman with your cavalry, in advance of the junction. He marches on the road from Dr. Anderson's to Davis's X roads.

I am, General, &c., &c.,

KINLOCK FALCONER, A. A. General.

LIUTENANT-GENERAL HILL,
Commanding.

On the receipt of his order, during the night, General Hill replied that the movement required by him was impracticable, as General Cleburne was sick, and both the gaps—Dug and Catlett's—had been blocked by felling timber, which would require twenty-four hours for its removal. Not to lose this favorable opportunity, Hindman, by prompt movement, being ready in position, the

two brigades from Mississippi, and reinforcements from General Lee's lines in Virginia were hurrying up to what was to be the scene of one of the most critical and magnificent actions of the war. The latter reinforcements consisted of five brig-

following orders were issued at 8 o'clock, A. M., on the 10th, for Major-general Buckner to move with his two divisions, and report to Hindman.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lee and Gordon's Mills, 8 o'clock A. M., Sept. 10th, 1863. }

GENERAL:—I enclose orders issued last night to Generals Hill and Hindman. General Hill has found it impossible to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division. The general commanding desires that you will execute without delay the order issued to General Hill. You can move to Davis's X roads by the direct road from your present position at Anderson's, along which General Hindman has passed.

I am, General, &c., &c.,

Signed,

GEO. W. BRENT, A. A. General.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUCKNER,

Anderson's.

And both Hindman and Hill were notified. Hindman had halted his division at Morgan's, some three or four miles from Davis's X roads, in the cove, and at this point Buckner joined him during the afternoon of the 10th. Reports fully confirming previous information in regard to the position of the enemy's forces, were received during the 10th, and it became certain that he was moving his three columns to form a junction upon us at or near Lafayette.

The corps near Colonel Winston's moved on the mountain towards Alpine, a point twenty miles south of us. The one opposite the cove continued its movement and threw forward its advance to Davis's X roads, and Crittenden moved from Chattanooga on the roads to Ringgold and Lee and Gordon's Mill. To strike these isolated commands in succession was our obvious policy. To secure more prompt and decided action in the movement ordered against the enemy's centre, my Headquarters were removed to Lafayette, where I arrived about 11½ on the 10th,—and Lieutenant-general Polk was ordered forward with his remaining division to Anderson's, so as to cover Hindman's rear during the operations in the cove. At Lafayette I met Major Noequet, engineer officer on General Buckner's staff, sent by General Hindman after a junction of their commands, to confer with me and suggest a change in the plan of operations. After hearing the report of this officer, and obtaining from the active and energetic cavalry commander in front of our position, Brigadier-general Martin, the latest information of the enemy's movements and position, I verbally directed the major to return to General Hindman, and say that my plans could not be changed, and that he would carry out his orders. At the same time the following written orders were sent to the general by a courier:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lafayette, Ga., 12 P. M., Sept. 10th, 1863 }

GENERAL:—Headquarters are here and the following is the information:

Crittenden's corps is advancing on us from Chattanooga. A large force from the South has advanced to within seven miles of this point. Polk is left at

ades of Longstreet's corps; and these were without artillery and transportation. The Virginia troops landed from the railroad at Ringgold, and were moved rapidly forward to the Chickamauga.

Rosecrans' army was distributed from the head of McLe-

Anderson's to cover your rear. General Bragg orders you to attack and force your way through the enemy to this point, at the earliest hour you can see him in the morning.

Cleburne will attack in front the moment your guns are heard.

I am, General, &c.,

Signed, GEO. W. BRENT, A. A. General

MAJOR-GENERAL HINDMAN,
Commanding, &c.

Orders were also given for Walker's reserve corps to move promptly and join Cleburne division at Dug Gap to unite in the attack. At the same time Cleburne was directed to remove all obstructions in the road in his front, which was promptly done, and by daylight he was ready to move. The obstructions in Catlett's Gap were also ordered to be removed to clear the road in Hindman's rear. Breckinridge's division, Hill's corps, was kept in position south of Lafayette to check any movement the enemy might make from that direction.

At daylight I proceeded to join Cleburne at Dug Gap, and found him waiting the opening of Hindman's guns to move on the enemy's flank and rear. Most of the day was spent in this position, waiting, in great anxiety, for the attack by Hindman's column. Several couriers and two staff officers were despatched at different times, urging him to move with promptness and vigor. About the middle of the afternoon the first gun was heard, when the advance of Cleburne's division discovered the enemy had taken advantage of our delay and retreated to the mountain passes. The enemy now discovered his error and commenced to repair it by withdrawing his corps from the direction of Alpine to unite with the one near McLemore's Cove, while that was gradually extended towards Lee and Gordon's Mills. Our movement having thus failed in its justly anticipated results, it was determined to turn upon the third corps of the enemy approaching us from the direction of Chattanooga. The forces were accordingly withdrawn to Lafayette, and Polk's and Walker's corps were moved immediately in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills. The one corps of the enemy in this direction was known to be divided—one division having been sent to Ringgold. Upon learning the dispositions of the enemy from our cavalry commander in that direction on the afternoon of the 12th, Lieutenant-general Polk, commanding the advance forces, was directed in the following note.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lafayette, Ga., 6 P. M., 12th Sept. }

GENERAL:—I enclose you a despatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed and the

more's Cove, along and down the west side of the Chickamauga Valley, as far as Lee and Gordon's Mills, Chickamauga creek separating it from the army of the Confederates.

The enemy commenced the affair of the 19th by a vigorous attack on Major-general Walker's corps. Our line was formed with Buckner's left resting on the Chickamauga about one

others are yours. We can then turn again on the force in the cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilden so as to cover your right.

I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

Very truly, Yours,

Signed,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL POLK.

Upon further information the order to attack at daylight on the 13th, was renewed in two notes, at later hours of the same day, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lafayette, 8 P. M., Sept. 12th, 1863. }

GENERAL:—I enclose you a despatch marked "A" and I now give you the orders of the commanding general, viz.: to attack at day-dawn to-morrow the infantry column reported in said despatch at $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile beyond Pea-vine church, on the road to Graysville from Lafayette.

Signed,

GEO. W. BRENT, A. A. General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL POLK,

Commanding Corps

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
Lafayette, Georgia, Sept. 12th, 1863. }

GENERAL:—The enemy is approaching from the South, and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost.

I am, General, &c.,

Signed,

GEO. W. BRENT, A. A. General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL POLK,

Commanding Corps.

At 11 P. M. a despatch was received from the general stating that he had taken a strong position for defence, and requesting that he should be heavily reinforced. He was promptly ordered not to defer his attack, his force being already superior to the enemy, and was reminded that his success depended upon the promptness and rapidity of his movements. He was further informed that Buckner's corps would be moved within supporting distance the next morning. Early on the 13th I proceeded to the front, ahead of Buckner's command, to find that no advance had been made on the enemy, and that his forces had formed a junction and recrossed the Chickamauga.

BRAXTON BRAGG, General.

To GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.

mile below Lee and Gordon's Mills. On his right came Wood with his own and Johnston's divisions, with Walker on the extreme right,—Cheatham's division being in reserve. General Walker found a largely superior force of the enemy opposed to him. He drove them handsomely, however, and captured several batteries of artillery in most gallant charges. Before Cheatham's division, ordered to his support, could reach him, he had been pressed back to his first position by the extended lines of the enemy assailing him on both flanks.

The two commands united were soon enabled to force the enemy back again, and recover our advantage, though we were yet greatly outnumbered.

These movements on our right were in a direction to leave an opening in our line between Cheatham and Hood. Stewart's division forming Buckner's second line was thrown to the right to fill this, and it soon became hotly engaged, as did Hood's whole front.

The enemy, whose left was at Lee and Gordon's Mills when our movement commenced, had rapidly transferred forces from his extreme right, changing his entire line, and seemed disposed to dispute with all his ability our effort to gain the main road to Chattanooga in his rear.

Lieutenant-general Polk was ordered to move his remaining division across at the nearest ford and to assume the command in person on our right. Hill's corps was also ordered to cross below Lee and Gordon's Mills and join the line on the right. Whilst these movements were being made our right and centre were heavily and almost constantly engaged.

Stewart by a vigorous assault broke the enemy's centre and penetrated far into his lines, but was obliged to retire for want of sufficient force to meet the heavy enfilade fire which he encountered from the right.

Hood, later engaged, advanced from the first fire and continued to drive the force in his front until night.

Cleburne's division of Hill's corps, which first reached the right, was ordered to attack immediately in conjunction with the force already engaged. This veteran command, under its gallant chief, moved to its work after sunset, taking the enemy completely by surprise, driving him in great disorder for nearly

a mile, and inflicting a very heavy loss. Night found us masters of the ground, after a series of very obstinate contests with largely superior numbers.

For the grand and decisive work of the next day, the forces of Bragg's army were divided into two wings.

The right wing was placed under Lieutenant-general Polk, and the left under Lieutenant-general Longstreet. The former was composed of Lieutenant-general Hill's corps, of two divisions, Major-general Cleburne's and Major-general Breckinridge's; of the division of Major-general Cheatham, of Lieutenant-general Polk's corps, and the division of Major-general W. H. T. Walker.

The left was composed of the divisions of Major-general Stewart, and Brigadier-general Preston and Bushrod Johnson, of Major-general Buckner's corps; Major-general Hindman, of Lieutenant-general Polk's corps, and Benning's, Lane's and Robertson's brigades, of Hood's division, and Kershaw's and Humphrie's brigades, of McLaw's division, of his own (Lieutenant-general Longstreet's) corps.

The front line of the right wing consisted of three divisions—Breckinridge and Cleburne, of Hill's corps, and Cheatham, of Polk's corps—which were posted from right to left in the order named. Major-general Walker was held in reserve.

The left wing was composed of Major-general Stewart's division on the right with Hood's on the left. On Hood's left was Hindman's division of Lieutenant-general Polk's corps, with Preston's division of Buckner's corps on the extreme left.

Orders were given to Lieutenant-general Polk to commence the attack at daylight. The left wing was to await the attack by the right, take it up promptly when made, and the whole line was then to be pushed vigorously and persistently against the enemy throughout its extent.

"Before the dawn of day," writes General Bragg in his official report, "myself and staff were ready for the saddle, occupying a position immediately in rear of and accessible to all parts of the line. With increasing anxiety and disappointment I waited until after sunrise without hearing a gun; and at length despatched a staff officer to Lieutenant-general Polk

to ascertain the cause of the delay, and urge him to a prompt and speedy movement. This officer not finding the general with his troops, and learning where he had spent the night, proceeded across Alexander's Bridge, to the east side of the Chickamauga, and there delivered my message. Proceeding in person to the right wing, I found the troops not even prepared for the movement. Messengers were immediately despatched for Lieutenant-general Polk, and he shortly after joined me. My orders were renewed and the general was urged to their prompt execution, the more important as the ear was saluted throughout the night with the sounds of the axe and falling timber as the enemy industriously labored to strengthen his position by hastily constructed barricades and breastworks. A reconnoissance made in the front of our extreme right during this delay crossed the main road to Chattanooga, and proved the important fact that this greatly desired position was open to our possession. The reasons assigned for this unfortunate delay by the wing commander, appear in part in the reports of his subordinates. It is sufficient to say they are entirely unsatisfactory."

But it was said, on the other side of the story, that Polk's delay was due to circumstances beyond his control; that, prior to giving the order to move forward to the attack, General Polk discovered that owing to the want of precaution on the part of the proper authority in the formation of the general line of battle, a portion of the line of the left wing had been formed in front of his line—a portion amounting to a whole division—and that had the order to make the attack at daylight been obeyed, this division, from its position, must inevitably have been slaughtered. It was saved by an order to halt Cheatham's division, and by orders to the left of Cleburne advising it of its whereabouts.

The action was opened upon the right of the Confederates about ten o'clock in the morning by a forward movement of Breckinridge, followed and accompanied by Cleburne. The enemy had during the night thrown up breastworks of heavy timber, cut down from the forest, behind which he had entrenched himself. These lay chiefly in Cleburne's front. He moved direct upon them, while Breckinridge swung round to flank them. The assault was a desperate one. General Polk

being informed by General Hill that the enemy was threatening his right flank, Polk ordered Walker immediately to move to the right and form an echelon upon Breekinridge, overlapping his right. It was then ascertained that no enemy was there. But the forward movement of the front line had resulted in a severe conflict, desperately contested, which drove the enemy around on the extreme left a mile or more across the Chattanooga road.

For two hours the fight raged with sublime fury. Again and again, as we struck the enemy, did his stately lines of soldiers crumble into masses of terror-stricken fugitives. Thomas commanded the Yankee's left. Heavy reinforcements being sent from the enemy's right to him, he was enabled to regain a portion of the ground he had lost. Never did Yankees fight better than just here. They drove back Cleburne's magnificent division, and it appeared at one time as if our right and centre were giving way before Thomas's extraordinary attack.

But while such were the operations on our right wing, the tide of battle running from right to left had reached Longstreet's extreme left about eleven o'clock. Hood and others were ordered to make a vigorous assault in front; Buckner was made to execute a successful flank movement; and under the vigor of the combined attack Rosecrans found his lines steadily giving way, and McCook and Crittenden forced far to the right. He had moved most of his strength to the left where Thomas had fought so brilliantly, but with the advantage of superior numbers. Negley, hard pressed on the left, reported to Rosecrans. "Tell General Negley I can't help him," was the reply.

The Yankees in Longstreet's front had sought a position on a high ridge. From this position they were driven, with heavy loss in killed, wounded, prisoners, artillery, small-arms and colors, after a desperate struggle, by the brigades of Kershaw and Humphries, under the command of Brigadier-general Kershaw, in the absence of Major-general McLaws, reinforced by Graese's, Kelley's, and Trigg's brigades, of Major-general Preston's division, Major-general Hindman completing the general work of the line to the left by driving the enemy on his front before him along with those driven from the ridge by

Preston and Kershaw. Rosecrans, perceiving what was taking place on his right, ordered up reinforcements from his left to support his retiring or rather frightened battalions, which, finding a good position, awaited their arrival, turning upon their pursuers with the fierceness of a temporary and desperate energy. Brigadier-general Law, commanding Hood's division, perceiving this movement, ordered a battery of ten guns to a position from which he could enfilade the reinforcing column as it advanced. The battery opened just as it was about wheeling into position, and, at the same time, Stewart's division, posted on the extreme right, was thrown forward on its flank. The shock was terrible. The enemy halted, staggered backwards, and fell into confusion.

It was late in the evening when the whole Confederate line was revised and posted, and a forward movement in all its length ordered. The right swung round with an extended sweep, with its firm supports, and the left rallied once more to the charge of the works, before which it had suffered so severely in the morning. Never did troops move up to their work with more resolution; the daring Breckinridge with his Kentuckians and Louisianians, and Cleburne with his Arkansians and Alabamians, and Walker with his South Carolinians, Mississippians, and Georgians, and Cheatham with his Tennesseans—all moved forward in one mighty tide amidst the thunders of some twenty batteries, and the roar of thousands of muskets and rifles. The scene was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. Sweeping forward as the flood of a mighty river, it carried every thing before it, nothing being able to stand in the resistless line of its path. The enemy's works, which opposed such a stubborn resistance in the morning, succumbed before the torrent, and the brave men of Cleburne's division, which had been repulsed in the morning, had, by their extraordinary gallantry in the evening, the opportunity of avenging the experiences of the earlier part of the day. The whole field was carried triumphantly, and the enemy driven as chaff before the wind. He withstood as long as human powers of endurance could bear up against such a pressure, then yielded, and fell back partly upon and into the hands of the right wing, where several hundred were captured, the residue crossing the Chattanooga road and retreating in the direction

of Missionary Ridge. Night interposed, and though it brought with it a magnificent moon, no orders were received to pursue, and the troops were halted, giving expression to their sense of the glorious victory won, and unconquerable desire to pursue it to an absolute success in the enemy's utter annihilation, in such long, loud and triumphant cheering, as would almost seem to rend the heavens.

Never was a more disorderly retreat of an enemy. Longstreet, who had contributed so much to the fortunes of the day, now saw that by a forward movement of the whole army, Rosecrans' whole force might be captured in twenty-four hours, and that no obstacle was between us and the Ohio, and perhaps peace. He sent word to Wheeler, who was on his left, to dash forward between Chattanooga and the enemy and cut him to pieces; but just as Wheeler was about to execute this movement, he received an order from Bragg directing him to pick up arms and stragglers. It was said that Longstreet had not heard from Bragg but once during the day, and then it was to say that he was beaten on the right. He now sent to beg him to advance; but the General-in-chief declined to do so.

General Forrest had climbed a tree and from his lofty perch watched the retreating enemy. He saw the blue uniforms swarming over the fields, and the disorganized masses of the enemy choked with flight, and struggling in mortal panic as sounds of feeble pursuit followed on their heels. He shouted to a staff officer: "Tell General Bragg to advance the whole army; the enemy is ours."

Bragg did not catch the inspiration. He tells us in his official report: "The darkness of the night and the density of the forest rendered further movements uncertain and dangerous, and the army bivouacked on the ground it had so gallantly won."

But granting that reasons, substantive reasons, existed for not pursuing on Sunday night, what hindered General Bragg from pursuing on Monday morning at daylight? Chattanooga was only ten miles from the battle-field, and unfortified; our pursuing cavalry could see their head of column, and urged General Bragg by repeated messages to pursue, that every hour's delay would be equal to the loss of a thousand men. Citizens along

the road reported that many of the Yankee commands passed their dwellings in the utmost disorder, without arms or accoutrements, and many without hats, as a confused and routed mob, not as troops in column, everything in Chattanooga and on the road inviting rather than forbidding attack. Even if they had had good defensive works, with the condition as reported above, by a prompt pursuit our army would have gone into Chattanooga with theirs, and thus broken the effect of their fire; and if such could have been the result with good defensive works, what might not the result have been without them, and the enemy panic-stricken because of the knowledge that none such existed? What hindered General Bragg from pursuing is not known, but it is known that, while pursuit seems to have been invited, he did not pursue. He simply sent out detachments to the battle-field to gather up the fruits of victory, in arms large and small, to be secured and sent to the rear, and caused the captured banners to be collected to be sent to Richmond, and prisoners to be counted and sent to the rear.

The enemy's immediate losses in the battle of Chickamauga were immense. It was officially stated that we captured over eight thousand prisoners, fifty-one pieces of artillery, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and quantities of ammunition, with wagons, ambulances, teams, medicines, hospital stores, &c., in large quantities.

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded have been by many thousands greater than ours; and General Bragg, in his official report, makes the appalling confession that, on this "River of Death," he lost "*two-fifths*" of his troops. Our loss in general officers was conspicuous. Brigadier-general B. H. Helm,* Preston Smith, and James Deshler, had died on the field. The

* Brigadier-general Helm was a grandson of Ben Hardin, well known to the oldest inhabitants of Kentucky, as a leading public-spirited gentleman of high moral worth in the earlier days of the Warrior State. General Helm was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1831—graduated at West Point, and afterwards retired from the army of the United States to take up the study of law. He entered the Southern army without a commission, but from the rank of private he was soon made colonel, and commanded the first Kentucky cavalry in the Confederate service. He was made brigadier-general in March, 1862. The Kentucky brigade, which he commanded in the battle of Chicka-

lion-hearted Hood, the luminary of Texas chivalry and courage, was so severely wounded that he had to suffer amputation of the thigh. The notice of his extraordinary gallantry by Longstreet, who with generous ardor communicated it in a special letter to his government, obtained for him the commission of a Lieutenant-general, and ranged him with the popular heroes of the war.

The day following this terrible conflict, General Bragg ordered the troops under arms, and marched them down the Chattanooga road until they came near to Rossville, where Forest and Pegram were thundering away with their batteries at the retreating enemy, there had them filed to the right, and thrown down the Chickamauga creek, that they might rest from their fatigues and be in a good position to move upon Burnside or flank Rosecrans, as future contingences might dictate. On Wednesday, the 23d of September, an order was issued for the whole army to move upon Chattanooga. It moved up to and over Missionary Ridge, where it was halted. And there it was to remain halted for many long weeks.

Chickamauga had conferred a brilliant glory upon our arms, but little else. Rosecrans still held the prize of Chattanooga, and with it the possession of East Tennessee. Two-thirds of our nitre beds were in that region, and a large proportion of the coal which supplied our foundries. It abounded in the necessities of life. It was one of the strongest countries in the world, so full of lofty mountains, that it had been called, not unaptly, the Switzerland of America. As the possession of Switzerland opened the door to the invasion of Italy, Germany and France, so the possession of East Tennessee gave easy access to Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

manga, went into the fight with seventeen hundred and sixty-three men, and came out with only four hundred and thirty-two.

General Helm's wife was a half-sister of Mrs. Lincoln. Immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, in 1861, President Lincoln sent him a commission as major in the regular army of the United States; and apprehending that he might not be willing to be employed to murder his own people, the Yankee Secretary of War proposed, as a salve for any scruples, to send him as paymaster to New Mexico. The gallant Kentuckian spurned the bribe, gave his services, and at last his life, to the Confederacy, and fell in the numerous throng of brave defenders of truth, justice and liberty. His wife lives, known as one of the most enthusiastic and devoted patriot women of the South.



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Engraved for the Third Year of the War



Rosecrans found occasion after the battle to congratulate his army on their retention of Chattanooga. He said, "You have accomplished the great work of the campaign; you hold the key of East Tennessee, of Northern Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre." He claimed that he held in his hands the substantial fruits of victory, and sought to persuade his government that the battle of Chickamauga was merely an incident to the concentration of his forces and his cover of Chattanooga. He lost no time in reorganizing his army at Chattanooga. He assumed a fortified line about a mile and a half in length, covering the pontoons, stores and hospitals, and commanding all the south-east and eastern approaches to the place, leaving Bragg no chance to dislodge him by direct attack, only by long and toilsome maneuvers and marches threatening his communications.

Bragg's awkward pause before Chattanooga was the occasion of new propositions of the campaign on our side. Of one of these General Bragg communicated as follows to the War Department at Richmond.

"The suggestion of a movement by our right immediately after the battle, to the north of the Tennessee, and thence upon Nashville, requires notice only because it will find a place in the files of the Department. Such a movement was utterly impossible for want of transportation. Nearly half our army consisted of reinforcements just before the battle, without a wagon or an artillery horse, and nearly, if not quite, a third of the artillery horses on the field had been lost. The railroad bridges too had been destroyed to a point south of Ringgold, and on all the roads from Cleveland to Knoxville. To these insurmountable difficulties were added the entire absence of means to cross the river, except by fording at a few precarious points too deep for artillery, and the well known danger of sudden rises by which all communication would be cut, a contingency which did actually happen a few days after the visionary scheme was proposed. But the most serious objection to the proposition was its entire want of military propriety. It abandoned to the enemy our entire line of communication, and laid open to him our depots of supplies, while it placed us with a greatly inferior force beyond a difficult, and at times impassable river, in a country affording no subsist-

ence to men or animals. It also left open to the enemy, at a distance of only ten miles, our battle-field, with thousands of our wounded, and his own, and all the trophies and supplies we had won. All this was to be risked and given up, for what? to gain the enemy's rear and cut him off from his depot of supplies, by the route over the mountains, when the very movement abandoned to his unmolested use the better and more practicable route half the length, on the south side of the river.

"It is hardly necessary to say the proposition was not even entertained, whatever may have been the inferences drawn from subsequent movements."

The plan preferred by General Bragg was to invest Chattanooga, and starve the enemy out. Rosecrans' shortest and most important road to his depot at Bridgeport lay along the south bank of the Tennessee; and, as Bragg held this, the enemy was forced to a road double the length, over two ranges of mountains, by wagon transportation, upon which long and difficult route our cavalry might operate with advantage. Looking to a speedy evacuation of Chattanooga, for want of wood and forage, General Bragg declared that he "held the enemy at his mercy, and that his destruction was only a question of time." Alas, we shall see hereafter how vain were the sanguine expectations and the swollen boast of this ill-starred and unfortunate commander!

General Bragg has burdened the story of Chickamauga with recriminations of his officers: a resource to which he showed, on all occasions, a characteristic and ungenerous tendency. His course, in this respect, invites and justifies severe criticism of himself. Whatever may have been the faults of his subordinate officers in the action of Chickamauga, it is certain that the military opinion of the Confederacy indicated two important errors of his own in the conduct of this famous battle.

1. That he failed to cut off the enemy's exit to Chattanooga, which it is considered he might have done, if he had marched his army by the right flank, and crossed lower down on the Chickamauga; at such point throwing his army across the creek and valley, forming it at right angles to the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, and so covering the exit from the valley in the direction of Chattanooga. As it was, he crossed his

army north of Lee and Gordon's Mills, ordered a demonstration there, which might have been well used as a cover for the proper movement, and utterly failed, as his critics say, to grasp the situation.

2. That he failed to pursue a routed and disorganized enemy, threw away the opportunity of completing his victory, realized no substantial fruit from it, and, after one of the most splendid successes in the record of Confederate arms, left his enemy *in statu quo*, reorganizing at leisure.

In this latter respect, Chickamauga must indeed be confessed to be a second and enlarged edition of the famous Bull Run. It will stand conspicuous among the various fruitless victories gained by the Confederates—among the least pardonable blunders and shortcomings of history.*

* We may place here, in conjunction with Chickamauga, some interesting passages from a private letter of a distinguished general officer in the West, reviewing the campaign there, and criticising with great intelligence, the general military policy of the Confederacy:

. . . . It would be a laborious task to review the campaigns even of the Army of Tennessee. Yet what profound lessons do they teach? What errors have been committed? What opportunities have been lost? The man who does not see these, and who has not learned from them powerful lessons for the future, is totally unfit for any responsible military position in the pregnant future, on which the destiny of untold millions now trembles.

We lost Donelson, and as a consequence Middle Tennessee, from the want of rapid combination and concentration. We lost Shiloh first by delay, then by want of persistence in the first day's fight, then for the want of the proper distribution of troops at the close of that day. We threw away the golden moments at Mumfordsville, in Kentucky, and further neglected to make security doubly sure by concentrating the two armies, Smith's and Bragg's; and yet again these two armies, for the want of proper generalship and energy together, precipitately and ingloriously abandoned the broad territory between the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers. It is remarkable, that this campaign in Kentucky presented more glorious opportunities for great results, than any other in this, or, perhaps, any other war, and all was lost for the want of the simplest combinations. Again, Nashville, garrisoned by a few thousand Federals, was not taken, simply because the attack was prohibited. God knows how often this city might have been taken before the battle of Murfreesboro', while the two armies were lying idle or being slowly moved, without any decided plan or purpose. How often before and subsequent to the battle of Murfreesboro', did the dispersed condition of the Yankee forces offer the opportunity for a good general to make a vigorous and rapid movement, such as would have destroyed its fragments in detail? Murfreesboro' was lost by want, first, of proper combination on the field, and then by want of persistence in the fight, especially on the left. In six weeks after the battle of Murfreesboro', our army in Tennessee

was as strong as when it fought that battle, and could have driven Rosecrans from Tennessee with ordinary generalship. From March till June, in 1863, we remained idly stretching from Shelbyville to the right, while the Yankees, holding a line from Franklin to Woodbury, again and again afforded us an opportunity to fall, by rapid combinations, upon detached masses, and thus destroy their army. In July we occupied a strong ridge, stretching from Bell-Buckle towards Bradyville, very strong by nature on the right, and made strong by fortifications on the left, in front of Shelbyville. An injudicious disposition of forces left Hoover's Gap undefended by our army. Rosecrans advanced upon Hoover's Gap. Three brigades of Confederates moved rapidly up and held them in the gap for over forty hours. A rapid concentration of our forces at Hoover's Gap, or one half of them, by moving on the enemy's flank and rear, to a commanding position, which lay invitingly before us, would have routed the enemy, and planted us still more firmly in Tennessee. But we were ordered to retreat, and we retired before the scattered forces of the enemy, when a rapid combination and a vigorous attack, with a sudden change from a retrograde to an advance movement on some one of the enemy's masses in motion, might have insured victory. In that retrograde movement we also abandoned some remarkably strong positions without taking advantage of them, or making an effort to repulse the enemy, even when we could have done so without danger to our army.

At Chickamauga, the world knows, we lost the fruits of the victory for want of vigorous pursuit. On the night of the 20th of September there should have been no sleep and no repose. A vigorous, persistent, onward movement would have destroyed Rosecrans' army. How deplorable has been the consequences of our want of energy, want of activity, and want of persistence! The army of Tennessee being tied to no special line of operations, and embarrassed by no important point, such as Richmond, requiring to be defended, had greatly the advantage over the army of Virginia, yet the former has constantly yielded up territory to a conquering foe, and the latter has overthrown every army that came against it.

I have meant merely to allude to the errors on our line of operations. There are greater errors than these, greater because they pertain to the management of all the Confederate forces. They are errors in what is usually denominated grand strategy.

We now have, I may say, numerous independent armies in the field, each acting almost without reference to all the others, and rarely co-operating with any other army.

The Allied Armies, in 1814, entered France with 400,000 men, and had a numerous force hovering on the borders of that empire. Napoleon had but 120,000 in the field, exclusive of the forces shut up in fortifications and operating beyond the boundaries of France. We know how nearly he came to vanquishing the Allied Powers, and even his enemies have demonstrated how he could have completely overthrown the armies against which he contended. A rapid concentration of forces upon detached armies, is a well-established means by which inferior forces must conquer superior numbers. Superior mobility in strategy, and the concentrated, swift, lightning stroke in the hour of battle, must compensate for inferiority of numbers. Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Charles the XII., have illustrated these facts, and they have become the most familiar lessons of the soldier. But, with proper strategy, in my

opinion, we need seldom fight superior forces. Look at the position of all our armies now. We are remaining listlessly waiting for the enemy to mass his forces and men upon us. Can any one contemplate this attitude of our armies, and not feel utterly astonished at our policy, and the repose into which we have sunk on every hand? Where is that activity which should belong to inferior forces? It is rather to be found among our enemies, whose superior numbers would entitle them to the repose which we have quietly assumed.

CHAPTER VI.

Political Movements in the Fall of 1863.—The "Peace Party" in the North.—The Yankee Fall Elections.—The War Democrats in the North.—The South's Worst Enemies.—Yankee Self-Glorification.—Farragut's Dinner-Party.—The Russian Banquet.—Russia and Yankeedom.—The Poles and the Confederates.—THE POLITICAL TROUBLES IN KENTUCKY.—Bramlette and Wickcliffe.—The Democratic Platform in Kentucky.—Political Ambidexterity.—Burnside's Despotic Orders.—The Kentucky "Board of Trade."—An Election by Bayonets.—The Fate of Kentucky Sealed.—OUR EUROPEAN RELATIONS.—Dismissal of the Foreign Consuls in the Confederacy.—Seizure of the Confederate "Rams" in England.—The Confederate Privateers.—Their Achievements.—British Interests in Privateering.—The Profits of So-called "Neutrality."—NAVAL AFFAIRS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Embarrassments of Our Naval Enterprise.—The Naval Structures of the Confederates.—LEE'S FLANK MOVEMENT IN VIRGINIA.—Affair of Bristoe Station.—Failure of Lee's Plans.—Meade's Escape to Centreville.—Imboden's Operations in the Valley.—Capture of Charlestown.—OPERATIONS AT RAPPAHANNOCK BRIDGE.—Kelley's Ford.—Surprise and Capture of Hayes' and Hoke's Brigades.—Gallantry of Colonel Godwin.—Lee's Army on the Rapidan.—THE AFFAIR OF GERMANIA FORD.—Meade Foiled.—The "On-to-Richmond" Delayed.

WE must take the reader's attention from military campaigns to certain political movements, which, in the fall of 1863, apparently involved more or less distinctly the fortunes of the war.

The long-continued delusion, indulged by Southern men, of "a peace party" in the North, which would eventually compel peace on the terms of the Confederacy, is to be compared to that similar delusion of Northern politicians, which insisted that "a Union party" existed in the South, and that it was only temporarily suppressed by a faction. There was not the least foundation in fact for either of these opinions; and the agreeable confidence of the South, in its supposed friends in the North, was to be rudely dispelled by events that admitted of but one construction. The South had mistaken for substantial tokens of public sentiment the clamors and exaggerations of party elections. The Democratic party in the North went into the fall elections of 1863, on the issue of a general opposition to the Lincoln Administration; at the same time, promising a vigorous "constitutional" prosecution of the war, while their

vague allusions to an impossible peace and platitudes of fraternal sentiment were merely intended to catch favor in the South, and really meant nothing. Even Mr. Seymour, of New York, managed, while cozening the South, to maintain, on the other hand, a cordial understanding with the authorities at Washington; and he found it necessary to conclude one of his finest speeches by saying, "never have I embarrassed the Administration, and I never will."

But even on its moderate issues, with reference to the war, which, as we have seen, proposed only certain constitutional limitations, the Democratic party in the North was badly beaten in the fall elections. From Minnesota to Maine, the Democrats were defeated. In the latter, which was supposed to be the least fanatical of the New England States, the Republicans carried the election by an overwhelming majority. In Ohio, Vallandigham was defeated. He was still in exile. Voorhies, who had proclaimed doctrines somewhat similar to his, in a neighboring State, narrowly escaped being lynched by the soldiers. The elections were followed by a remarkable period of political quiet in the North. Those who had the courage to confront the administration of Lincoln, had either been suppressed by the strong hand of lawless power, or had supinely sought safety in silence. The overthrow of free government in the North was complete.

The South was not easily imposed upon by that organized hypocrisy, the War Democracy of the North. While it professed constitutional moderation in the conduct of the war, it aimed at the reconstruction of the Union, which was only a different phrase for the military conquest of the South. It must be observed that so far as questions of the constitutional conduct of the authorities at Washington were made in the North, they were questions entirely between their domestic parties, which did not properly interest the people of the Confederacy, inasmuch as their demand for independence, simple and absolute, had nothing to do with the modifications of the different parties which opposed it. Indeed, with regard to this demand, the War Democrat at the North was a far more dangerous enemy to the Confederacy than the open and avowed Abolitionist. The former was more plausible; his programme of reconstruction carried an appearance of possibility to entice

the popular faith which that of naked conquest did not possess. But both programmes—that of the War Democrat and that of the Abolitionist—were equally fatal to the Confederacy: as it mattered not what was the formula of subjugation, if the people of the South once placed themselves within the power of their treacherous enemies, and submitted to any form of their authority.

The North had yet shown no real disposition to abandon the war. The Yankees were still busy with the game of self-glorification. Their conceit, their love of display, their sensations amused the world. Their favorite generals were all Napoleons; in the cities mobs of admirers chased them from hotel to hotel; in the New England towns deputations of school-girls kissed them in public. Farragut, their successful admiral, was entertained in New York with feasts, where a plaster of ice-cream represented the American Eagle, and miniature ships, built of sticks of candy, loaded the table. These childish displays and vain glory had culminated in an immense banquet given to a Russian fleet in the harbor of New York, at which distinguished Yankee orators declared that the time had come when Russia and the United States were to be taken as twins in civilization and power, to hold in subjection all others of Christendom, and to accomplish the “destiny” of the nineteenth century.

And really this festive fervor but gave insolent expression to an idea that had long occupied thoughtful minds in distant quarters of the world. Christendom was called upon to witness two political murders. While twenty millions of Yankees sought to strangle the Southern Confederacy, fifty millions of Muscovites combined to keep ten or twelve millions of Poles under a detested yoke. In their infamous attempt upon Poland, Russians tried to pass themselves off as the defenders of liberal ideas against Polish aristocracy; and it was declared that the Polish nobility was in rebellion in order not to be forced to emancipate the serfs. “Russia and the United States,” said a French writer of the time, “proclaim the liberty of the serf and the emancipation of the slave, but in return both seek to reduce to slavery all who defend liberty and independence.”

Liberty of the press, of speech, of public meetings, even the venerable privilege of *habeas corpus*, inherited from England, had already been put under the feet of Abraham Lincoln.

While the Democratic party was timidly protesting in the Northern States, Mr. Lincoln had prefaced the farce of the fall elections in the North by an outrage upon the ballot in Kentucky, which Yankee Democrats were too weak or too dishonest to resent.

A history of the Kentucky troubles, in some details, is the best commentary we can choose from events, upon the condition to which the whole system of political liberty had fallen in the North.

THE POLITICAL TROUBLES IN KENTUCKY.

In the last days of August, 1862, the Hon. Beriah Magoffin resigned his office as Governor of the State of Kentucky. From causes into which it is not necessary now to enter, he had incurred the suspicion of a great majority of the Union party, and through the Legislature they had succeeded in divesting him of all real power in the government. The executive control of the State had rapidly fallen into the hands of the military officers of the United States, and for months the people had been subject to martial law in all its oppressiveness, without its declaration in form. Under these circumstances, and for the purpose of relieving the people, and especially that portion of them known as "Southern-rights Men," who had been the peculiar objects of persecution, Mr. Magoffin, in a published letter, declared his willingness to resign whenever he could be assured of the election of a successor of conservative views, who, commanding the confidence at the same time of the Administration at Washington and of the people of Kentucky, would be able and willing to secure every peaceful citizen in the exercise of the rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution and laws. James F. Robinson, then a member of the Senate, was indicated to him, and he consented to resign in his favor.

For the August election of 1863, Thomas E. Bramlette was offered as a candidate for governor. Mr. Bramlette maintained generally the rightfulness of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the extension of martial law over States where war did not exist, and gave in a *quasi* adhesion to Mr. Lincoln's policy.

A number of Kentucky Democrats presented a ticket in opposition, headed by C. A. Wickeliffe for governor, and published the following expressions of their views, as comprising the issues of the approaching election.

"We cannot consent to the doctrine that the Constitution and laws are inadequate to the present emergency; that the constitutional guarantees of liberty and property can be suspended by war.

"Our fathers certainly did not intend that our Constitution should be a fair-weather document, to be laid away in a storm, or a fancy garment to be worn only in dry weather. On the contrary, it is in times like the present that constitutional restraints on the power of those in authority are needed.

"We hold the Federal government to be one of limited powers, that cannot be enlarged by the existence of civil commotion.

"We hold the rights reserved to the States equally sacred with those granted to the United States. The government has no more right to disregard the Constitution and laws of the States than the States have to disregard the Constitution and laws of the United States.

"We hold that the Administration has committed grave errors in confiscation bills, lawless proclamations, and military orders setting aside constitutions and laws, and making arrests outside of military lines where there is no public danger to excuse it.

"It is now obvious that the fixed purpose of the Administration is to arm the negroes of the South to make war upon the whites, and we hold it to be the duty of the people of Kentucky to enter against such a policy a solemn and most emphatic protest.

"We hold as sacred and inalienable the right of free speech and a free press—that the government belongs to the people and not the people to the government.

"We hold this rebellion utterly unjustifiable in its inception, and a dissolution of the Union the greatest of calamities. We would use all just and constitutional means adapted to the suppression of the one and the restoration of the other."

Notwithstanding these resolutions, which so carefully sounded in "loyalty," and exhibited the usual ambidexterity of the War Democracy, it soon became evident that the authorities at Washington were determined to interfere in the Kentucky election, and force it exactly to their purpose. Messrs. Wolfe and Trimble, candidates for Congress in the First and Fifth districts, and Mr. Martin, candidate for the Legislature in Lyon and Livingston counties, were arrested by the provost-marshal.

On the 31st of July, Burnside declared martial law in Kentucky. The following is a summary of the most outrageous of the despotic orders which followed in quick succession the declaration of martial law.

1. By way of precaution, the people are informed that whenever any property is needed for the use of the United States army, it will be taken from *rebel sympathizers*, and receipts given for the same marked "disloyal," and to be paid at the end of the war, on proof that the holder is a loyal man.

2. Rebel sympathizers are defined to be not only those who are in favor of secession, but also those who are not in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and of furnishing men and money unconditionally for that purpose. "Loyalty" is to be proved by the vote given at the election.

3. County judges are required to appoint none but "loyal" men as judges of election, notwithstanding the provisions of our laws, which require the officers of election to be taken equally from each political party.

4. Persons offering to vote, whose votes may be rejected by the judges, are notified that they will be immediately arrested by the military.

5. The judges of election are notified that they will be arrested and held responsible by the military, should they permit any disloyal men to vote.

In addition to all this there was at work beneath the surface a potent machinery, whose labors could be traced only by results, for the work was done in darkness and in secret.

In every city, town, and considerable village in the commonwealth, there had long been organized, under the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, a body of men known as a "Board of Trade," an innocent title, little expressive of their true functions. Under the same regulations of the Secretary, no shipments of goods to the interior of the State could be made without the *permit* of the United States custom-house officers at Cincinnati or Louisville. In order to obtain such a permit, the individual applying must have procured the recommendation of the "Board of Trade" located nearest to his place of business, and the recommendation was given to none but "loyal" men, each Board establishing its own test of "loyalty." Without such recommendation no merchant could hope to add to his stock by importation—no mechanic to replenish the materials necessary in his calling. These inquisitorial bodies, therefore, held in their hands the absolute fate of every tradesman and mechanic in the State. The prosperous merchant

and needy shopkeeper were alike at their mercy. The tradesman and mechanic were thus left to choose between a vote for Bramlette and the utter ruin of their business.

Such were the circumstances under which the election of August 3d was begun. In twelve counties not a single vote was permitted to be cast for Wickliffe. In eight others he received less than ten votes to the county. In fifteen others he received less than fifty votes to the county. In sixteen others he received less than one hundred votes to the county. These fifty-one counties embraced many of the strongest Democratic counties in the State. In only twenty-eight counties of the State did Bramlette receive a majority of the population entitled to vote. Less than two-fifths of the population entitled to vote made him Governor of Kentucky. Thus was the fate of Kentucky sealed, and, on the 1st of September, Bramlette entered upon the duties of the office into which he had been foisted by bayonets.

We have briefly seen what little comfort there was for the Confederates in the fall elections of 1863, and the contemporary political movements in the North. We naturally glance from this part of the situation, external to the military campaigns, to the European relations of the Confederacy. Here there was quite as little encouragement for the South as in that other alternative of hope outside the war—Yankee politics.

OUR EUROPEAN RELATIONS.

Some feeble attempt was made by the Confederacy in the fall of 1863 to reassert its dignity by the dismissal of the foreign consuls, who had been, oddly enough, allowed for nearly three years to reside in the Confederate States, and exercise super-consular powers under authority granted by the government with which we were at war. The force of this proceeding was, however, much impaired by the fact that it was attributed to certain objectionable action of the British consuls in the Confederacy, and not based, as it should have been, upon the conduct and bearing towards us of the British Government itself. Put upon that ground, the dismissal would have marked distinctly our sense of British injustice.

We have referred in former pages to the prejudicial effect

of so-called British "neutrality" with respect to the Confederate States. Another instance was now to be afforded of its unequal and unjust disposition in the seizure by the British Government of two two-thousand-ton iron-clads, combining the ram and monitor principles, which were being built for the Confederacy by the Messrs. Laird, at Birkenhead. The seizure was made without any evidence to justify it. The Messrs. Laird were forbidden to allow these vessels to leave their yard "without an ample explanation of their destination and a sustainable reference to the owner or owners for whom they are constructed." It was curiously held by Lord Russell that "Messrs. Laird were bound to declare—and sustain on unimpeachable testimony such declaration—the government for whom the steam rams have been built." In other words, without an affidavit or other legal foundation for proceedings against them, these gentlemen were required to come forward and prove their innocence.

The animus displayed in this proceeding was in keeping with the whole conduct of the British ministry towards this country. They suspended, to our great detriment, the law of nations which allowed captures at sea to be taken into neutral ports for condemnation. They ignored and violated their own solemn engagement in the Treaty of Paris, requiring that a blockade, to be acknowledged and binding, should be such as actually to exclude ships from ingress or egress. They allowed their Foreign Enlistment Act to be inoperative against our enemy, permitting them not only to supply themselves with vast quantities of arms and ammunition, but even to recruit their armies from British dominions. But they had revived against us a law practically obsolete, and, in order to give it force and make it applicable, they had reversed a principle of law to be found in the codes of all free countries.

But, notwithstanding the invidiousness of foreign powers, especially against the naval efforts of the Confederacy, it was a matter of surprise how much we had accomplished upon the sea against an enemy whose navy was his particular boast. A few solitary ships, hunted by vast navies, had maintained in foreign seas a warfare that required not only the loftiest courage, but the most consummate skill, the most sleepless vigilance, and the most perfect self-reliance.

Two years had passed since Semmes commenced his cruise in the *Sumter*, since which time about one hundred and fifty Yankee vessels, valued, with their cargoes, at ten million dollars, had been captured by vessels under the Confederate flag. From the first appearance of the little schooner, *Jeff Davis*, the Confederate navy had been the terror of the entire Yankee mercantile marine.*

The effect of our privateering on Yankee commerce and tonnage was already immense. Since the commencement of the war, three hundred and eighty-five vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of more than one hundred and sixty-six thousand tons, had been transferred to foreigners at the port of New York alone, most of which were sailing under the flag of Great Britain, the most prominent commercial rival of the Yankee. At other ports the same practice had prevailed, and it would be fair to estimate the loss of Yankee tonnage under it, during the past two years, at three hundred thousand tons. This loss to the North, as a matter of course, involved a consequent increase of the tonnage and power of its rivals.

In the first six months of the year 1860 the number of vessels cleared at New York for foreign ports was seventeen hundred and ninety-five, of which eleven hundred and thirty-three were American and six hundred and sixty-two foreign—a difference of nearly one hundred per cent. in favor of American vessels; while, during the same period of the present year, there had been twenty-one hundred and ninety-seven clearances, of which fourteen hundred and fifty were foreign and only seven hundred and forty-seven American—showing an increase in the number of foreign vessels, and a difference in their favor, as compared with the first named period, of about two hundred per cent.

The Yankees had a navy which was daily increasing, and one which, in war-making power, already exceeded vastly any navy in the world. Yet it was impotent against a few Con-

* A report was made to the Yankee Congress of captures by Confederate cruisers up to the 30th of January, 1864. The list, which was not complete, foots up 193, with a tonnage of 89,704. At fifty dollars a ton, the vessels are valued at \$4,485,200; the cargoes, at one hundred dollars a ton, are estimated at \$8,970,400. Total value, \$13,455,500. Sixty-two were captured by the *Alabama*, twenty-six by the *Sumter*, and twenty-two by the *Florida*.

federate cruisers which defied its power, and burnt Yankee vessels even within sight of their commercial marts.

NAVAL AFFAIRS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

We take occasion here to make a brief summary of what had been accomplished in the naval affairs of the Confederacy since the commencement of the war. At that time, but seven steam war vessels had been built in the States now forming the Confederacy since the war of 1812, and the engines of only two of these had been contracted for in these States. All the labor or materials requisite to complete and equip a war vessel could not be commanded at any one point of the Confederacy.

To these disadvantages was to be added the notorious incompetency of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy. His contracts were injudicious; and there was traced more or less directly to his mismanagement, the destruction of the *Virginia-Merrimac*, the *Louisiana*, the *Mississippi*, the vessels in Lake Ponchartrain, bayou St. John, the *Yazoo* and *Mississippi* rivers, and elsewhere.

Yet the department, with all its drawbacks, could now exhibit results of no mean order. It had erected a powder-mill, which supplied all the powder required by our navy; two engine-boilers and machine-shops, and five ordnance workshops. It had established eighteen yards for building war vessels, and a rope-walk, making all cordage, from a rope-yarn to a nine-inch cable, and capable of turning out eight thousand per month.

Of vessels not iron-clad, the department had purchased and otherwise acquired and converted to war vessels, forty-four.

Had built and completed as war vessels, twelve.

Had partially constructed and destroyed to save from the enemy, ten.

And had now under construction, nine.

Of iron-clad vessels, it had completed and had now in commission, fourteen.

Had completed and destroyed, or lost by capture, four.

Had in progress of construction and in various stages of forwardness, twenty.

It had, also, one iron-clad floating battery, presented to the Confederate States by the ladies of Georgia ; and one iron-clad ram partially completed and turned over to the Confederacy by the State of Alabama.

* Taking into consideration the poverty of our means, and the formidable naval power and boundless resources of our enemy, at the beginning of this war, our people had no sufficient cause for shame or discouragement in the operations of our navy.

LEE'S FLANK MOVEMENT IN VIRGINIA.

We must return from the discussion of these general subjects to the military campaign of the later months of 1863, and take up the long-suspended story of Lee's army in Virginia.

Since its campaign into Pennsylvania, it had rested on the Rapidan. In October General Lee was prepared to put into execution a campaign which promised the most brilliant results, as its ultimate object appears to have been to get between Meade and Washington.

With the design of bringing on an engagement with the Yankee army, which was encamped around Culpepper Court-house, and extending thence to the Rapidan, Lee's army crossed that river on the 9th instant, and advanced by way of Madison Court-house. Our progress was necessarily slow, as the march was by circuitous and concealed roads, in order to avoid the observation of the enemy.

General Fitz Lee, with his cavalry division and a detachment of infantry, remained to hold our lines south of the Rapidan ; General Stuart, with Hampton's division, moved on the right of the column. With a portion of his command he attacked the advance of the enemy near James City, on the 10th, and drove them back towards Culpepper. Our main body arrived near that place on the 11th instant, and discovered that the enemy had retreated towards the Rappahannock, removing or destroying his stores. We were compelled to halt during the rest of the day to provision the troops, but the cavalry, under

General Stuart, continued to press the enemy's rear guard towards the Rappahannock. A large force of Federal cavalry, in the mean time, had crossed the Rapidan, after our movement begun, but was repulsed by General Fitz Lee, and pursued towards Brandy Station.

Near that place the commands of Stuart and Lee united, on the afternoon of the 11th, and, after a severe engagement, drove the enemy's cavalry across the Rappahannock, with heavy loss.

On the morning of the 12th, the army marched in two columns, with the design of reaching the Orange and Alexandria railroad, north of the river, and interrupting the retreat of the enemy.

After a skirmish with some of the Federal cavalry at Jeffersonton, we reached the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, in the afternoon, where the passage of the river was disputed by cavalry and artillery. The enemy was quickly driven off by a detachment of our cavalry, aided by a small force of infantry and a battery. Early next morning, 13th, the march was resumed, and the two columns united at Warrenton in the afternoon, when another halt was made to supply the troops with provisions. The enemy fell back rapidly along the line of the railroad, and early on the 14th the pursuit was continued, a portion of the army moving by way of New Baltimore towards Bristoe Station, and the rest, accompanied by the main body of the cavalry, proceeded to the same point by Auburn Mills and Greenwich. Near the former place a skirmish took place between General Ewell's advance and the rear guard of the enemy, which was forced back and rapidly pursued.

The retreat of the enemy was conducted by several direct parallel roads, while our troops were compelled to march by difficult and circuitous routes. We were consequently unable to intercept him. General Hill arrived first at Bristoe Station, where his advance, consisting of two brigades, became engaged with a force largely superior in numbers, posted behind the railroad embankment.

The action of Bristoe Station was a disastrous affair for the Confederates. Hill's brigades were repulsed with considerable loss in killed and wounded, and the loss of five pieces of

artillery. The Yankees reported their loss at fifty-one killed and three hundred twenty-nine wounded, and claimed to have captured four hundred and fifty prisoners.

The repulse at Bristoe proved the end of General Lee's plans, so far as they embraced the view of getting on Meade's communications, or reaching Centreville before him. Before the rest of the troops could be brought up to Hill's assistance and the position of the enemy ascertained, Meade retreated across Broad Run. The next morning he was reported to be fortifying beyond Bull Run, extending his line towards the Little River Turnpike.

The vicinity of the entrenchments around Washington and Alexandria rendered it useless to turn his new position, as it was apparent that he could readily retire to them, and would decline an engagement unless attacked in his fortifications. A further advance was therefore deemed unnecessary, and after destroying the railroad from Cub Run southwardly to the Rappahannock, the army returned on the 18th to the line of that river, leaving the cavalry in the enemy's front.

The fall campaign in Virginia must be confessed a failure. It was an attempt by Lee to flank Meade and get between him and Washington. Unfortunately the enemy appears to have become cognizant of the plan at the moment of its execution, and to have retreated with sufficient deliberation to destroy all their stores that they did not carry off to the fortifications of Centreville. It was impossible to follow them, for the country was a desert in which our army could not live, while the enemy would be at the door of the magazines in Washington.

But while General Lee's flank movement had thus terminated in disappointment, a contemporary and accompanying operation in the Valley district had been most fortunate. When the movement of the army from the Rapidan commenced, General Imboden was instructed to advance down the Valley and guard the gaps of the mountains on General Lee's left. This duty was well performed by that officer, and on the 18th October he marched upon Charlestown, and succeeded by a well-concerted plan in surrounding the place. Imboden found the enemy occupying the court-house, jail, and some contiguous buildings, in the heart of the town, all loop-holed for musketry, and the court-house yard enclosed by a heavy wall

of oak timber. To his demand for a surrender, Colonel Simpson, the Yankee commander, requested an hour for consideration. Imboden offered him five minutes, to which he replied, "Take me, if you can." Imboden immediately opened on the building with artillery at less than two hundred yards, and with half a dozen shells drove out the enemy into the streets, where he formed and fled towards Harper's Ferry. At the edge of the town he was met by the Eighteenth cavalry and Gilmore's battalions.

One volley was exchanged, when the enemy threw down his arms and surrendered unconditionally. The Colonel, Lieutenant-colonel, and five others who were mounted, fled at the first fire, and ran the gauntlet, and escaped towards Harper's Ferry. The force captured was the Ninth Maryland regiment and three companies of cavalry, numbering between four and five hundred, men and officers.

As was expected, the Harper's Ferry forces, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, appeared at Charlestown in a few hours after Imboden had fired the first gun. The brave Confederate retired, fighting back this largely superior force, bringing off his prisoners and captured property, and inflicting considerable damage upon the pursuing column.

In the course of these operations in Virginia, in the month of October, two thousand four hundred and thirty-six prisoners were captured, including forty-one commissioned officers; of the above number, four hundred and thirty-four were taken by General Imboden.

OPERATIONS AT RAPPAHANNOCK BRIDGE.

After the return of General Lee's army to the Rappahannock, it was disposed on both sides of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, General Ewell's corps on the right and General Hill's on the left, with the cavalry on each flank. To hold the line of the Rappahannock at this part of its course, it was deemed advantageous to maintain our communication with the north bank, to threaten any flank movement the enemy might make above or below, and thus compel him to divide his forces, when it was hoped that an opportunity would be pre-

sented to concentrate on one or the other part. For this purpose a point was selected a short distance above the site of the railroad bridge, where the hills on each side of the river afforded protection to our pontoon bridge and increased the means of defence. The hill on the north side was converted into a *tete-de-pont*, and a line of rifle trenches extended along the crest on the right and left, to the river bank. The works on the south side were remodelled, and sunken batteries for additional guns constructed on an adjacent hill to the left. Higher up, on the same side and east of the railroad, near the river bank, sunken batteries for two guns, and rifle-pits, were arranged to command the railroad embankment, under cover of which the enemy might advance.

Four pieces of artillery were placed in the *tete-de-pont*, and eight others in the works opposite.

The defence of this position was intrusted to Lieutenant-general Ewell's corps, and the troops of Johnson's and Early's divisions guarded them alternately, Rodes' division being stationed near Kelley's ford.

The enemy began to rebuild the railroad as soon as we withdrew from Bristoe's Station, his army advancing as the work progressed. His movements were regularly reported by our scouts, and it was known that he had advanced from Warrenton Junction a few days before the attack.

His approach towards the Rappahannock was announced on the 6th of November, and about noon next day his infantry was discovered advancing to the bridge, while a large force moved in the direction of Kelley's ford, where the first attack was made.

General Rodes had the Second and Thirtieth North Carolina regiments, of Ramsenr's brigade, on outpost duty at the river. As soon as he perceived that the enemy was in force, he ordered his division to take position in rear of the ford. While it was getting into line, the enemy's artillery opened upon the Second North Carolina, and soon drove it to shelter. The Thirtieth North Carolina was advanced to the assistance of the Second, but in moving across the open ground, was broken by the concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery, and took refuge behind some buildings, at the river. The enemy, being unopposed, except by the party in the rifle-pits, crossed at the rapids,

above the ford, and captured the troops defending it, together with a large number of the Thirtieth North Carolina, who refused to leave the shelter of the houses.

It was not intended by General Lee to attack the enemy until he should have advanced from the river, where it was hoped, that by holding in check the force at the bridge, we would be able to concentrate upon the other. With this view, General Johnson's division was ordered to reinforce General Rodes.

In the mean time a large force was displayed in our front, at the bridge, upon receiving information of which, General A. P. Hill was ordered to get his corps in readiness, and Anderson's division was advanced to the river, on the left of the railroad. The artillery was also ordered to move to the front. General Early put his division in motion towards the bridge, and hastened thither in person. The enemy's skirmishers advanced in strong force, with heavy supports, and ours were slowly withdrawn into the trenches.

Hoke's brigade, of Early's division, under Colonel Godwin (General Hoke being absent with one regiment on detached service), reinforced General Hayes, whose brigade occupied the north bank. No other troops were sent over, the two brigades mentioned being considered sufficient to man the works, and though inferior to the enemy in numbers, the nature of the position was such, that he could not attack with a front more extended than our own.

It was not known whether the demonstration of the enemy was intended as a serious attack, or only to cover the movement of the force that had crossed at Kelley's ford, but the lateness of the hour and the increasing darkness induced the belief that nothing would be attempted until morning. It was believed that our troops on the north side would be able to maintain their position if attacked, and that, in any case, they could withdraw under cover of the guns on the north, the location of the pontoon bridge being beyond the reach of a direct fire from any position occupied by the enemy.

As soon, however, as it became dark enough to conceal his movements, the enemy advanced in overwhelming numbers against our rifle-trenches. It was a simultaneous advance, under cover of the darkness, of the entire force of the enemy. The first line of the enemy was broken and shattered by our

fire, but the second and third lines continued to advance at a double-quick, arms at a trail, and a column formed by companies, moving down the railroad, was hurled upon our right, which, after a severe struggle, was forced back, leaving the battery in the hands of the enemy. General Hayes ordered a charge of the Ninth Louisiana regiment, for the purpose of retaking the guns; but his centre having been broken, and the two forces opposed to his right and centre having joined, rendered the execution of his purpose impracticable. Forming a new line after this junction, facing up the river, the enemy advanced, moving behind our works, towards our left, while a line which he had formed in a ravine, above our extreme left, moved down the stream, thus enclosing Hoke's brigade, and the Seventh and Fifth Louisiana regiments, in a manner that rendered escape impossible. Nothing remained but surrender. Many of our men effected their escape in the confusion—some by swimming the river, and others by making their way to the bridge, amidst the enemy, and passing over under a shower of balls. General Hayes owed his escape to the fact, that after he was completely surrounded, and was a prisoner, his horse took fright and ran off, and as the enemy commenced firing on him, he concluded to make the effort to escape across the bridge, and was successful.

Unfortunately no information of this attack was received on the south side of the river until too late for the artillery, there stationed, to aid in repelling it. Indeed, the darkness of the night, and the fear of injuring our own men who had surrendered, prevented General Early from using artillery.

Colonel Godwin's efforts to extricate his command, were made with a gallant desperation, that has adorned with glory this disaster. He continued to struggle, forming successive lines as he was pushed back, and did not for a moment dream of surrendering; but, on the contrary, when his men had dwindled to sixty or seventy, the rest having been captured, killed, wounded, or lost in the darkness, and he was completely surrounded by the enemy, who were, in fact, mixed up with his men, some one cried out that Colonel Godwin's order was for them to surrender. He immediately called for the man who made the declaration, and threatened to blow his brains out if he could find him, declaring his purpose to fight to the

last moment, and calling upon his men to stand by him. He was literally overpowered, by mere force of numbers, and was taken with his arms in his hands.

Of this unfortunate surprise, which cost us the greater portion of two brigades, there is to be found some excuse in the circumstances that the enemy was aided by a valley in our front in concealing his advance from view, and that a very high wind effectually prevented his movements from being heard. General Lee declared, with characteristic generosity, that "the courage and good conduct of the troops engaged had been too often tried to admit of question." Our loss in prisoners was very considerable. General Rodes reported three hundred of his men missing. General Early's loss in prisoners was sixteen hundred and twenty-nine.

The loss of the position at Rappahannock Bridge made it necessary for General Lee to abandon the design of attacking the force that had crossed at Kelley's ford; and his army was withdrawn to the only tenable line between Culpeper Court-house and the Rappahannock, where it remained during the succeeding day. The position not being regarded as favorable, it returned the night following to the south side of the Rapidan.

THE AFFAIR OF GERMANIA FORD.

We shall complete here the record of General Lee's army for 1863 with a brief account of another affair which occurred at Germania ford, on the Rapidan, on the 27th of November.

This affair appears to have been an attempt by Meade of a flank movement on General Lee's position, his immediate object being to get in the rear of Major-general Johnson's division. This division was composed of the Stonewall brigade, under Brigadier-general J. A. Walker, and Stuart's, J. M. Jones's, and Stafford's brigades, with four pieces of Anderson's artillery. These were the only troops engaged in the affair on our side. Opposed to them were Major-general French's corps (the Third), and one division of the Fifth corps. The enemy were in position, and opened the attack before our forces knew of their presence. Their object was to make a sudden attack from their concealed position upon our flank, disperse the

troops and capture our wagon train. They not only failed of their object, but were driven from the field with considerable slaughter. Our loss in killed and wounded was about four hundred and fifty; that of the enemy was certainly double.

If Meade had designed a general battle—and the fact that, before this movement, his army had supplied itself with eight days' rations argues such design—this repulse and the heavy rains appear to have damped his ardor; and the “on-to-Richmond” was reserved for another year.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chattanooga Lines.—Grant's Command.—The Military Division of the Mississippi.—Scarcity of Supplies in Chattanooga.—Wheeler's Raid.—Grant's Plans.—He Opens the Communications of Chattanooga.—THE AFFAIR OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.—Relief of Chattanooga.—THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—Bragg's Unfortunate Detachment of Longstreet's Force.—His Evacuation of Lookout Mountain.—The Attack on Missionary Ridge.—Hardee's Gallant Resistance.—Rout and Panic of the Confederates.—President Davis's First Reproof of the Confederate Troops.—Bragg's Retreat to Dalton.—Cleburne's Gallant Affair.—LONGSTREET'S EXPEDITION AGAINST KNOXVILLE.—More of Bragg's Mismanagement.—Insufficiency of Longstreet's Force.—Difficulty in Obtaining Supplies.—His Investment of Knoxville.—An Incident of Personal Gallantry.—Daring of an English Volunteer.—Longstreet's Plans Disconcerted.—The Assault on Fort Sanders.—Devotion of Longstreet's Veterans.—The Yankee "Wire-net."—The Fatal Ditch.—Longstreet's Masterly Retreat.—His Position in Northeastern Tennessee.—He Winters his Army there.—THE AFFAIR OF SABINE PASS, TEXAS.—THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.—Franklin's Expedition Defeated.—The Upper Portions of the Trans-Mississippi.—The Missouri "Guerillas."—Quantrell.—Romantic Incidents.—THE VIRGINIA-TENNESSEE FRONTIER.—Operations of General Sam Jones.—An Engagement near Warm Springs.—The Affair of Rogersville.—BATTLE OF DROOP MOUNTAIN.—The Enemy Baffled.—Averill's Great December Raid.—The Pursuit.—THE NORTH CAROLINA SWAMPS.—The Negro Banditti in the Swamps.—Wild, Butler's "Jackal."—His Murder of Daniel Bright.—Confederate Women in Irons.—Cowardice and Ferocity of the Yankees.

WE left Rosecrans in Chattanooga and General Bragg hopefully essaying the investment of that place. The defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga had, despite all his attempts to qualify it, cost him his command, and added him to the long list of the victims of popular disappointment.*

* In an official statement on the Tennessee campaign, the Yankee commander-in-chief, General Halleck, attributed the defeat of Chickamauga to a disobedience of his orders. He stated that Burnside was ordered to connect his right with Rosecrans' left, and, if possible, to occupy Dalton and the passes into Georgia and North Carolina, so that the two armies might act as one body, and support each other. Rosecrans was not to advance into Georgia or Alabama at that time, but to fortify his position and connect with Burnside. If his weak point—his right and the communications with Nashville—were threatened, he was to hand over Chattanooga to Burnside, and swing round to cover that flank. At the same time forces were ordered up from Memphis and other quarters to guard that side, as well as his long line of communications. General Burnside, as alleged by Halleck, entirely disobeyed or neglected his orders, and did not connect with the Army of the Cumberland, leaving a great gap be-

On the 18th of October General Ulysses S. Grant assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, comprising the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. He was invested with plenary powers, and a military autocracy that extended from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. Thomas was placed in command of the Cumberland, and Burnside commanded at Knoxville.

Grant proceeded directly to Chattanooga. He had telegraphed Thomas to hold the place to the last extremity, and the latter had replied, somewhat ominously, that he should do so until his army "starved." The fact was, the Yankee forces at Chattanooga were practically invested, the Confederate lines extending from the Tennessee river above Chattanooga to the river at and below the point at Lookout Mountain, below Chattanooga, with the south bank of the river picketed to near Bridgeport, our main force being fortified in Chattanooga Valley, at the foot of and on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and a brigade in Lookout Valley. The enemy's artillery horses and mules had become reduced by starvation. It was estimated that ten thousand animals perished in supplying half-rations to the Yankee troops by the long and tedious route from Stevenson and Bridgeport to Chattanooga over Waldron's Ridge.

While Bragg thus held the Yankees in Chattanooga at the point of starvation, his cavalry had not been idle in their rear. General Wheeler had crossed the river in the face of a division of the enemy at Cotton Port Ford, and proceeded in the direction of McMinneville, when after a sharp fight he captured a large train and seven hundred prisoners. The train was loaded with ammunition and other stores, and supposed to consist of seven hundred wagons, all which were burned. He then attacked McMinneville, capturing five hundred and thirty prisoners, and another large train, destroyed several bridges, an engine and a train of cars. He then moved to Shelbyville, where he captured a large amount of stores and burned them. The amount of property destroyed by him was almost without precedent in the annals of raiding.

tween the two armies. It was claimed by General Halleck that had the instructions of the department been strictly followed, the disaster of Chickamauga would not have occurred.

On arriving at Chattanooga, General Grant seems to have at once appreciated the situation. It was decided that Hooker's command at Bridgeport should be concentrated; the plan agreed upon being for it to cross to the south side of the river, and to move on the wagon road, by the way of Whitesides, to Wauhatchie in Lookout Valley. On the 28th of October Hooker emerged into Lookout Valley at Wauhatchie, with the Eleventh army corps under Major-general Howard, and Geary's division of the Twelfth army corps.

In the mean time Grant had planned an expedition to seize the range of hills at the mouth of Lookout Valley, which easily succeeded. Hooker proceeded to take up positions for the defence of the road from Whitesides, over which he had marched, and also the road leading from Brown's Ferry to Kelly's Ferry; and Major-general Palmer, who had moved up to Whitesides, also took position to hold the road passed over by Hooker. By these movements Grant calculated to secure two good lines for supplies from the terminus of the railroad at Bridgeport; that at Whitesides and Wauhatchie, and that by Kelly's Ferry and Brown's Ferry.

THE AFFAIR OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.

The Confederates were not idle observers of these movements. On the night of the 29th October, a night attack was made by a portion of Longstreet's forces, with the hope of opening the way to the possession of the lines which had been lost to us by surprise, and with the immediate object of capturing Hooker's wagon-train. The expedition unexpectedly found itself fighting a whole Yankee corps, the Twelfth, under command of Slocum. Our force consisted of but six regiments. By the vigor of our attack the enemy's lines were broken. At one time the Yankees had fallen back in front, and on the right and left flanks, until wagon-trains and prisoners were captured in the rear. But the pressure of the Yankee columns from Brown's Ferry, where it was known there were at least two corps, threatened the integrity of our position. It had become critical in the extreme; and an order was given to retire. In this action Jenkins's brigade suffered

severely ; its loss in killed and wounded was said to be three hundred and sixty-one.

Grant's possession of the lines of communication south of the Tennessee river was no longer disputed. By the use of two steamboats he was enabled to obtain supplies with but eight miles of wagoning. His relief of Chattanooga was to be taken as an accomplished fact.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

President Davis had visited General Bragg's lines, and on his return therefrom made, in public, certain mysterious allusions to a campaign that was to retrieve our fortunes in the West. The country was shortly afterwards surprised to learn that Bragg had detached Longstreet from his front, and moved him in the direction of Knoxville, to attack Burnside.

Of this event, so untoward for the Confederates, Grant says, in his official report : " Ascertaining from scouts and deserters that Bragg was despatching Longstreet from the front, and moving him in the direction of Knoxville, Tennessee, evidently to attack Burnside, and feeling strongly the necessity for some move that would compel him to retain all his forces and recall those he had detached, directions were given for a movement against Missionary Ridge, with a view to carrying it and threatening the enemy's communication with Longstreet, of which I informed Burnside by telegraph on the 7th November."

Lookout Mountain was evacuated by the Confederates, on the 24th of November, being no longer important to us after the loss of Lookout or Wills' Valley, and no longer tenable against such an overwhelming force as General Grant had concentrated around Chattanooga. General Bragg abandoned also the whole of Chattanooga Valley, and the trenches and breastworks running along the foot of Missionary Ridge and across the valley to the base of Lookout, and moved his troops up to the top of the ridge. It was found necessary to extend his right well up towards the Chickamauga, near its mouth, in consequence of the heavy forces which the enemy had thrown up the river in that direction. The ridge varies in height from

four to six hundred feet, and is crossed by several roads leading out from Chattanooga. The western side next to the enemy was steep and rugged, and in some places almost bare, the timber having been cut away for firewood. Our pickets occupied the breastworks below, while the infantry and artillery were distributed along the crest of the ridge from McFarlan's Gap almost to the mouth of the Chickamauga, a distance of six miles or more. In addition to the natural strength of the position we had thrown up breastworks along the ridge wherever the ascent was easy.

Determined to make his attack upon Bragg's reduced numbers as formidable as possible, Grant waited for Sherman to come up: Sherman, strengthened by a division from Thomas's command, to cross the Tennessee river below the mouth of Chickamauga, to form a junction with Thomas, and advance towards the northern end of Missionary Ridge. On the night of the 23d November, Sherman, with four divisions, commenced crossing the river. By daylight of the 24th, eight thousand Yankees were on the south side of the Tennessee, and fortified in rifle-trenches. By noon the remainder of Sherman's force was over, and before night the whole of the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge was in his possession. In the mean time, Hooker scaled the western slope of Lookout Mountain. On the night of the 24th, the Yankee forces maintained an unbroken line, with open communications, from the north end of Lookout Mountain, through Cheat Valley, to the north end of Missionary Ridge.

On the 25th of November, the enemy prepared for his grand assault. The Yankee army was marshalled under Grant, Thomas, Hooker, and Sherman, and did not number less than eighty-five thousand veteran troops. The Confederate army, under Bragg, Hardee and Breckinridge, did not number half so many. Longstreet's Virginia divisions and other troops had been sent to East Tennessee. Had these been present, with their steady leader at the head of them, we might have won a victory. As it was, we ought to have won the day; especially considering the advantages of our position, by which the ranks of the enemy were exposed to an artillery fire while in the plain, and to the infantry fire when they attempted the ascent of the hill or mountain.

Grant deployed his immense masses in two heavy lines of battle, and sometimes in three, supported by large reserve forces. The spectacle was magnificent as viewed from the crest of Missionary Ridge. He advanced first against our right wing, about ten o'clock, where he encountered Hardee, who commanded on the right, while Breckinridge commanded on the left. Hardee's command embraced Cleburne's, Walker's (commanded by General Gist, General Walker being absent), Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions. Breckinridge's embraced his old division, commanded by Brigadier-general Lewis, Stewart's, part of Buckner's, and Hindman's commanded by Patton Anderson. The enemy's first assault upon Hardee was repulsed with great slaughter, as was his second, though made with double lines, supported with heavy reserves.

The attack on the left wing was not made until about noon. Here, as on the right, the enemy was repulsed; but he was obstinate, and fought with great ardor and confidence, returning to the charge again and again in the handsomest style, until one of our brigades in the centre gave way, and the Yankee flag was planted on Missionary Ridge. The enemy was not slow in availing himself of the great advantages of his new position. In a few minutes he turned upon our flanks and poured into them a terrible enfilading fire, which soon threw the Confederates on his right and left into confusion. Under this confusion, the gap in our lines grew wider and wider, and the wider it grew the faster the multitudinous foe rushed into the yawning chasm. A disgraceful panic ensued. The whole left wing of the Confederates became involved, gave way, and scattered in unmitigated rout. The day was lost, and shamefully lost. Hardee still maintained his ground; but no success of the right wing could restore the left to its original position. With cheers answering cheers the Yankees swarmed upwards. Color after color was planted on the summit, while muskets and cannon poured their deadly thunder upon the flying Confederates. Grant was surprised at the ease with which he had won a victory such as he had never before obtained, and attributed it to the dismay of the Confederates at his "audacity," and the "purposeless aiming" of our artillery from the crest of the ridge.

Our casualties were shamefully small. Grant stated his

own loss as about five thousand in killed and wounded. He claimed to have taken over six thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and seven thousand stand of small arms.

The disaster of Missionary Ridge was not only a great misfortune, but a grievous disgrace. Of the unhappy event, President Davis said: "After a long and severe battle, in which great carnage was inflicted on the enemy, some of our troops inexplicably abandoned positions of great strength, and, by a disorderly retreat, compelled the commander to withdraw the forces elsewhere successful, and finally to retire with his whole army to a position some twenty or thirty miles to the rear. It is believed that if the troops who yielded to the assault had fought with the valor which they had displayed on previous occasions, and which was manifested in this battle on the other parts of the line, the enemy would have been repulsed with very great slaughter, and our country would have escaped the misfortune, and the army the mortification of the first defeat that has resulted from misconduct by the troops."

On the night of the 25th of November, Bragg was in full retreat; and all of his strong positions on Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga Valley and Missionary Ridge were in the hands of the enemy. His army was put in motion on the road to Ringgold, and thence to Dalton.

The disgrace of this retreat was somewhat relieved by the spirit of the brave and undaunted Cleburne. He had been left to bring up the rear. The Yankee pursuing column, numbering, it is estimated, about ten thousand men of all arms, assaulted him before he reached Tunnel Hill. This column consisted of picked troops, who moved rapidly and fought gallantly; but Cleburne succeeded in restraining them whenever he encountered them. After some desultory fighting, he succeeded in ambuscading Thomas's advance at Taylor's Ridge. He managed to conceal his forces, including his artillery, until the enemy got within a few paces of his guns, when they poured grape and canister into them with the most destructive effect. The road was filled with their dead and wounded. Our infantry then sprang forward from their covert on either side of the road, and literally mowed them down by their well-directed shot. The enemy fled in confusion, leaving two hundred and fifty prisoners and three flags (the latter taken by the artillery).

rists) in our hands, and from one thousand to fifteen hundred killed and wounded in the road. Grant desisted from pursuit, convinced by Cleburne's lesson, that the Confederates were not demoralized, and impressed with the necessity of despatching reinforcements to aid Burnside, at Knoxville.

LONGSTREET'S EXPEDITION AGAINST KNOXVILLE.

We must turn, to follow the fortunes of Longstreet's ill-advised and worse-furnished expedition against Knoxville.

It is an indisputable fact that, when Longstreet was sent from General Bragg's lines, he was furnished with no subsistence whatever; and in way of transportation, was provided only with some refuse teams by Bragg's quartermaster. Despite these difficulties, he succeeded in subsisting his army, and in capturing an aggregate amount of stores from the enemy, which alone was a valuable result of the campaign. At Lenoir Station he captured a train of eighty-five wagons, many of them loaded with valuable medical stores. At Bean Station he captured thirty wagons, a quantity of forage, and some horses. In the Clinch Valley he captured forty other wagons—a particularly rich spoil, as they were mostly laden with sugar and coffee.

He had been disappointed in the force which was placed at his command. When he started on his expedition, Stevenson's division was then at Loudon, some thirty miles from Knoxville. Stevenson was hastily recalled to Chattanooga by Bragg, who was suddenly awakened to the danger of an attack on his front; and the first train which carried Longstreet's troops through to Loudon, returned with those of Stevenson. It appears that Longstreet's movement was thus uncovered, and that he was left with only eleven thousand infantry to conduct the campaign, arduous in all respects, against an enemy twice his numbers.

On the 18th of November, Longstreet drove the enemy from his advance lines, in front of Knoxville, close under his works. This sortie was the occasion of one of those dashing feats of individual gallantry which demands a passing notice. A breast-work was charged by our infantry. They winced under the galling fire of the enemy, and wavered, when Captain Stephen

Northrop, an Englishman, formerly Captain of Her Britannic Majesty's 22d foot, who had joined our ranks, and was on duty in Alexander's artillery battalion, stationed several hundred yards from the scene of conflict, mounted his horse, and dashing across the plain—the only horseman in the melee—rode in advance of the wavering line, up to the very works of the enemy; a hundred rifles were lowered upon him, but he moved on, and rallied the wavering line; the work was carried, and Northrop borne away, with a minie ball through his shoulder, his sword-scabbard broken by another, and the point of his sword cut off by yet another. His escape was miraculous.

Longstreet's investment of Knoxville was nearly complete. The enemy could only procure supplies from one side of the river, and the Yankees were already restricted in their rations.

But in the mean time news had come of Bragg's disaster, and nothing remained for Longstreet but to trust to the vigor of a decisive assault. It is not improbable that a few days more might have starved the Yankees into a surrender; but we could not wait for the event. The enemy's cavalry were already on the line of the railroad between Knoxville and Chickamauga. Communication with General Bragg had been severed, and Loudon was threatened.

Knoxville was well fortified. College Hill was fortified with a heavy fort, carrying a siege-piece of artillery. Another fort was thrown up on the hills, near the Summit House. The hill on the right of the street leading from the public square to the depot, had a strong fort. Near the Humphrey's was another. The hill known as Temperance Hill, had two heavy forts. Another rise had two batteries. The heights south of Knoxville were also fortified, and connected with these immense fortifications was one continuous line of rifle-pits and breastworks, from the extreme east of Knoxville, on the river, to the west, on the river. The point of attack was a strong work on the north-west angle of the enemy's line (the salient angle north-west the immediate point to be assailed). The fort was on a hill of considerable eminence, near the Kingston road, known as Fort Sanders.

The force which was to attempt an enterprise which ranks with the most famous charges in military history, should be mentioned in detail. It consisted of three brigades of McLaw's

division : that of General Wolford, the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-fourth Georgia regiments, and Cobb's and Phillips's Georgia legions ; that of General Humphrey, the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Mississippi regiments, and a brigade composed of General Anderson's and Bryant's brigades, embracing, among others, the Palmetto State Guard, the Fifteenth South Carolina regiment, and the Fifty-first, Fifty-third and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments.

The signal gun broke the silence of the early dawn of the 29th of November. The assaulting column of the Confederates moved up to the attack over the slope, in front of the fort, in a direction oblique to the London road. A heavy artillery-fire was opened upon them at the first advance. Despite the storm of canister which howled around them, on came the devoted men, with brigade front, slowly pouring over the railroad cut, and anon quickening in motion as the ground presented less obstruction, until at last, emerging from the nearest timber, they broke into the charge.

Across the open space which intervened between the timber and the fort, and which was crossed with logs and the stumps of felled trees, the Confederates came at impetuous speed. But the enemy had prepared for them a device quite worthy of Yankee ingenuity. Among the stumps which covered the slope, the Yankees had woven a *network of wire*. Lines of telegraph wire had been stretched through the low brush, and coiled from stump to stump, out of ordinary view. The foremost of the assaulting column stumbled, one falling over another, and were thrown into some confusion, until the cause of the obstruction was discovered. The enemy took advantage of the momentary halt and confusion to pour a devouring fire upon the broken lines. The embrasures of the fort, and the whole line of the parapet blazed at once with discharges. But still the gallant Confederates pressed on, their battle-flags of red, with cross of blue, floating triumphantly above their heads. Rallying over the temporary obstruction, leaping the stumps and logs, and pushing through the brush, they were soon within pistol shot of the fort. The enemy reserved his fire. He had treble-shotted some of his guns, and others were loaded with terrible canister.

Suddenly all the enemy's guns launched forth their missiles of death. Our lines were shattered; but with a terrible courage, some of the Confederates sprang into the ditch, clambered up the glacis, and almost side by side with the Yankee flag planted their own. But the rear of the assaulting column had given way. Others remained with their officers, who valiantly kept the lead to the very fort itself, and in the attempt to scale the glacis. There was a spatter of blood and brains as each head appeared above the parapet. A Confederate captain, with an oath, demanded the surrender of the garrison, as he pushed his body through one of the embrasures, and faced the very muzzle of the cannon. The answer to him was the discharge of the piece, when, rent from limb to limb, his mangled corpse, or what was left of it, was hurled outward into the air. His comrades, yet essaying to get within the work, were now subjected to the fire of hand-grenades, extemporized by cutting short the fuses, and the shells being then tossed over the edge of the parapet. Baffled at every point, and unsupported by the rest of the charging column, these brave men surrendered, and were hauled within the fort; but not until the trench was filled with the dead and dying.

In this terrible ditch the dead were piled eight or ten feet deep. In comparatively an instant of time, we lost seven hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Colonel McElroy of the Thirteenth Mississippi and Colonel Thomas of the Sixteenth Georgia, had both fallen mortally wounded in the ditch. The Yankees lost in the action not more than twenty men killed and wounded.

Never—excepting Gettysburg—was there in the history of the war a disaster adorned with the glory of such devoted courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville. It left him, considering the consequences of Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge, with no other alternative than to raise the siege and occupy a new line of operations. A retreat to Bragg's line was not contemplated, and he decided to transfer his base to a point where he could threaten Knoxville from the opposite side of the town, and establish communications with Bristol, Lynchburg, and Richmond. These intentions, it is said, were known to President Davis in advance, who, it is further said, advised with General Longstreet on the subject, and left

to his discretion the plan of campaign to be pursued in the future.

It was in the exercise of an independant judgment, that Longstreet made his retreat to Russellville. It was one of the most fortunate retreats of the war. It was made without the slightest loss. It evaded a large column of the enemy at Loudon. Its immediate object was Rogersville, where Longstreet expected to get supplies and milling for his army. Our forces, however, being pressed by the enemy, who followed them to Bean Station, on the Cumberland Gap road, turned upon the Yankees, inflicted upon them a severe defeat, and drove them twelve lines before Russellville.

By an admirable movement, Longstreet selected a position in Northeastern Tennessee, where he could hold communication with his superiors in Richmond, and intrenching himself against all possibility of surprise, he proceeded to carry out what remained of his military plans. The Army of the Ohio was weak, and he knew it. It was strong enough to hold Knoxville, as he had learned by sad experience. The reinforcements which were sent from Chattanooga, were withdrawn. He, therefore, organized his forces for conquest, not necessarily of territory, but of material for the subsistence of his troops. In this way he managed to overrun the entire section of the State east of a line drawn from Cumberland Gap to Cleveland; to gather within his lines all that was valuable in supplies of food; and to make his army quite self-subsisting in a tract of country where it was thought it was impossible for him to remain without external aid.

While events of dominant importance were taking place on the lines of Generals Lee and Bragg, there were distant and minor theatres of the contest, which, at various times in the fall of 1863, exhibited some remarkable episodes in the war. We shall make a rapid *résumé* of these minor events, taking the reader's attention from the Gulf Coast to the distant regions of the Trans-Mississippi, and thence to the frontiers of some of the eastern States of the Confederacy.

THE AFFAIR AT SABINE PASS, TEXAS.—THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

An engagement with the Yankee navy had occurred at Sa-

bine Pass, the dividing line between Louisiana and Texas, on the 8th of September. A brilliant victory was won by the little Confederate garrison of Sabine Pass against the fleet of the enemy. Attacked by five gunboats, the fort, mounting but three guns of small calibre, and manned by the Davis Guards, Lieutenant R. M. Dowling, assisted by Lieutenant Smith, of the engineers, supported by about two hundred men, the whole under command of Captain F. A. Odum, steadily resisted their fire, and at last forced the surrender of the two gunboats Clifton and Sachem, badly crippling another, which with the others escaped over the bar. The result of this gallant achievement was the capture of two fine gunboats, fifteen heavy guns, over two hundred prisoners (among them the commodore of the fleet), and over fifty of the enemy killed and wounded, while not a man was lost on our side, or a gun injured.

This demonstration of the Yankees, under command of General Franklin, was part of an expedition from General Banks' lines against Texas. A column under Washburne had moved by railroad to Brashear and Bayou Boeuf; and another Yankee column had been taken by steamboats to the mouth of Red River to go to Simmsport. But Franklin's disaster at Sabine Pass caused him to abandon his part of the movement; and on this account, and also, it is said, the low state of water, an expedition elaborately and ambitiously planned by Banks was wholly abandoned.

In the upper portions of the Trans-Mississippi, Confederate operations had assumed an irregular character. The States beyond the great river possessed many advantages for the maintenance of their defence. In provisions they abounded beyond any other part of the Confederacy. In the various requisites for establishing and supplying an army they were by no means destitute. Through Mexico they had been enabled to make good their deficiencies, to some extent, by importation.

Great activity seemed to pervade the Trans-Mississippi, and brilliant actions performed by small bodies of men characterized it, instead of sanguinary and resultless battles. The nature of the country and the requirements of the situations had no doubt wrought a considerable change in the character

of the warfare carried on in that region; but although no signal indications of strategic skill might be traceable, marks of dash and daring were plainly discernible.

But while Texas and Arkansas still maintained formidable military organizations, in unhappy Missouri the Confederates were well nigh driven to the wall. Quantrell, the famous partisan chief, was compelled, in the fall of 1863, to make his exodus from Missouri.

Towards the middle of September the guerillas reunited at Blackwater, and were ready in a few hours to leave their rendezvous for their march South. Cold nights and occasional frost had warned them to leave Missouri, and like poor houseless birds of passage, beaten by the pitiless storm, they sought a more genial clime, where the grass was green and Yankees less numerous. Missouri would afford no shelter of safety after winter had set in; the bare and leafless forests no hiding places, and the pure driven snow would afford to the enemy the best means of tracking the hunted and hungry guerillas whenever they should leave their holes in search of food. Outlawed by an order of General Blount, proscribed by every Yankee official, the citizens warned against furnishing food or shelter under the cruelest and severest penalties, the very earth almost denying them a resting-place, the gallant three hundred broke up their rendezvous and left for the plains of Texas.

The romantic adventures of these men in the Indian country were of thrilling interest. At one time, they came upon a party of Yankees near Fort Smith, who mistook them for comrades. The little Confederate command was drawn up in line of battle, motionless as statues, with Quantrell at their head on his war-horse, looking grimly at a brilliant cavalcade of horsemen forming beautifully about three hundred yards in front. The whisper ran through the line, "It is old Blount, and he thinks we are Yankees coming out to give him a reception!" It was true. There rode General Blount and staff, glittering in blue cloth and gold lace, and about two hundred of his body guard; just then the cavalcade moved, and the band commenced playing Yankee Doodle. Quantrell moved also; but the quick eye of Blount discovered something wrong and called a halt. But the guerillas by this time were under full gallop, and down they swept upon the brilliant cortege

like an avalanche and hurled them to the earth. The struggle was short and fierce; the shock terrific, as guerilla rode over both horse and his rider, and dashed out the brains of the latter as he passed. Again and again they turned and fired, charged and recharged, until the ground was strewn with the dead, ambulances overturned, and horses flying madly in every direction.*

THE VIRGINIA-TENNESSEE FRONTIER.

The frontier in which we include the vast body of land lying generally between General Lee's lines in Virginia and East Tennessee, was one of the most important of the minor theatres of the war.

What was known as the Department of West Virginia and East Tennessee, was under the command of Major-general Sam

* A stirring episode of this engagement is told by one who participated in it. We give it, in his words, as a characteristic incident of the romance of partisan warfare:

"Lieutenant-colonel Curtis, adjutant-general on General Blount's staff, rode a magnificent horse, richly caparisoned, and was himself dressed in the richest uniform of his rank. He was a remarkably handsome man, fair, and rosy, eyes blue as those of the fairest blonde of his own clime; pale, fair, tall, slender figure—with features as beautiful as those of a woman. He was well armed with pistol and sabre, and used them gallantly. He sees that his force is defeated, and determines to escape. But as he turns his horse's head he encounters the fierce eye of a young guerilla as handsome, as brave and as well mounted as himself, bearing right down upon him. He observes the adjutant-general endeavoring to escape; calls to him to stop and fight. He does turn to meet the guerilla now swooping down upon him like an eagle on its prey. The Yankee fires a long-range gun, but misses his aim; he draws his six-shooter and rapidly, nervously discharges the contents at his adversary, who all this time is gaining on him and dashing straight at him.

"As an eagle swoops down on his prey, gracefully and grandly ferocious, beautiful even in the act of destruction, so does Peyton Long, the young hero, gallantly bear down on the "cute" Yankee; he reserves every shot, while Curtis is wasting his; he dashes upon him—both pause for an instant as if in mutual admiration—but only for a moment. Peyton Long watches his antagonist, and sways his body to the left to escape the sabre cut of the Yankee; the next instant the inevitable six-shooter of the guerilla is pointed at the head of the splendid-looking fellow; it is the work of an instant; Peyton strikes like an eagle, and all is over! A shout of triumph rose from the throng of guerillas, who had ceased the fight to watch the encounter between this well-matched couple."

Jones, one of the most active of Confederate commanders. Of events in his department we must make a rapid summary, which, however, will admit some detail of his most interesting operations.

For many months operations had been active in this Department to cope with raids under the energetic direction of the somewhat famous Yankee commander General Averill. On the 26th of August a portion of General Jones's forces encountered the enemy about a mile and a half from Dublin, on the road leading to the Warm Springs. Every attack made by the enemy was repulsed. At night each side occupied the same position they had in the morning. The next morning the enemy made two other attacks, which were handsomely repulsed, when he abandoned his position and retreated towards Warm Springs, pursued by cavalry and artillery. The troops engaged were the first brigade of Jones's army, Colonel George S. Patton commanding. The enemy were about three thousand strong, with six pieces of artillery, under Brigadier-general Averill. Our loss was about two hundred killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was not known. We took about one hundred and fifty prisoners and a piece of artillery.

On the 6th November occurred an affair at Rogersville, East Tennessee, which was a considerable success for the Confederates. Information of a reliable character was received by General Ransom of the exact position, numbers and condition of the Yankees at Big Creek, four miles east of Rogersville. The nearest supporting force being at Greenville, he conceived the idea of cutting them off by a rapid night march of cavalry upon their front and rear. The attack was successful. Among the fruits of the expedition were eight hundred and fifty prisoners, four pieces of artillery, sixty wagons, and several hundred animals.

BATTLE OF DROOP MOUNTAIN.

On the same day (6th November) occurred an important action between another portion of General Jones's forces, and the redoubtable Averill.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th of November

Echols' brigade, consisting of a regiment and battalion of infantry, and six pieces of artillery, came up to the support of Colonel Wm. L. Jackson, commanding Confederate forces in the Northwest (who was closely pushed by General Averill), on Droop Mountain, in the county of Pocahontas, twenty-eight miles north-east of Lewisburg. The entire forces of the two commands thus united, amounted to about fifteen hundred infantry and dismounted cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery. The position of our men, naturally a very strong one, was selected with great judgment by Colonel Jackson, on the western extremity of Droop Mountain. At ten o'clock, the enemy, who had remained in the front of Colonel Jackson since daybreak, with a force amounting to seven thousand five hundred mounted infantry and cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery, commenced his advance upon us, by posting his long-range guns on an eminence to our right, and by advancing his line of skirmishers upon our right and left; and brisk skirmishing then ensued, which continued from time to time until the fight became general between our infantry and dismounted cavalry and those of the enemy.

The monstrously unequal combat was kept up for several hours. Our men fought with the utmost gallantry and determination, and stubbornly maintained their position against an enemy five times their number until they were well nigh surrounded. Human endurance could hold out no longer; the troops on the right gave away before overwhelming numbers, while the enemy were rapidly flanking those on the left. Just at this stage of proceedings, General Echols, seeing that if he remained longer his retreat would be cut off, withdrew the troops from the field and ordered a retreat in the direction of Lewisburg. Our loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred. Although the action terminated in the retreat of the Confederates, yet they had given an exhibition of spirit among the proudest in the war. Our little army had wrestled in deadly conflict with an enemy five times its strength for seven long hours; and when they did retreat, succeeded in bringing off all of our quartermaster and commissary stores, together with our trains and artillery, leaving to the enemy no trophies over which to exult, save the bodies of our gallant dead.

So far as the beneficial results of the expedition to the enemy could be estimated they amounted to nothing. They came with two large forces, amounting, in the aggregate, to nearly ten thousand men, with the expectation of capturing the command of Colonel Jackson and General Echols' brigade, and of moving then upon our interior lines of railroad. By fighting, however, so far from the interior, and by being so checked and damaged and baffled as they were, they failed in the one object and abandoned the other.

But the great raid of Averill seems to have been reserved for December. He came from New Creek, a depot on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, in the county of Hardy, along the western base of the Shenandoah mountains, through Covington to Salem, burning and destroying what he could in his path. His command consisted of four regiments of mounted infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a battery. On the 16th of December he cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Salem. Here three depots were destroyed, the contents of which were officially stated by Averill to have been 2,000 barrels of flour, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 bushels of shelled corn, 50,000 bushels of oats, 2,000 barrels of meat, several cords of leather, and 1,000 sacks of salt.

On his retreat, the adventurous Yankee had to run the gauntlet of different Confederate commands, arranged in a line extending from Staunton to Newport upon all the available roads to prevent his return. Having captured a despatch from General Jones to General Early, Averill deflected from the line of his retreat and instead of passing through Buchanan, moved towards Covington.

Colonel William L. Jackson moved his command down to Jackson's river depot, and directed the bridge to be burned as soon as it was ascertained that the enemy were advancing towards it. Jackson then took a strong position near the Jackson's river depot, at the point where the Rich Patch road connects the Covington turnpike. He then directed his mounted men, under Captain Sprague, to move on the Rich Patch road until they met the enemy's advance, and to attack them desperately, and cut the column in two, if possible. At four o'clock on Saturday evening, the 19th December, a courier from Captain Sprague announced the approach of the enemy by that road,

and that he had commenced a skirmish with Averill's advanced forces. Jackson immediately ordered an advance of the Twentieth Virginia Regiment by a blind road, so as to attack the enemy obliquely. He also ordered the Nineteenth Virginia Regiment to advance on the Covington turnpike road, and to attack the enemy directly. At that point Jackson conceived the idea of taking a detachment of about fifty men, and move forward with them for the purpose of striking the enemy vigorously, and cutting his column in two. In this he succeeded perfectly. One half of the Yankees were thus separated from the other half, which was under the immediate command of Averill, and who rapidly passed forward towards the Island Ford bridge. Persons entrusted with the burning of the Island Ford bridge failed to do so, however, owing to the rapid advance of the enemy upon that point. The advance, under Averill in person, thus managed to make their escape across the bridge.

There remained in Jackson's hand about two hundred prisoners. Averill continued his retreat to Pocahontas county. On the 22d December he wrote to the War Department at Washington: "My command has marched, climbed, slid and swam three hundred and fifty miles since the 8th instant."

THE NORTH CAROLINA SWAMPS.

We have referred in this chapter to the occult romances of warfare in the Trans-Mississippi. But there was a district much nearer the capital of the Confederacy, to which all eyes were turned to witness certain thrilling scenes, a drama of cruelty such as the world had seldom seen, even in the wars and outrages of barbarians.

We refer to the north-eastern parts of North Carolina. In Camden and Currituck counties, and in the country lying generally between Franklin on the Blackwater and the Roanoke river, a series of atrocities was committed by the enemy at which the blood runs cold. It is difficult to find words of description for the pictures of the wild and terrible consequences of the negro raids in this obscure theatre of the war. The country was traversed by negro banditti; they burned houses; they entered the parlors of their masters; they compelled ladies

to entertain them on the piano, cursed and abused them, stripped them of their jewelry and clothing, and offered them indignities which it would offend delicacy to describe.

The fiat seemed to have gone forth for stern and terrible work on the North Carolina frontier, in this dark and melancholy country of swamps, overrun with negro banditti, and now the especial theatre of the war's vengeance. The country was a rich one, comparing favorably with the Mississippi bottoms, and one of the most important sources of meat supplies which was at this time accessible to our armies. To protect this country as far as possible, forces were raised, under authority of the Government of North Carolina, for local defence and to repel invasion; they were duly organized, and their officers were commissioned by the governor, and for a year or more had been in the regular service of the State. The Yankees found it convenient to designate these forces as "guerillas," in order to justify the fiendish warfare of negro partisans and white banditti, who were invited to prey upon the population.

In December, a force of negroes, under the command of Brigadier-general Wild, who emulated the brutal disposition and ferocious cowardice of his master, "Beast" Butler, invaded the north-eastern parts of North Carolina. In the county of Pasquotank, forty miles from Norfolk, he hung Daniel Bright at his own house. He seized more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of personal property in the adjoining counties; stripped the farmers of every living thing, and brought it all away, leaving hundreds of inhabitants without a pound of meat or a peck of meal.

Daniel Bright was a member of the Sixty-second Georgia regiment, under command of Colonel J. R. Griffin, and had received authority from the Governor of North Carolina to raise a company in the county for local defence. Failing in the effort, he had retired to his farm, and was there seized, carried off and executed. He was hung on the side of the public road, and a placard fastened upon his back.

But the most brutal of all the outrages of Wild was the seizure, as "hostages" for two of his negroes who had been captured, of two most respectable married ladies, Mrs. Phoebe Munden, wife of Lieutenant W. J. Munden, and Mrs. Elizabeth

Weeks, wife of Private Pender Weeks, of Captain John T. Elliot's company. The first was arrested at her own house, in the presence only of her three children, of whom the oldest was ten years of age, conveyed a few miles to Elizabeth City, confined in a room without fire, bed or bedding, with several male prisoners, and tied by the feet and hands. A negro guard was placed in charge of the prisoners. The succeeding day, the other lady, Mrs. Weeks, was placed in the same room. They were constantly guarded, and neither was allowed to leave the room for the most necessary duty, but in company with an armed negro soldier. Mrs. Munden was in delicate health, and forced from a home immediately laid in ashes, with all it contained, without other apparel than she wore upon her person, and passed several nights in the cheerless and cold apartment to which she was confined at that inclement season, before the humanity of her captors was so far softened as to permit blankets to be furnished for her use. They were kept some days and then removed to Norfolk. When Mrs. Munden was carried off, her wrists were bleeding with the stricture of the cord with which she was bound, and it is said that a negro was allowed by Wild to hold the cord that bound her, and thus drive her into Norfolk.

Such were the scenes which illustrated the Yankee idea of prosecuting the war with "vigor," and gratified the vile and cowardly revenge of those who, in luxurious cities and comfortable homes, clamored for the blood of "rebels," and even claimed women and children as their victims.

CHAPTER VIII.

The President's Declaration to the Confederate Congress of 1863-64.—“Want of Capacity” in the Confederate Authorities.—Character of Jefferson Davis.—Official Shiftlessness at Richmond.—Early Prognostications of the War.—The “Statesmanship” of the Confederates.—Ludicrous Errors of Confederate Leaders.—What “King Cotton” might have done.—Gross Mismanagement of the Confederate Finances.—Mr. Memminger's Maladministration.—The Moral Evils of an Expanded Currency.—The Military Situation in December.—Secretary Seddon's Shameful Confession.—“Demagoguism” in the Confederate War Department.—Seddon's Propositions.—Military “Substitutes.”—An Act of Perfidy.—Bullying in Congress.—Spirit of the Confederate Soldier.—LINCOLN'S “PEACE PROCLAMATION.”—Its Stupidity, Insolence, and Outrage.—How the Confederates Replied to it.—A New Appeal Against “Reconstruction.”—THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE WAR.—A French Opinion.—The Abolitionists Unmasked.—Decay of European Sympathy with Them.—Review of Lincoln's “Emancipation” Policy.—The Arming of the Blacks.—The Negro Colonization Schemes.—Experiments of New England “Civilization” in Louisiana.—Frightful Mortality of “Freedmen.”—The Appalling Statistics of Emancipation.—The Contraband Camps in the Mississippi Valley.—Pictures of Yankee Philanthropy.—“Slavery” Tested by the War.—The Confederates the True Friends of the African Laborer.—The System of *Negro Servitude* in the Confederacy.—The “War-to-the-Knife” Party in the North.—HISTORY OF THE “RETALIATION” POLICY.—The Outrages of Yankee Warfare.—President Davis's Sentimentalism.—The Record of his Unpardonable and Unparalleled Weakness.—A Peep into Yankee Prisons.—The Torture-Houses of the North.—Captain Morgan's Experience Among “the Convict-Drivers.”—President Davis's Bluster.—His Two Faces.—Moral Effects of Submission to Yankee Outrage.—The Rival Administrations in December 1863.—Richmond and Washington.—Mr. Lincoln's Gaiety.—New Issues for the Confederacy.

At the meeting of the Confederate Congress, in December, 1863, President Davis said: “We now know that the only reliable hope for peace is in the vigor of our resistance, while the cessation of their [the enemy's] hostility is only to be expected from the pressure of their necessities.” The Confederate Administration had at last arrived at the correct comprehension of the war. But it had reached this conclusion only after a period of nearly three years of ignorance, short-sighted conceit and perversity.

The careful and candid reader of the pages of two volumes of the history of the war, by this writer, will bear him witness that at no time has he reflected upon the patriotism or the public integrity of President Davis. The accusation, which

has run through these volumes, is simply this: *want of capacity* in the administration of public affairs.

It is not possible that any historian of this war can overlook certain admirable qualities of the President of the Confederacy: his literary abilities, his spruce English, his ascetic morals, the purity of his private life, and the extraordinary facility of his manners. But he was not a statesman; he had no administrative capacities; he lacked that indispensable and practical element of success in all political administrations—knowledge of the true value of men; and he was—probably, unconsciously through his vanity—accessible to favorites. In the old government, Mr. Davis had never been accounted as a statesman, but was quite as obtuse as most of the public men of that day. He it was, of Southern politicians, who declared in a public letter, in 1858; that the “Kansas Conference bill” was “the triumph of *all* for which we contended.” He had failed to see the origin and occasion of the revolution which he assumed to conduct.

His choice of favorites in the field had been as unapt as his selection of political advisers in the Cabinet. This President, who depreciated Price as a militiaman, and held (or probably affected) a light opinion of Beauregard, was convinced that Pemberton was a genius who should be raised by a single stroke of patronage from the obscurity of a major to the position of a Lieutenant-general; recognized Heth as a young Napoleon; selected Lovell as the natural guardian of the Mississippi; declared that Holmes, who had let the enemy slip out of his fingers at Richmond, was the appointed deliverer of Missouri and Arkansas, and competent to take charge of the destinies of an empire; and prophesied with peculiar emphasis of mystery, but a few weeks before the session of Congress, in a public speech in a Southern city, that Bragg by that time would be in the heart of Tennessee, and on the pinnacles of victory!

The civil administration of Mr. Davis had fallen to a low ebb. There are certain minds which cannot see how want of capacity in our government, official shiftlessness and the mismanagement of public affairs yet consist with the undeniable facts of the successes of our arms and the great achievements of the Confederacy. But it is possible that these two conditions

may consist--that, in a revolution, the valor and determination of a people may make considerable amends for the faults of its governors. If the history of this war has proved one proposition clearly it is this: that in all its subjects of congratulation, the "statesmanship" of Richmond has little part or lot. Let those who deny the justice of this historical judgment, which refuses to attribute to the official authorities of this government such success as we have had in this war, say what they have contributed to it.

The evidences of the "statesmanship" of Richmond were not to be found in our foreign relations: these were absurdities. They were not to be found in our provisions for the war: these were make-shifts from month to month. They were not to be found in our financial calculations: these had proved the most ridiculous failures in the monetary annals of the world. We owe this melancholy confession to history, that we do not know of any real and substantial particulars in which the administration of Mr. Davis has contributed to this war. The reverse of the proposition need not be repeated here.

It is mortifying, indeed, to look back upon the currents of our history, to observe the blindness and littleness of mind, the conceit, the perversity, the short-sighted management on all which we have drifted into this present vastness of war and depths of distress. In Montgomery, at the period of the provisional inauguration of the Confederacy, any one who had the hardihood to insist upon the probability of a war, became a butt of raillery or the object of suspicion. The war once begun, the next idea in the minds of the Confederate leaders was, that it was to be despatched in a few months by mere make-shifts of armies and money, and with the scant supply of munitions already on hand. Months intervened between Lincoln's declaration of war and the actual establishment of the blockade. But no use was made of this golden opportunity, and our importations of army supplies from Europe during all these months, actually may be counted in a few thousand stand of small arms. Secretary Mallory laughed off contractors in New Orleans, who offered to sell to the government a large amount of navy supplies. Judah P. Benjamin, at the head of the War Department, wrote to a friend in the first winter of the war, that within sixty days the country would be at peace.

Later still, in the winter of 1862, President Davis, in a speech before the Legislature of Mississippi, had pronounced the solemn opinion that the war would soon come to an end. Yet we find the same eminent personage now declaring to the Congress of 1863, his belief in an indefinite prolongation of the war, and his despair of his many brilliant former prospects of peace, through instrumentalities other than that of our arms.

Able and candid journals of the North, have repeatedly confessed that they were puzzled by the extraordinary want of foresight and judgment displayed by the Confederate leaders, in their calculation at different periods of the war of the course likely to be pursued by Europe and the North. These errors might have been expected from men of little education, to whom self-interest in its lowest sense was the key to all political problems, but by no means from persons who had studied politics in books. "The notion," said the *New York Times*, "that the North, being a commercial community, devoted to the pursuit of gain, was, for that reason, sure not to fight, was rather the conclusion of a backwoodsman than of a student. The lesson of history is that commercial communities are among the most pugnacious and ambitious and most obstinate of belligerents: witness Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Holland, and England."

The utter failure of the calculations of the Confederate Administration, regarding France and England, had exhibited a hasty and passionate reasoning, of which Mr. Davis and his associates might well be ashamed. The idea is ludicrous now that at the very beginning of the American revolution, France and England, with their centuries of vast and varied experience, in peace and war, would fling themselves into a convulsion which their great politicians easily saw was the most tremendous one of modern times. Yet this idea was entertained by President Davis; and as proof of it, the Confederate commissioners were instructed to apply to Earl Russell for recognition in England after the first battle of Manassas!

At the commencement of the war, cotton was pronounced "King;" and the absurd and puerile idea was put forward by the politicians of the Davis school, that the great and illustrious power of England would submit to the ineffable humiliation of acknowledging its dependency on the infant Confed-

eracy of the South, and the subserviency of its empire, its political interests, and its pride, to a single article of trade that was grown in America! And what indeed is the sum of advantages which the Confederacy drew from the royal resources of cotton? It is true that these resources could not compel the political interests and pride of England. But, properly used, they might have accomplished much for the interests of the Confederacy. In point of fact they accomplished nothing. For one year after the war commenced, the blockade was so slight that the whole of the cotton might have been shipped to Europe, and there sold at two shillings sterling a pound, giving the government, purchasing at twenty cents, a clear profit of *six hundred millions of dollars!* We may even suppose one-fifth of this captured by the enemy, and we would still have had a balance in our favor, which would have enabled us to have drained every bank in Europe of its specie! Or if we had drawn for this sum as we needed it, our treasury notes would have been equal to gold, and confidence in our currency would have been unshaken and universal.

The Confederacy had thus the element at ready hand for the structure of one of the most successful schemes of finance in the world. But the government was too grossly ignorant to see it. The purchase of the cotton to the government was decried by Mr. Memminger, as a scheme of "soup-house legislation;" and the new government was started without a basis of credit; without a system of revenue; on the monstrous delusion that money might be manufactured at will out of paper, and that a naked "promise to pay," was all sufficient for the wants of the war!

It is to be frankly admitted that the South commenced the war with *financial* advantages which the North did not have—that is, without reference to commercial incidents of the blockade, but with respect to the sustention of its credit at home. The South had the cotton and the tobacco. It had the unbounded sympathies of its people. It had larger taxable values *per capita* than any other country in the world. It is not possible that with these advantages it could have wrecked its credit with its own people, unless through a great want of capacity in the administration of the government. It is not possible, that, with these advantages, its currency should have

declined with its own people ten times faster than that of the North with its people, unless through a gross mismanagement of public affairs. These are logical conclusions which are not to be disputed.

At the organization of the permanent government of the Confederacy, in February, 1862, President Davis had made the most extravagant congratulations to the country, on our financial condition in comparison with that of the North. In less than eighteen months thereafter, when gold was quoted in New York at twenty-five per cent. premium, it was selling in Richmond at nine hundred per cent. premium; and by the time that the Confederate Congress met, in December, 1863, gold in Richmond was worth about two thousand per cent. premium, and was publicly sold, one for twenty in Confederate notes! Such had been the results of the financial wisdom of the Confederacy. It had been dictated by the President, who advised Congress (as late as August, 1862) to authorize illimitable issues of treasury notes, without fear of their depreciation, and aggravated, no doubt, by the ignorance of his secretary, who invented the legerdemain of "funding," that had given the last stab to the currency, and who opened the doors of the treasury to brokers, blockade-runners, and the vast tribes of those who lived on the depreciation of the public credit.*

* The experiments of Mr. Memminger on the currency was the signal of multiplied and rapid depreciation. While the eccentric and pious Secretary was figuring out impossible schemes of making money, or ransacking the book-stores for works on religious controversy, unprincipled brokers in the Confederacy were undermining the currency with a zeal for the destruction of their country not less than that of the Yankees. The assertion admits of some qualification. Sweeping remarks in history are generally unjust. Among those engaged in the business of banking and exchange in the South, there were undoubtedly some enlightened and public-spirited men who had been seduced by the example or constrained by the competition of meaner and more avaricious men of the same profession, to array themselves against the currency, and to commit offences from which they would have shrunk in horror, had they not been disguised by the casuistry of commerce and gain.

It was generally thought in the South reprehensible to refuse the national currency in the payment of debts. Yet the broker, who demanded eighteen or twenty dollars in this currency for one in gold, really was guilty of so many times refusing the Confederate money. It was accounted shocking for citizens in the South to speculate in soldiers' clothing and bread. Yet the broker, who

Of all the features of maladministration in the Confederacy, which we have unwillingly traced, that of the currency was, certainly, the most marked, and, perhaps, the most vital. Nothing could be more absurd than the faith of Mr. Davis and Mr. Memminger in the virtues of paper money, and no empiricism more ignorant and destructive than that which made the mere emission of paper issues a system of revenue. In the old government, we had had many emphatic lessons on the subject of paper money. Indeed, it is a curious and interesting fact, that in sixty years of our past history, the banking

demanded twenty prices for gold, the representative of all values, speculated aliko in every necessary in the country. Nor was this the greatest of their offences. With unsurpassed shamelessness, brokers in the Confederacy exposed the currency of the North for sale, and demanded for it ten hundred per cent. premium over that of the Confederacy! This act of benefit to the Yankees was openly allowed by the government. A bill had been introduced in Congress to prohibit this traffic and to extirpate this infamous anomaly in our history; but it failed of enactment, and its failure can only be attributed to the grossest stupidity, or to sinister influences of the most dishonorable kind. The traffic was immensely profitable. State bonds and bank bills to the amount of many millions were sent North by the brokers, and the rates of discount were readily submitted to when the returns were made in Yankee paper money, which, in Richmond shops, was worth in Confederate notes ten dollars for one.

One—but only one—cause of the depreciation of the Confederate currency was illicit trade. It had done more to demoralize the Confederacy than any thing else. The inception of this trade was easily winked at by the Confederate authorities; it commenced with paltry importations across the Potomac; it was said the country wanted medicines, surgical instruments, and a number of trifles, and that trade with the Yankees in these could result in no serious harm. But by the enlarged license of the government it soon became an infamy and a curse to the Confederacy. What was a petty traffic in its commencement soon expanded into a shameless trade, which corrupted the patriotism of the country, constituted an anomaly in the history of belligerents, and reflected lasting disgrace upon the honesty and good sense of our government. The country had taken a solemn resolution to burn the cotton in advance of the enemy; but the conflagration of this staple soon came to be a rare event; instead of being committed to the flames it was spirited to Yankee markets. Nor were these operations always disguised. Some commercial houses in the Confederacy counted their gains by millions of dollars since the war, through the favor of the government in allowing them to export cotton at pleasure. The beneficiaries of this trade contributed freely to public charities, and did certain favors to the government; but their gifts were but the parings of immense gains; and often those who were named by weak and credulous people or by interested flatterers as public-spirited citizens and patriotic donors, were, in fact, the most unmitigated extortioners and the vilest leeches on the body politic.—“*The Second Year of the War*,”—pp. 304, 305.

institutions of America had been, more or less, in a state of suspension for one-third of the time.

But despite the protest of historical facts, against all systems of paper expansion, Mr. Memminger had succeeded by the time of the meeting of Congress, in putting afloat some seven hundred millions of currency; although at another time, he himself had declared that the business of the country could not conveniently absorb more than one hundred and fifty millions.* And even that estimate of absorption was ridiculously excessive. It was so for this particular reason: that in the state of war, with its commerce cut off by the blockade, with no merchant ships, with few manufactures, with few enterprises open to capital, the South afforded but little scope for the profitable employment of its currency. The difficulty was that of stagnant capital, as well as that of an expanded currency.

At least one reason for the comparative financial prosperity of the North, during the war, was its capacity of absorbing large amounts of currency in the various functions of its active commercial life: in its trade open with all the world; in its shipping whitening every sea; in its immense internal trade, borne over immense lines of railroad and navigable waters; in its manufactures, enjoying the monopoly given them by a tariff, which shut out foreign competition; in its stocks, which made fortunes by the million in Wall street.†

* Before the war the paper money of the whole country, North and South, was two hundred and twelve millions; the gold and silver, say one hundred and fifty millions—total circulation, three hundred and sixty-two millions.

† The hey-day of "Wall street" is thus described in a New York paper (August, 1863): "Stocks have advanced on an average fully three hundred per cent. For example, the Erie formerly sold for five; it is now one hundred and twenty. The Galena and other roads of the same kind, which were down to thirty and forty, are now up to one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty. The Harlem railroad, that nobody would take at six, has risen to one hundred and seventy. Formerly the average receipts of the Erie railroad were five millions; now they are eleven millions. The receipts of the New York Central formerly averaged seven millions; now they average eleven and a half millions. Formerly the Hudson River never could pay its debts; this year it is making thirty per cent. The Fort Wayne road formerly received two and a half millions annually; its receipts this year are five millions. The Central Illinois increased its receipts last week, by fifty thousand dollars, and it will earn this month four hundred thousand dollars."

But the agricultural South was inundated with a currency for which there was no outlet except in that pernicious and unproductive speculation whose sphere of trade is within itself, and whose operations can be only those of engrossing and extortion. The evils of the expanded currency of the Confederacy, were not only financial; they were also moral. The superabundance of paper money was the occasion of a wild speculation, which corrupted the patriotism of the country; introduced extravagance and licentiousness into private life; bestowed fortune upon the most undeserving; and above all, bred the most grave and dangerous discontents in the army. As long as there was a spirit of mutual sacrifice and mutual accommodation in the war, our soldiers were content and cheerful. But when they had to compare their condition—the hardships of the camp; the pittance of eleven dollars a month, that could scarcely buy a pair of socks; the poverty of the dear home left behind them—with the easy and riotous wealth of those who had kept out of the army merely to wring money out of the necessity and distress of the country; who, in snug shops in Richmond, made thousands of dollars a day, or, by a single stroke of speculation, became rich for life; it is not to be wondered, that bitter conclusions should have been drawn from the contrast, and that the soldier should have given his bosom to the bullets with less alacrity and zeal, when he reflected that his martyrdom was to protect a large class of men grown rich on his necessities, and that too, with the compliance and countenance of the Government he defended!

At the period of the assembling of Congress, the military situation in the Confederacy, which in the early part of 1863 had encouraged, not without apparent reasons, hopes of an early and honorable peace, had become overshadowed, critical, and, to some extent, truly alarming. At the time of the fall of Vicksburg, the enemy had also obtained an important and permanent success in Arkansas. The greater portion of the Southwest he had now overrun. Missouri, Kentucky and Northwestern Virginia, were exclusively occupied by the forces of the enemy. North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama, were partially invaded by him. He had passed the barrier of the Cumberland mountains, established his dominion in East Tennessee, and from his lines in the central West, now

hoped to inundate South Carolina, Georgia, and South Alabama.

In the face of this critical military situation, came the astounding disclosure from the Confederate Secretary of War, Mr. James Seddon, that the effective force of the army was "not more than a half, never two-thirds of the soldiers in the ranks."

In stating this deplorable fact, the Secretary avoided attributing it to its paramount causes—the fault of his own administration; the remissness of discipline; the weak shunning of the death-penalty in our armies, and that paltry quackery which proposed to treat the great evil of desertion with "proclamations" and patriotic appeals. He did what was worse than this insincerity; for he proposed to repair that evil of absenteeism, which the government itself had occasioned, by new and violent measures to replenish the army. These were an extension of the conscription, which endangered the exhaustion of the military reserves of the country; the *ex post facto* annulment of all contracts for substitution, which was to the scandal of the moral world, and to the lively dissatisfaction of more than seventy thousand persons, many of whom were indispensable in civil employments and by their wealth and social position, commanded an influence which the government could not afford to despise;—and, to crown all, the superseding of all exemptions by a system of details in the War Department, which would have transferred the question of all relief with respect to the burdens of the war, from the proper constitutional jurisdiction and collective wisdom of Congress, to the exclusive discretion, caprice or malice of a single official.*

* There is a little piece of official history which may be properly given here.

On the 8th of January, 1864, Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, referred in the House of Representatives to "*acts of merciless cruelty*" on the part of the authorities, with reference to exemptions, which it was then proposed, by a certain demagogical bill in the House, to entrust exclusively and omnipotently to the Executive. He illustrated the epithets applied by an instance where a man had been mercilessly put in the military service, who had never walked and never been able to walk a quarter of a mile in any one day in his life, and all the efforts made by Mr. Dargan with the Secretary of War to procure his release had so far been unavailing.

Yet it appears, from a certain record, that the same official who had been so

Such measures were finished pieces of demagoguism. The various propositions made to Congress for further military drafts, at the expense of the public faith and the gravest interests of the citizen and producer, were calculated to find favor, of course, in the army, which, as designing politicians knew, contained the great body of voters in the country, and was destined to hold the balance of political power in the Confederacy.

The vice of our public men was an inordinate passion for an ephemeral and worthless popularity. The entire legislation of the country, Confederate and State, was demoralized by a peculiar demagoguism. All the legislative bodies of the country were filled with schemes of agrarianism for the benefit of the soldier, and assaults on the most important civil rights

exactng to the cripple, and who solicited from Congress plenary powers on the subject of exemptions, had given, over his own name, a special, secret exemption to a man who professed to him that he was writing a history of the war; in which it was, of course, expected that Mr. James Seddon would be one of the figure-heads in the gallery of celebrities.

This little piece of nefarious traffic in an official's vanity is of record: else it might be doubted whether, even in our Democratic system, a man occupying Mr. Seddon's position could be so easily and shamefully used.

We copy the extraordinary paper below, omitting the name of its beneficiary, because it is not necessary to history, and because we are anxious to spare all private feelings which are not materially involved in a public issue:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
WAR DEPARTMENT, }
RICHMOND, October 20, 1863. }

Mr. ———, not being a native or naturalized citizen of the Confederacy, AND MOREOVER, *being engaged in compiling a work of interest to our people, and advantageous to our cause*, is exempt until further orders from conscription.

JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

Of this curious paper two remarks are to be made:

1. If Mr. ——— had relied for exemption upon his alienage (a plea we must suppose him unwilling to admit, after his literary exploits for the Confederacy), then it was quite unnecessary for the Secretary to assign "moreover" his literary adventure as a cause of exemption.

2. If Mr. ——— had relied for exemption upon his alienage, it was not for the Secretary of War, but for the consular authority of the courts, to give him the benefit of that plea.

This record may appear to be a small matter for history. It is not: it is one evidence, selected because it is indisputable, of the spirit that is fast reducing the administration of the Confederate affairs to schools of demagoguism and paltry inventions of personal vanity.

and interests at the instance of the blind passions of the army.

The annulment, by the Confederate Congress, of contracts heretofore concluded for military substitutes, was an act of unparalleled infamy. In making the assertion, that the substitution was not a contract, but a privilege accorded by the authorities, the government adopted the argument of the despot: to this effect, that the rights of the people is the pleasure of the sovereign, to be enjoyed with becoming humility. In assuming to break the contract as to the principal, and, at the same time, maintain it in force against the substitute, the government stultified itself, and violated the plainest and justest of legal maxims, that a contract broken on one side, is broken on all sides. In attempting this violence in the face of the admitted fact, that nearly half of the army were out of the ranks, the government avoided the plain duty of replenishing the army with these absentees; proposed to replace seasoned veterans by raw malcontents; and, for a nominal accession to its military forces, to sacrifice recorded pledges; to wound the confidence and affections of the people; and to perpetrate a great moral evil, for which the compensation in any practical benefit was utterly disproportionate.

If such an act of perfidy had been accomplished by the Lincoln government, the Southern newspapers would have exclaimed against it as an unequalled example of despotism. But when it was perpetrated by their own government, Southern journals, with few honorable exceptions, were base enough to sustain or disguise it; and one Southern Senator, at least—a man of the name of Brown—was ready in his official seat, and in the security of his own exemption from military service, to bully the people with an insufferable insolence, and to flourish from the shelter of his parliamentary position, the vulgar and detestable threat of “military power.”

But it is not necessary to pursue here the legislation of the Confederate Congress on military subjects. We have forborne to say here that the condition of our arms was desperate: it was critical, but there was no real occasion for despair, or for that violent anxiety which approaches it. There was yet much room for hope. We have stated that the amount of absenteeism in the army was, at least in great part, the fault of the au-

thorities, and it is therefore not to be taken as the indication of decay in the spirit of our soldiery. That spirit was yet brave and resolute. The displacement of Bragg from his command, which was at last unwillingly made by the President, had composed a dangerous discontent in the armies of the West, and was the occasion of the re-organization of our forces there, and a reassurance of the spirits of the troops. In Virginia, Lee still held the enemy at bay, and possessed the unanimous and enthusiastic confidence of the country and the army. At Charleston, Beauregard had checked the enemy, broken the line of his successes on the coast, and was advanced even in his former reputation as a skilful commander. If the prospect was chequered in the West, it was without a serious shadow in the East; and, although a large portion of the Confederacy had passed into the possession of the enemy, the general condition, at least, externally, was not so serious as when, in 1862, Richmond was threatened, and there were two hundred and ten thousand Federal soldiers in Virginia alone.

LINCOLN'S "PEACE" PROCLAMATION.

In the mean time there came a new and powerful appeal to the patriotism and resolution of the Confederacy. The Yankee Congress had assembled simultaneously with that of the Confederacy, and, for the first time in the war, the conditions upon which peace would be made with the South were officially announced. They were contained in the message and proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.* They were briefly these:

* The following are the material portions of this remarkable proclamation:

Whereas, In and by the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that the President shall have power to give reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment, and

Whereas, a rebellion now exists whereby the loyal State Governments of several States have for a long time been subverted, and many persons have committed, and are now guilty, of treason against the United States, and

Whereas, with reference to said rebellion and treason, laws have been enacted by Congress declaring forfeitures and confiscations of property and liberation of slaves, all upon terms and conditions therein stated; and also declaring that the President was thereby authorized at any time thereafter, by proc-

the forcible emancipation of the slaves ; the perpetuity of confiscations ; pardon on condition of an oath of allegiance to the government, to the Union, *and to the Abolition party of the North* ; the exception from this pardon of all important ranks in the army, and conditions in political life ; and finally, the monstrous republican anomaly that *one-tenth* of the voters in any of the Confederate States, declaring for these terms, "should be recognized as the true government of the State." In pro-

clamation, to extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion in any State, or part thereof, pardon and amnesty, with such exceptions, and at such times, and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare, and

Whereas, the Congressional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with the well-established judicial exposition of the pardoning power, and

Whereas, with reference to the said rebellion the President of the United States has issued several proclamations and provisions in regard to the liberation of slaves, and

Whereas, it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in said rebellion, to assume their allegiance to the United States, and to reinaugurate loyal State Governments within and for their respective States ;

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property *except as to slaves*, and in property cases where *the rights of third parties shall have intervened*, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thenceforward keep and maintain such oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit :

"I, ———, do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and *faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves*, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress or by decision of the Supreme Court, and that I will, in like manner, abide and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God."

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government ; all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid in the rebellion ; all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of said so-called Confederate Government above the rank of Colonel in

posing these utterly infamous terms, this Yankee monster of inhumanity and falsehood had the audacity to declare, that in some of the Confederate States the elements of reconstruction were ready for action; that those who controlled them differed, however, as to the plan of action; and that, "by the proclamation, a plan is presented which may be accepted by them as a *rallying point*, and which they are assured in advance will not be rejected here."

This insulting and brutal proposition of the Yankee government was the apt response to those few cowardly factions which in North Carolina, and in some parts of Georgia and Alabama, hinted at "reconstruction." It was as the sound of a trumpet to every brave man in the South to meet and to contest a question of life and death. Appeals had formerly been made in the Confederacy against "reconstruction," on such arguments as the conduct of the enemy in the war; his political prostitution; his vandalism; and sentimental motives of vengeance. There were truth and eloquence in those appeals. But now there was another added to them which

the army, of Lieutenant in the navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion:

All who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States, and afterwards aided the rebellion, and all who have engaged in any way in treating colored persons or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war, who have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever, in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina, a number of persons, not less than *one-tenth* in number of the votes cast in such States, at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord, 1860, each having taken the oath aforesaid, and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government, which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefit of the Constitutional provision which declares that

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence."

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addressed us not only in our passions, but in every fibre of our selfishness, and in every ramification of our interests. It was the authoritative exposition to the South of the consequences of its submission. These could no longer be misconstrued: they were gibbets, proscription, universal poverty, the subversion of our social system, a feudal allegiance to the Abolitionists and the depths of dishonor.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE WAR.

The proclamation of President Lincoln was made under certain affectations of benevolent zeal for the negro. He declared that his former "emancipation" proclamation had "much improved the tone of public sentiment in foreign countries," and he insisted that to abandon it would be to the negro "a cruel and astounding breach of faith."

In view of these pretensions, it is not out of place here to make a brief summary of the true questions of the war, and its real relations to negro slavery in the South.

A French pamphlet on the American war, published at Paris, holds the following language:

"The pride of the North will never stoop to admit the superiority of Southern men; and yet it is from these that the Union drew its best statesmen and a majority of its presidents. The pride of the North will bend only to necessity, because it has not kept pace with the progress of the age. To-day the Americans of the North are as completely foreign to the family of nations as they were twenty years ago. They understand nothing but the narrowest and most mechanical mercantilism, the art of purchase and sale; and they long to annihilate the Confederate States in order that the South, by its intelligence, its enterprise, and the talent of its statesmen, may not throw down the rampart it has built up against Europeanism. . . . The Federals are so well aware of this that the war which they are waging is really and mainly a war of interest. The producing, agricultural South was the commercial vassal of the North, which insists upon keeping its best customer: emancipation is merely a skilful device for entrapping the sympathies of European liberalism. . . . The Northern idea of the

abolition of slavery by making the negro food for powder, or by exiling him from his home to die of hunger, is now thoroughly understood in Europe. Our notions of philanthropy and our moral sense alike revolt from these ferocious exaggerations of the love of liberty."

The above is an admirable summary of the questions of the war—especially of the "*slavery question*." There is no doubt that the Anti-Slavery party in the North had, through the violence of its measures, and the exposure of its hollow pretensions for the negro, lost much of that sympathy in Europe which it had formerly obtained; while the war had also given occasion to intelligent persons in all parts of the world for a more thorough, a more interested, and a more practical study of slavery in the South. The old stories which the newspapers of the enemy revived of fiendish masters in the South, and pandemoniums on the cotton plantations, had now come to be objects of scepticism or derision in Europe.

In connection with the subject of the relations of slavery to the war, it becomes interesting to inquire what real benefits to the negro were accomplished by the political measures of the Lincoln government. The famous "emancipation" proclamation extended "freedom" to the negro merely to subject him to a worse fate, and to transfer him from the peaceful service of the plantation to that of the military camp. It was followed by various acts of Congress to enlist the negro in the military service. It was stated by Mr. Seward, in a diplomatic circular, dated August the 12th, 1863, that nearly seventy thousand negroes were at that time employed in the Yankee armies, of whom twenty-two thousand were actually bearing arms in the field; and at a later date (that of the meeting of the Yankee Congress in December), the whole number of these African allies of the North was said to exceed one hundred thousand. The employment, as soldiers, against the Confederacy, of this immense number of blacks, was a brutality and crime in sight of the world; it was the ignoring of civilization in warfare; it was a savage atrocity inflicted on the South;—but it, certainly, was no benefit to the negro. It could be no benefit to him that he should be exposed to the fury of the war, and translated from a peaceful and domestic sphere of labor

to the hardships of the camp and the mortal perils of the battle-field.

The scheme of the colonization of the negro in the invaded districts of the South was alike destitute of benefit to him, and destructive of the white "civilization" under whose auspices it was conducted. Wherever this new system of labor was introduced, the negro suffered, the plantation relapsed into weeds, the garden disappeared, and desolation and ruin took up their abodes. It had converted the rice coasts of South Carolina into barrens. It had been instituted on a grand scale in Louisiana. The result was, to use the language of a Yankee writer, this beautiful State was fast becoming "an alligator pleasure-ground." Where formerly had flourished rich and teeming plantations, were to be seen here and there some show of cultivation, some acres of corn and cane; but these were "government" plantations; the able-bodied negroes had been forced into the Yankee military service, and a few aged and shiftless negroes, who poked lazily through the weed-growth, were the only signs of labor in the vast districts occupied by the enemy. In Louisiana, where the Yankees had indulged such hopes of "infusing new life" by free labor and the scientific farming of Massachusetts, the development of the country, its return in crops, in wealth, amounted to little more than nothing. The negro had merely exchanged his Southern master for a Massachusetts shoe-maker, who was anxious to become a Louisiana sugar-maker. His condition was not improved, his comforts were decreased; and the country itself, redeemed by the most tedious labors from the waters of the Mississippi, and brought to a point of fertility unexampled in American soils, was fast reverting to the original swamp. Louisiana had taken more than fifty years to raise the banks of the Mississippi, to drain and redeem the swamp lands, and to make herself a great producing State. But, said the *New York World*, "it has required only a few months for the Administration at Washington to prepare the State for its return to its original worthlessness; to 'restore' it to barbarism; to re-people it, in spots, with half-bred bastards; to drive out every vestige of civilization, and to make the paradise of the South a rank, rotten, miasmatic, alligator and moccasin swamp-ground again."

The fact is indisputable, that in all the localities of the Confederacy where the enemy had obtained a foothold, the negroes had been reduced by mortality during the war to not more than one-half their previous number.

To this statement, the deliberate assertion of President Davis to the Confederate Congress, we may make an official addition of the most melancholy interest. In the winter of 1863-64, the Governor of Louisiana, in his official message, published to the world the appalling fact, that *more negroes had perished in Louisiana from the cruelty and brutality of the public enemy than the combined number of white men, in both armies, from the casualties of war.* In illustration he stated, that when the Confederate forces surprised and captured Berwick's Bay, last summer, they found about two thousand negroes there in a state of the most utter destitution—many of them so emaciated and sick that they died before the tender humanity of the Confederates could be applied to their rescue from death.

The fate of these poor wretches was to be attributed to sheer inhumanity. The Yankees had abundant supplies of food, medicines and clothing at hand, but they did not apply them to the comfort of the negro, who, once entitled to the farce of "freedom," was of no more consequence to them than any other beast with a certain amount of useful labor in his anatomy.

The practice of the enemy in the parts of the Confederacy he had invaded, was to separate the families of the blacks without notice. Governor Moore officially testified to this practice in Louisiana. The men were driven off like so many cattle to a Yankee camp, and were enlisted in the Yankee army. The women and children were likewise driven off in droves, and put upon what are called "Government plantations"—that is, plantations from which the lawful owners had been forced to fly, and which the Yankees in Louisiana were cultivating.

The condition of the negroes at the various contraband camps in the Mississippi valley furnishes a terrible volume of human misery, which may some day be written in the frightful characters of truth. Congregated at these depots, without employment, deprived of the food to which they had been ac-

customed, and often without shelter or medical care, these helpless creatures perished, swept off by pestilence or the cruelties of the Yankees.

We may take from *Northern* sources some accounts of these contraband camps, to give the reader a passing picture of what the unhappy negroes had gained by what the Yankees called their "freedom."

A letter to a Massachusetts paper said :—"There are, between Memphis and Natchez, not less than fifty thousand blacks, from among whom have been culled all the able-bodied men for the military service. Thirty-five thousand of these, viz., those in camps between Helena and Natchez, are furnished the shelter of old tents and subsistence of cheap rations by the Government, but are in all other things in extreme destitution. Their clothing, in perhaps the case of a fourth of this number, is but one single worn and scanty garment. Many children are wrapped night and day in tattered blankets as their sole apparel. But few of all these people have had any change of raiment since, in midsummer or earlier, they came from the abandoned plantations of their masters. Multitudes of them have no beds or bedding—the clayey earth the resting place of women and babes through these stormy winter months. They live of necessity in extreme filthiness, and are afflicted with all fatal diseases. Medical attendance and supplies are very inadequate. They cannot, during the winter, be disposed to labor and self-support, and compensated labor cannot be procured for them in the camps. They cannot, in their present condition, survive the winter. It is my conviction that, unrelieved, the half of them will perish before the spring. Last winter, during the months of February, March and April, I buried, at Memphis alone, out of an average of about four thousand, twelve hundred of these people, or twelve a day."

Another Yankee correspondent wrote as follows respecting the negroes who had come into Vicksburg after the surrender of General Pemberton :—

"About the 1st of August the military authorities became alarmed lest a pestilence should break out among them and extend to the army. Peremptory orders were issued to at once remove across the river all negroes, of every age and sex, whether sick or well, who were not in some employment.

“One morning I went out to inform a certain Lieutenant W——, who, with an inadequate force, was executing the order, that one of them in the Baptist church was dead, and that another, a woman, was lying behind a fence, dying. He told me that he had detailed, for the purpose of removing the negroes, 20 army wagons; that he had hauled them, well, sick and dead, with all their traps, to the river, where he had a steamer to convey them across to a point opposite the lower part of the city; that he had one wagon to haul the dead, and that some days he found as many as twenty; that in one house he found six dead bodies, with living ones sitting and lying around them, apparently unconscious of their situation. Holes were dug on the river’s bank and the dead buried. The searching out and removal of these negroes consumed about fifteen or twenty days. About three hundred were thus removed to the low grounds opposite Vicksburg, and there left in the weeds without any shelter, under the care of a man who was appointed to organize them into a camp, and separate small-pox cases from the rest.

“The chaplain told me that these negroes had suffered and were still suffering untold want and wretchedness; that nearly four hundred had died since he had taken charge of them; that from sixteen to twenty died daily. Sometimes they would crawl off into the woods and die, where their bodies would be found only by the stench which arose from their decay. That there was no white man with them but a nephew of his; that rations were furnished them by the Government, but sometimes he had difficulty in getting them over the river; that once they were five days without receiving any food, and the negroes in their despair threatened to kill him, thinking the fault was his. He also stated that they had no tents or shelter except brush to shield them from the sun, or storm, or dews of night. Captain A—— stated to me that there were in his camp two thousand; at Young’s Point, eight thousand five hundred and fifty-one; on Papaw Island, where he purposed gathering most of them, two thousand eight hundred; and on Black’s plantation, on the Yazoo, two thousand four hundred—in all over sixteen thousand. One morning I went among the wretched masses where they were hauled to the bank of the river, preparatory to being sent across. I tried in vain to find some

women who were able to work, as we wished their labor at our house. All were either sick or taking care of the sick. I saw nothing but one sad scene of misery."

The war had tested slavery in the South with results that could not escape the intelligent attention of the world. While it had exhibited the horrors of "emancipation" on the one side, it had shown, on the other, the docility and fidelity of the slave in his proper condition of servitude. It is true that the negroes, in cases of invasion, had flocked to the standards of the Yankee; but such a course was to be ascribed purely to their ignorance and tractability, seduced as they were by the word "liberty," by bribes and by frauds. It was no evidence of any real discontent, still less of hostility to the masters they deserted. The majority of negroes lost by us were those allured to the Yankees by promises of freedom, no work, and bountiful supplies of good things. Deceived in their anticipation of *otium cum dignitate*, and finding the spade and the musket in health, and cold neglect in sickness, in lieu of it—their wives and children, their old and infirm, subjected to privations and sufferings never experienced from their masters—as many as could returned home.

In all the war there had been no servile insurrection in the South—not a single instance of outbreak among the slaves—a conclusive evidence that the negro was not the enemy of his master, but, in his desertion of him, merely the victim of Yankee bribes. Assured, through a thousand channels, as these negroes were, that they were the victims of the most grinding and cruel injustice and oppression; assured of the active assistance of the largest armies of modern times, and of the countenance and sympathy of the rest of the world; assured that such an enterprise would not only be generous and heroic, but eminently successful, our enemies had heretofore failed to excite one solitary instance of insurrection, much less to bring on a servile war.

It was thus that the war itself had greatly cleared up our moral atmosphere, and swept away much mist and darkness of doubt and delusion. After nearly three years of bloody struggle, we had at least already attained this result: the assurance that it was we, the Confederates, who had in charge the cause of freedom in the Western continent against the wild

anarchy of ignorant mobs—we, who were saving civilization from the frenzy of democracy run mad—we, above all, who were guarding the helpless black race from utter annihilation at the hands of a greedy and bloody “philanthropy,” which sought to deprive them of the care of humane masters only that they might be abolished from the face of the earth, and leave the fields of labor clear for that free competition and demand-and-supply, which reduced even white workers to the lowest *minimum* of a miserable livelihood, and left the simple negro to compete, as he best could, with swarming and hungry millions of a more energetic race, who were already eating one another’s heads off, and who regarded *him* and his claims as an intrusion and superfluity upon earth—to be retrenched and got rid of in the most summary manner.

The affectation of the Yankee for the good of the negro was intended, as we have seen, to solicit the sympathies of Europe in the war. It was not very effectual in this respect. But, at least, it could no longer hope to impose upon the South, and it did not hesitate to unmask to it its brutal and ferocious insincerity. In the mean time, the “war-to-the-knife” party in the North, with the large accession of so many blacks to its armies, and a recent confirmation at the polls of its party strength, was preparing for new careers of atrocity and crime.*

* In referring to the condition of the negro in this war, we use the term “*slavery*” in these pages under strong protest. For there is no such thing in the South; it is a term fastened upon us by the exaggeration and conceit of Northern literature, and most improperly acquiesced in by Southern writers. There is a system of African *servitude* in the South; in which the negro, so far from being under the absolute dominion of his master (which is the true meaning of the *vile* word “slavery”), has, by *law* of the land, his personal rights recognized and protected, and his comfort and “right” of “happiness” consulted, and by the *practice* of the system, has a sum of individual indulgences, which makes him altogether the most striking type in the world of cheerfulness and contentment. And the system of servitude in the South has this peculiarity over other systems of servitude in the world: that it does not debase one of God’s creatures from the condition of free-citizenship and membership in organized society and thus rest on acts of debasement and disenfranchisement, but elevates a savage, and rests on the solid basis of human improvement. The European mind, adopting the nomenclature of our enemies, has designated as “slavery” what is really the most virtuous system of servitude in the world.

HISTORY OF THE "RETALIATION" POLICY.

While thus the war waxed in the hands of the North, the Administration at Richmond had nothing to respond to its ferocity but a feeble sentimentalism and a weak protest for the rights of humanity, which amused the enemy and disgusted the stern spirit of a people fighting for their liberties. "Retaliation" had by this time become a lost word in our vocabulary. In the year now well nigh past, the Yankees had enacted barbarities greater than those of former years, in proportion as they were encouraged by impunity. They had burned the town of Darien, and this, one of the oldest towns in Georgia, the New Inverness of Oglethorpe's time, was now a plain of ashes and blackened chimneys. They had, in a raid on the Combahee, committed to the flames the beautiful town of Bluffton. They had attempted to destroy Charleston by an incendiary composition. They had made a desert of the whole country between the Big Black and the Mississippi, and in every district of the South which they had penetrated, houses had been either pillaged or burnt, crops laid waste, and enormities committed which exhausted the calendar of crimes.

Yet we have seen that when General Lee invaded the territory of the North he had omitted even the devastation of the enemy's country, had paid the Yankees' own prices for their supplies, and had, in fact, given a protection to their property which had never been afforded that of our citizens, either from the rapacity of the soldier or that of the impressment agent.

It is true that of this singular behavior President Davis said in his message to Congress: "Though the forbearance may have been unmerited and unappreciated by the enemy, it was imposed by their [our soldiers'] own self-respect, which forbade their degenerating from Christian warriors into plundering ruffians." But herein the President sought to impose upon the public mind not only a wretched piece of sentimentalism, but a glaring fallacy, alike unworthy of his intellect. The punishment of the Yankees for what they had done in the South certainly did not mean an imitation of the wrong—a retaliation *in kind*. The Southern people had almost unani-

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mously applauded General Lee's orders in Pennsylvania restraining pillage and private outrage. But there were penalties other than those of marauding which might have been measured out to the enemy, and have inflicted upon him some injury commensurate with what we had suffered at his hands. It would not have been unjust, it would not have been immoral, it would not have detracted from our "self-respect," it would not have endangered the discipline of our troops, it would not have been an act unbecoming "Christian warriors," to have laid waste the enemy's country, if done under the justification of retaliation, with the deliberation of official orders, and by the army acting in line of battle. But no such orders were given; no such line of battle carried with it the chastisements of *real* war; and the fertile acres of the Pennsylvania Valley were untouched by the "Christian warriors."

The subject of "retaliation" brings to the mind a number of specific acts in which the Confederate government had failed, alike, in the execution of justice and in the protection of its own people. The record of these affords an exhibition of weakness that is, positively, without parallel in the history of governments. In contrasting the rival administrations of the North and South, it is indispensable here to make a brief review of the incidents to which we have referred in the history of the "retaliation" policy. They are rapidly grouped in the summary which follows:

1. Shortly after the capture of New Orleans, General Butler executed a citizen of the Confederacy, William B. Mumford, for the extraordinary crime of "disrespect" to the Yankee flag.

Instead of making prompt retaliation, the Confederate government found a conveniently circuitous course in addressing, several months after the event, the singularly gratuitous inquiry to the Lincoln government, whether the act of Butler was "approved" by it?

The authorities at Washington returned this answer:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 9, 1862. }

GEN'L R. E. LEE, Comd'g, &c.:

General:—Your two communications of the 2d inst., with inclosures, are received. As these papers are couched in language *exceedingly insulting* to the Government of the United

States, I must respectfully *decline to receive them*. They are returned herewith.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

H. W. HALLECK, Gen'l-in-Chief U. S. Army.

And here ended the whole matter.

2. At Palmyra, in Missouri, General McNeil murdered, in cold blood, ten soldiers of the Confederacy.

Although the Confederate government must have had prompt official intelligence of this outrage, it was only several months thereafter, when "the Palmyra massacre" had been inconveniently noised in the newspapers, that President Davis ordered by telegraph the execution in retaliation, of ten Yankee prisoners, in the Department of the Trans-Mississippi.

The bloody telegram, communicated by the Richmond authorities to the press with peculiar liberality of information, quieted it and consoled the public. But that was all; the telegraphic order was never executed; it was a dead letter, that died in the public mind; and the Palmyra massacre was not only unavenged, but justice itself was cheated by a false and most unworthy *show* of compliance with its demands.

3. Under the "Death Order" of Burnside, two Confederate officers, Captains Corbin and McGraw, had been executed for recruiting white soldiers in Kentucky, a part of our own territory embraced in our political system and represented in our Congress; at a time when the Yankees were recruiting *negro* soldiers in our political jurisdiction, and in the circle of our homes.

By the order of the Confederate government, two Yankee prisoners were selected by a formal lot at Richmond, upon whom retaliation was to be visited. The day of their execution was fixed. But instead of hanging them, President Davis arranged a back-door of mercy by commissioning a personage no less considerable than Mr. Stephens, Vice-president of the Republic, to make arrangements in Washington "to temper the present cruel character of the contest." The "back-door of mercy" was closed in his face. Mr. Stephens went as far as Hampton Roads, where he was stopped by the enemy's admiral, with the curt information from Washington, that the

enemy wished no further communication with the Confederacy than it already had through the ordinary military channels.

In the mean time, the Yankee government, without troubling itself with a selection by lot, had summarily designated two of the most important prisoners in its hands as victims to repay with their lives the tragedy that had been appointed at Richmond. The consequences were, that the tragedy did not come off, but the Confederate government replied with some brave words, that it was not dismayed by the threat, but would, *at its convenience*, execute the penalties it had pronounced. The day of execution passed; there was no public notice of respite or pardon; there was no other day of execution appointed; and the convenient silence of the authorities was evidence enough that the matter was dropped, and that they desired it to pass out of the public mind. Thus terminated this issue of "retaliation."

4. A notorious renegade, Rucker, was taken in the ranks of the enemy in Western Virginia, and committed as a spy and murderer. The Yankees threatened the life of one of our prisoners of war, if he should be executed.

The criminal was kept fifteen months without a trial, and at last conveniently escaped. There was no possible occasion for the extraordinary delay of a trial, unless that the Confederate authorities feared to risk its conclusion, for the evidence was ready, abundant, and immediately at hand to convict him.

5. The Yankees imprisoned women for waving handkerchiefs at our prisoners. For offences not much more considerable, they put them in political jails, and subjected them to the vilest indignities, and to penalties which made no distinction of sex.

In the summer of 1863, a Mrs. Patterson Allen, a Yankee woman, was detected in Richmond holding the most brutal and treasonable communication with the enemy; pointing out to him objects for his resentment; and proposing to betray into his hands as prisoner a minister of Christ, under whose roof, at the time the letter was written, the Yankee spy and traitress was herself a guest, and a sick child of the minister was dying in the absence of its father.

By special direction of the Confederate Secretary of War, Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Patterson Allen, a fashionable woman, was

sent, not to prison, but to the Asylum, Francis de Sales, in Richmond. Her trial had not yet taken place; and for nearly six months the vulgarity of a legal prison was spared her, and a romantic confinement in a charitable institution was the chivalric invention of the Confederacy for the crime of treason!

6. It had been estimated by the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, in the fall of 1863, that the enemy held in imprisonment not less than one thousand *citizens* of the Confederacy, who had been captured in peaceful employments, and were in no way amenable as combatants in the war.

In a correspondence on the subject of exchange of prisoners, the Confederate government protested against the outrageous practice of the enemy in arresting non-combatants and kidnapping private citizens within his military lines or elsewhere within his reach. But the enemy continued these arrests, and no retaliation was ever attempted. At the time married citizens of the Confederacy were torn from their homes in Mississippi and sent to the jails of Memphis, General Lee protected the citizens of Pennsylvania, and allowed them even to avow their political animosity in his camps.

7. When General Morgan was captured by the enemy, he was carried to Cincinnati, and thence he and twenty-eight of his officers were taken to Columbus, Ohio, where they were shaved, their hair cut close by a negro convict, and then locked up in cells. Seven days afterwards, forty-two more of General Morgan's officers were conveyed from Johnston's Island to the penitentiary, and subjected to the same indignities.

A correspondence ensued between the Commissioners of Exchange on the subject of these cruelties and indignities, in which the excuse was made by the enemy that the Federal authority was not responsible for them, implying that the *State* of Ohio having these captives in her custody, had chosen to associate them with convicts.

Yet, at this time, our government was, in deference to "general orders" at Washington, treating as prisoners of war *negroes* captured in arms, who were clearly responsible to the authority of the *States*, under State laws, as criminals. No surrender of these criminals was made to any of the *States* of the Confederacy, and when South Carolina made some motion

in the matter, it was strangely hushed up, and the negro malefactors retained to this day by the Confederate authority in full enjoyment of the privileges accorded them by Yankee edict, as "prisoners of war."

8. The enemy had violated the cartel. Under this cartel, for many months, we had restored to the enemy many thousands of prisoners in excess of those whom he held for exchange. But in July, when the fortune of war favored the Yankees, and they held the excess of prisoners, they had broken the cartel; they had refused to return to our lines the prisoners taken at Gettysburg; and they had gone further even than this treachery, for they had not only retained the prisoners captured by them, but they had declared null the paroles given by the prisoners captured by us in the same series of engagements.

What were the returns of the Confederate government for this outrage? It allowed the prisoners in our hands comforts not enjoyed by the men who captured them in battle. It permitted the Yankee captives in Richmond to receive stores from the North to the amount of half a million of dollars. It indulged them in a festival; and while our prisoners were sighing in the dungeons and penitentiaries of the North, or at Johnston's Island, were (to use President Davis's own statement), dying from the slow tortures of cold, "exposed to the piercing cold of the Northern lakes, by men who cannot be ignorant of, even if they do not design, the probable result," a *table d'hôte* was spread in the Libby Prison at Richmond, with all the luxuries that the teeming markets of the Northern cities could afford. And this licentiousness, with its awful and terrible contrast to our own people, went by the name of Christian charity in Richmond, and was a pleasant humanity to be told to Europe!

9. The Confederacy treated prisoners of war according to the rules of war; consulted their comfort as well as their security; enacted a law allowing them the same rations as Confederate soldiers in the field; and, in fine, considering the scarcity of supplies in the South, made a provision for prisoners of war of extreme generosity.

It is true that statements were made by the North much to the contrary; that Yankee newspapers circulated ghastly

romances of their starving prisoners; and that pictorial illustrations of the horrors of Libby Prison and Belle Isle were manufactured into a public document by a Yankee Congress for circulation throughout Christendom. However, these stories were but little entitled to the credit or sympathy of the world; so often had it been imposed upon by Yankee fictions, and so little reason had it to suppose that a people false in one particular were even tolerably truthful in another.

It was not to be supposed, indeed, that in a war in which the favorite object of the Yankee was to plunder and starve the Confederacy, and in which the first men of the Confederacy were forced to live scantily on bread and beef, and to deny themselves such luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and vegetables, Yankee prisoners of war could have many of the comforts which they had been accustomed to obtain from their own bountiful commissariat. But it is seriously true that they fared as well as our own worn and hardened soldiers in the field. They were allowed, in many instances, to receive supplies from friends in the North, and it frequently happened that the occupants of the Libby actually lived better than the cabinet ministers of the Confederacy.

What was the Yankee treatment of prisoners of war in comparison with these humanities of the Confederacy? Their system of imprisonment was essentially a *penal* one. They assumed the right to *punish* prisoners of war; to enact the part of *magistrate* over soldiers and citizens of the Confederacy; to sentence them to terms of years, to add ball and chain, to subject them to penalties of the felon, and to employ upon them the tortures of the common penitentiary. Even women, accused of sympathy with the South, were required to employ their time in prison with "sewing for Union soldiers." The right to *punish* prisoners of war was assumed quite as much as that to secure their persons.

We have already referred to the outrageous incarceration of General Morgan and his command. We may refer here to the experience at length of one of these unfortunate captives, which was personally narrated to the writer of these pages.

This statement was taken from the lips of Captain Calvin C. Morgan, a brother of the famous General Morgan.

Captain Morgan was among those of his brother's expedi-

tion who, in last July, were incarcerated in the penitentiary of Ohio. On entering this infamous abode, Captain Morgan and his companions were stripped in a reception room and their naked bodies examined there. They were again stripped in the interior of the prison, and washed in tubs by negro convicts; their hair cut close to the scalp, the brutal warden, who was standing by, exhorting the negro barber to "cut off every lock of their rebel hair." After these ceremonies, the officers were locked up in cells, the dimensions of which were thirty-eight inches in width, six and a-half feet in length, and about the same in height. In these narrow abodes our brave soldiers were left to pine, branded as felons, goaded by "convict-drivers," and insulted by speeches which constantly reminded them of the weak and cruel neglect of that government, on whose behalf, after imperilling their lives, they were now suffering a fate worse than death. But even these sufferings were nothing to what was reserved for them in another invention of cruelty without a parallel, unless in the secrets of the infernal.

It appears that, after General Morgan's escape, suspicion alighted on the warden, a certain Captain Merion, who, it was thought, might have been corrupted. To alleviate the suspicion (for which there were really no grounds whatever), the brute commenced a system of devilish persecution of the unfortunate Confederate prisoners who remained in his hands. One part of this system was solitary confinement in dungeons. These dungeons were close cells, a false door being drawn over the grating, so as to exclude light and air. The food allowed the occupants of these dark and noisome places, was three ounces of bread and half a pint of water per day. The four walls were bare of every thing but a water-bucket, for the necessities of nature, which was left for days to poison the air the prisoner breathed. He was denied a blanket; deprived of his overcoat, if he had one, and left standing or stretched with four dark, cold walls around him, with not room enough to walk in to keep up the circulation of his blood, stagnated with the cold, and the silent and unutterable horrors of his abode.

Confinement in these dungeons was the warden's sentence for the most trivial offences. On one occasion one of our prisoners was thus immured because he refused to tell Merion

which one of his companions had *whistled contrary to the prison rules*. But the most terrible visitation of this demon's displeasure remains to be told.

Some knives had been discovered in the prisoners' cells, and Merion accused the occupants of meditating their escape. Seven of them, all officers, were taken to the west end of the building and put in the dark cells there. They were not allowed a blanket or overcoat, and *the thermometer was below zero*. There was no room to pace. Each prisoner had to struggle for life, as the cold benumbed him, by stamping his feet, beating the walls, now catching a few minutes of horrible sleep on the cold floor, and then starting up to continue, in the dark, his wrestle for life.

"I had been suffering from heart disease," says Captain Morgan, speaking of his own solitary confinement on another occasion. "It was terribly aggravated by the cold and horror of the dungeon in which I was placed. I had a wet towel, one end of which I pressed to my side; the other would freeze, and I had to put its frozen folds on my naked skin. I stood this way all night, pressing the frozen towel to my side and keeping my feet going up and down. I felt I was struggling for my life."

Captain Morgan endured this confinement for eighteen hours, and was taken out barely alive. The other prisoners endured it for *sixteen days and nights*. In this time they were visited at different periods by the physician of the penitentiary—Dr. Loring—who felt their pulses, and examined their condition, to ascertain how long life might hold out under the exacting torture. It was awful, this ceremony of torture, this medical examination of the victims. The tramp of the prisoners' feet, up and down (there was no room to walk), as they thus worked for life, was incessantly going on. This black tread-mill of the dungeon could be heard all through the cold and dreary hours of the night. Dr. Loring, who was comparatively a humane person, besought Merion to release the unhappy men; said they had already been taxed to the point of death. The wretch replied, "They did not talk right yet." He wished them to humble themselves to him. He went into the cell of one of them, Major Webber, to taunt him. "Sir," said the officer, "I defy you. You can kill me, but you can

add nothing to the sufferings you have already inflicted. Proceed to kill me; it makes not the slightest difference."

At the expiration of sixteen days the men were released from the dungeons. Merion said "he would take them out this time alive, but next time they offended, they would be taken out feet foremost." Their appearance was frightful; they could no longer be recognized by their companions. With their bodies swollen and discolored, with their minds bordering on childishness, tottering, some of them talking foolishly, these wretched men seemed to agree but in one thing—a ravenous desire for food.

"I had known Captain Coles," says Captain Morgan, "as well as my brother. When he came out of his dungeon, I swear to you I did not know him. His face had swollen to two or three times its ordinary size, and he tottered so that I had to catch him from falling. Captain Barton was in an awful state. His face was swollen and the blood was bursting from the skin. All of them had to be watched, so as to check them in eating, as they had been starved so long."

We had had in this war many examples of Yankee cruelty. But the statement given above, may be said to take precedence of all that had ever yet been narrated of the atrocities of the enemy; and it is so remarkable, both on account of its matter and the credit that must naturally attach to its authorship, that we doubt whether the so-called civilized world of this generation has produced anywhere any well-authenticated story of equal horror.

. In his message to Congress, President Davis eloquently adverted to the savage ferocity of the enemy and his crimes. But he had not a word to say of what had become of all his proclamations, pronouncements, gloomy appeals and terrible threatenings with respect to retaliation. The truth was they had never resulted in one solitary performance; they were a record of bluster and an exhibition of weakness and shame upon which the President might well turn his back. It is remarkable that Mr. Davis in all these proceedings touching questions of retaliation should have shown a character so different from that which he exhibited in the domestic controversies and intrigues of his administration. In his controversies with his military officers, he was very obstinate, very

bitter; in his attachment to certain favorites and to certain measures of domestic policy he was immovable and defiant. It was only when his duty brought him in contact with the enemy that these imperious traits of character disappeared, and were replaced by halting timidity and weak hesitation.

It was unfortunate that the Confederate President ever made any threats of retaliation, since he had not the resolution to perform them. They had been ineffectually repeated until they had become the sneer of the enemy. But the most unfortunate consequence of the want of a proper response to the cruel assumptions of power by the North was the moral effect it had upon our own people; for it implied a certain guilt, a certain moral inferiority in the South, of which the enemy had the right to take advantage. It converted the relations between us and our foes to those of the malefactor and the constable; it depressed our sense of right; and it gave to the soldier the bitter reflection that his government cared but little for him, in that martyrdom on the gallows or captivity in dungeons with the terrors of which the enemy assailed him.

Finally, there is this to be said of the rival administrations of Richmond and Washington: that if in the former there were to be found many evidences of weakness, these, at least, were not crimes, while if in the latter there were to be seen vigor and decision, they were associated with the insolence of the reprobate and the inhumanity of the savage. If the history of the retaliation policy and other questions which we have traced, exhibits imbecility on the part of the Confederate authorities, it has this compensation: that it has inseparably connected with it a fearful record of the inhumanity and crime of the enemy.

In this conflict, which, as to governments, was that between the weakly good and the resolutely evil, the people of the Confederacy had but little to expect from their political authorities; but it was precisely the condition in which they had much to expect from the resources of their own righteous and aroused passions.

In connection with his "peace" proclamation, the Yankee President pointed with an air of triumph to the great resources of the North for the prosecution of the war. There was an actual surplus in its treasury. While the Confederacy had

collected only one hundred millions from its tax and revenue system, the receipts of the Yankee treasury were nine hundred millions. The Yankee army was increased. The Yankee navy now numbered nearly six hundred vessels, and seventy-five of them were iron-clads or armored steamers. The Yankee political parties had accommodated their differences and no longer embarrassed the authorities at Washington. "The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past," said Mr. Lincoln.

The Washington government had now a united people, an unexhausted treasury, enlarged military resources, and a confidence more insolent than ever.

Richmond, in December, 1863, was a sombre city. An air of gloom pervaded the public offices. In Congress, Mr. Foote told his endless story of official corruption and imbecility, and had his savage jokes on "the pepper-doctor from North Carolina," who governed the commissariat of the Confederacy. There were no social gaieties, although disreputable balls and gambling "hells" still amused those immoral mobs, at all times inseparable from a metropolis. In the streets there was the perpetual juggle of bargain and sale, apparently unconscious of the war, simply because engrossed in individual avarice; the clatter of the auction sales; the levity of the thoroughfare. But there was the seriousness of anxiety, if not the gloom of despair, in the home, in the private sanctuary, in the public office—in every place where thoughtful minds contemplated the future, and looked beyond the circle of the twenty-four hours.

Washington was gay, in the mean time, not with thoughtlessness, but with exultations over the prospects of the war, and the promises of its government. Balls, "diamond" weddings, presidential levees, social parties, with splendid arrays of silks and jewels, with all the fantasy of wealth, the insolence of licentiousness, and the fashionable commerce of lust, amused the hours. Mr. Lincoln was jocose again. He snapped his fingers at "the rebellion." He attended the theatre nightly. This piece of human jacquerie chattered incessantly over the success of his schemes. The Northern newspapers indulged the almost immediate prospect of a peace, which was to irradiate the Yankee arms, humiliate the South, and open the door

to the prosperity of the conquerors in an indiscriminate plunder, and the lasting vassalage of the vanquished. The New York *Herald* declared, that even if this event did not happen in the festivities of the Christmas season of 1863, it would certainly be celebrated in the early part of the ensuing year.

. Intelligent men of the South, understood the approaching issues. The war was to be prosecuted by the North with certain important accessions to its former advantages; and, on the side of the South, there was a demand for a new measure of that devotion in the minds of the people, which wins success on unequal terms—and without which all expedients of States, all violence of legislation, and all commands of authority are utterly in vain.

CHAPTER IX.

The Importance of the Winter Campaigns of the War.—A Series of Remarkable Events.—Encouragement of the Confederacy.—ROSSER'S RAID.—A Magnificent Prize.—PICKETT'S EXPEDITION AGAINST NEWBERN.—The Fight on Bachelor's Creek.—Destruction of the Yankee Gunboat "Underwriter."—The Brilliant Exploit of Commander Wood.—Results of the Expedition.—THE AFFAIR OF JOHN'S ISLAND.—General Wise's Fight.—THE BATTLE OF OCEAN POND.—History of the Yankee Expeditions into Florida.—Lincoln's Designs upon Florida.—Their Utter Defeat.—Political Jugglery of Seymour's Expedition.—Price of "Three Electoral Votes."—SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION IN THE SOUTHWEST.—What it Contemplated.—Grant's Extensive Designs.—The Strategic Triangle.—Grant's *Proposed Removal of the Mississippi River*.—Polk's Retreat into Alabama.—Forrest's Heroic Enterprise.—His Defeat of Smith's and Grierson's Columns.—Sherman's Retreat to Vicksburg.—His Disgraceful Failure.—The Yankee Campaign in the West Disconcerted.—The Lines in North Georgia.—Repulse of the Yankees.

So far in the history of the war, the winter had been comparatively an uninteresting period. That of 1863–64 was not an exception to this observation. But although there was, in this period, no battles on the dominant military lines in Virginia and North Georgia, there was a series of remarkable events, running through several months, each one a marked success for the Confederacy, and, collectively, an important sum of victory which did much to raise the hopes of the Confederacy and relieve the dark days in which the year 1863 had expired. These events transpired at considerable distances from each other, and they have no other connection than a chronological one, and their singular concurrence in uniform success. In this connection we shall treat them.

ROSSER'S RAID.

On the 30th of January, a brilliant expedition of General Rosser in the Valley district culminated in the capture of a train of ninety-three wagons loaded with commissary stores and forage on the way from New Creek to Petersburg, and was prosecuted in a few days thereafter to a most unexpected and gratifying

success. The incidents of this expedition were of unusual interest.

For several months past the enemy had kept a garrison at the village of Petersburg, in Hardy county, as an outpost to their defences of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Petersburg was some forty-two miles from New Creek, their principal depot for supplies and operations.

General Early, who had lingered in the Valley since the Averill raid, concluded to go over and capture this party at Petersburg, numbering about one thousand, and strongly fortified. He sent General Rosser's brigade (cavalry) and four pieces of McClannahan's battery (Imboden's command) through Brock's Gap, and pushed on himself with Thomas's brigade of infantry from New Market, by Orkney Springs, to the same destination—Moorefield, in Hardy. Moorefield is between Petersburg and the railroad, eleven miles from the former place. Rosser and the artillery arrived first. The plan was for Early to remain with the infantry at Moorefield, preventing the enemy's escape to the railroad by that route, while Rosser passed over Patterson Creek mountain—fifteen miles across—and took position on the turnpike leading from Petersburg to New Creek. When Rosser reached Moorefield he learned that the road from that place across Patterson Creek mountain to the turnpike had been blockaded by felling numberless trees and cutting away the road itself. He also learned that a large train of wagons were coming up from New Creek to Petersburg, heavily guarded by infantry. He started across the mountain with his brigade and the four pieces. In the gap he met one or two hundred of the enemy, perfecting the blockade and guarding the pass. They were charged by the Twelfth cavalry and fled. The pioneers went to work heartily. Never did axes fly more rapidly. The train was near the point on the turnpike opposite the mouth of the gap. If it passed that place, the probability was of its escape within the breastworks at Petersburg, which was only ten miles distant. The fortifications were strong, and the chances were against the capture of this place, being reinforced by the wagon guard. In an hour the obstructions were cleared away, and the horsemen and cannon rushed into the turnpike, and saw, with exultation, a long line of snowy-covered wagons

slowly moving towards them. Our position was difficult. If the twelve hundred infantry guarding the wagons should make a stubborn resistance, the force at Petersburg might come up and fall upon our rear. Rosser had only about eight hundred cavalry. The dispositions were soon made. Colonel White's (Lige) battalion and three pieces were sent towards Petersburg—the balance of the brigade and one piece of artillery advanced upon the train. The enemy were so certain of success, that they never even turned their wagons around, but stopped them facing us in the pike.

The Yankees were posted at right angles with the pike, behind a ten-rail fence. The long-range guns were dismounted and advanced as infantry. A squadron of cavalry were sent to the left to flank the enemy, while another was placed in the pike. The piece opened. The dismounted men trudged through a miry meadow, sinking to their ankles, right up a hill to meet twelve hundred Yankees with their guns resting upon the fence. Four hundred cavalry, on foot, in an open field, with boots and spurs, and without the advantage of order, faced such odds and such position! The enemy's artillery, which had accompanied the train from New Creek, thinking all safe, turned back a few miles below, hence they were without cannon. We had only one piece. It being placed in a flat, and firing up hill, the recoil came almost directly against the axle, and it broke. Still it continued to fire, carrying dismay among the wagoners and the enemy's line.

The action lasted about twenty minutes. The squadron on the left charged a Yankee squadron up hill, some on foot leading their horses, and as each one reached the plateau mounted and spurred after the frightened enemy, who fled without making but a feeble resistance. Meanwhile the party behind the fence were routed and fled; but being too swift for boots and spurs, the cavalry on the pike charged upon them. The immense train, now in a mass of confusion, so blocked the pike as to prevent overtaking the fugitives. The whole train was now in our hands.*

* The prize is thus described by a correspondent who participated in the affair: "There stood ninety-three six-mule wagons, loaded to the very sheet with commissary stores, new gear, new wagons, new everything. Contents,

After securing his prize, Rosser moved rapidly on to co-operate with Early in the capture of Petersburg. But information of the advance had been received, and the garrison evacuated the place during the night. They had powerful works and six pieces of cannon, and, if they had been less cowardly, might have given us a terrible reception.

Rosser, when he had discovered the escape of the Yankees, wheeled and moved upon the railroad, destroying two bridges—one over Patterson creek, the other the North Branch of the Potomac.

The expedition got back safely into the valley. Rosser brought off two hundred and seventy prisoners, fifty wagons and teams, twelve hundred cattle and five hundred sheep.

PICKETT'S EXPEDITION AGAINST NEWBERN.

The town of Newbern, situated at the junction of the Trent and Neuse, was a place of some note in North Carolina. Soon after the fall of Roanoke Island, on the 14th day of February, 1862, it fell into the hands of the Yankees, since which time it had been in their possession, and had been the seat of some of their most important military operations. Immediately after occupation, extensive fortifications were erected, and the lines extended over some twenty miles of surrounding country. The regiments stationed here had been composed principally of men from Massachusetts and New York, the blackest of Abolitionists, full of schemes and plans for negro emancipation, equalization and education. Negro regiments had been organized; companies of disloyal Carolinians put in service against us; the most tyrannical rule established; and both men and officers had been guilty of the grossest outrages and atrocities. For many months they had occupied the town securely, retaining undisturbed possession, scarcely dreaming of the possibility of an attack. In the river some two or three gunboats were

'in part,' corn, oats, flour, bacon, *ad infinitum*; coffee, two thousand pounds nicely roasted; candles (adamantine), fifty boxes; sugar, by the barrel; fresh oysters, one thousand cans; brandy peaches, five hundred cans; cheese, hats, &c., &c., 'too numerous to mention.' One bushel of pocket-knives."

generally lying, either anchored off the town or cruising up or down the Neuse or Trent, to the great terror of the inhabitants living near their banks.

General Pickett's demonstration upon Newbern, which surprised the Yankees, on the 1st of February, appears to have followed just in the retiring footsteps of a Yankee raiding party which had been sent out from the town. He had with him two brigades only—Clingman's and Hoke's—while General Barton had been sent up the Trent to fall upon the town simultaneously with those in front. An expedition of boats, under command of Commander Wood, of the Confederate Navy, was to make a demonstration upon the enemy's gunboats, and to essay, if possible, their capture or destruction.

Early on the morning of 1st February, the Yankee outposts at Bachelor's creek were attacked by the Confederates. The force of the enemy here occupied a strong line of fortifications along the edge of the creek, on both flanks of a powerful blockhouse, which commanded the approach to the bridge.

While a furious shower of shot and shell was kept up near the bridge, the right of our line succeeded in pushing through the marsh and effected a crossing, flanking the enemy. A vigorous attack was made by the Confederates, and the Yankees were driven out, and began falling back. Those of our men on the other side of the creek rushed upon the bridge, laid the pontoon planks, crossed, and joined the fight. Charging with a yell, they broke the line of the enemy, and pursued them to the cover of the fortifications of Newbern.

The night passed without a general attack; but not without a bold achievement by the Confederates.

The Yankee gunboat, Underwriter, had passed up the Neuse river near Fort Stephenson, throwing out her anchors and placing all her guns, to be in readiness for any service in case of an attack on the town. About one o'clock at night, the sentinel saw some boats approaching, and, hailing them, received no reply. They were Wood's boats. As they came up the Yankees greeted them with a volley of musketry, which flashed in the very faces of the daring Confederates, the balls whistling unpleasantly into the boats or into the water beyond. But the boats were soon at the side of the steamer, the grapnels thrown on, and a hand-to-hand combat joined between

the boarding-party and the crew. But the Yankees soon cried for quarter, and the steamer was ours. The Confederate engineer Gill was lying in the gangway, shot in four places and mortally wounded, and midshipman Saunders, cut down in a hand-to-hand fight, was breathing his last upon the decks.

The Underwriter was moored, head and stern, to the shore, under three of the largest batteries, and hardly a stone's throw from the wharf. The flash of the guns and the report of musketry had aroused the soldiers on shore, and they were now witnesses of the scene, but determined not to be inactive ones; for, regardless of their own prisoners on board, they fired a shell into the steamer, which, striking the upper machinery and exploding on the deck, produced a terrible shock. To spare the prisoners and wounded, Captain Wood ordered them to be put into the boats and the ship made ready for firing. As the steam was down, it was found it would be impossible to take time to get it up under the heavy fire of batteries not one hundred yards away; and so, the wounded and prisoners being put into the boats, the vessel was fired. In a few minutes the Underwriter was one mass of flame, burning up the dead bodies of the Yankees killed in action.

General Pickett having ascertained the strength of the fortifications of Newbern, concluded that it would be useless to risk an assault upon them, and appears to have been satisfied with the results his expedition had already accomplished. Indeed, he represented to the War Department that he had attempted nothing more than a "reconnaissance in force." But the results of the reconnaissance was not a mean victory. Pickett had met the enemy in force at Bachelor's creek, killed and wounded about one hundred in all, captured thirteen officers and two hundred and eighty prisoners, fourteen negroes, two rifled pieces and caissons, three hundred stand of small arms, four ambulances, three wagons, fifty-five animals, a quantity of clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and two flags. The destruction of the Underwriter was an important part of the success. She was the largest and best of the Yankee gunboats in the sounds; had engines of eight hundred horse power, the largest the Yankees had taken across Hatteras swash; mounted four guns—two large eight-inch shell guns, one twelve-pound rifle, and one twelve-pound howitzer.

THE AFFAIR OF JOHN'S ISLAND.

An incident "worthy of note" was at last to occur in what for months had been the dull vicinity of famous Charleston.

On the 9th of February the enemy came over in force from Folly to Kiawah Island, and thence crossed over at a place called the Haulover, to John's Island, killing, wounding, and capturing some nine men of Major Jenkins's command. With about one hundred and fifty men only, he fought them until night, when Colonel Tabb reinforced him, and the Colonel immediately attacked the enemy at night, with but a battalion, and staggered them so that they paused and did not advance again until Colonel Page reinforced them with another battalion of the 26th Virginia, the next morning.

General Wise sent forward more troops, and went in person on the 10th, and got there just as five hundred and fifty infantry, with one battery and two hundred cavalry were drawn up in line under the fire of two thousand, at least, of the enemy. Seeing they were about to turn our left flank, General Wise ordered our forces to fall back to a point called the "Cocked Hat." There we took a position and awaited reinforcements. They came up in time to increase our numbers to about one thousand infantry, and two batteries of artillery.

The enemy did not advance until the 11th. By 3 P. M. they came up to our front. Just at this moment General Colquitt reinforced us with nine hundred men. At 3.25 P. M. we opened upon the enemy with six pieces, the Marion battery, and one section of Charles's, at about three-quarters of a mile distance. The enemy replied with three pieces—Parrott's and Blakely's. They ceased firing at forty minutes past 5 P. M., and retreated rapidly, leaving some of their dead. Four bodies were found on the ground. General Wise's men were too much broken and fatigued to follow them. The enemy retired in confusion to Haulover, burnt the Seabrook houses there, and before day crossed back to Kiawah, burning the bridge behind them.

THE BATTLE OF OCEAN POND.

But the month of February was to be distinguished by an important battle, and that in a part of the Confederacy which had yet attracted but little notice in the war.

The Yankees had invaded Florida in the spring of 1862, when they occupied Jacksonville. They then said they came to protect the city against the reprehensible incendiarism of some of our own people; and, after this profession of protection, and making great promises of an intention to hold the place forever, thus duping a good many disaffected citizens to take sides with them in some sort of a State government which they proposed, and finding much less of Union sentiment than they expected, but more of a military demonstration in their front than they looked for, they departed, after a three weeks' stay in the "water-oak city."

They came again in October, 1862. But this expedition turned out to be a very heavy negro trade; and General Brannon, who commanded it, after collecting a large number of "contrabands," took his departure.

Again, in March, 1863, the Yankees invaded Florida, to try the experiment there of recruiting blacks. They were only partially successful; and the third experiment of invasion ended, leaving its malignant track in the burning of two churches, and laying waste a number of squares of private residences in the beautiful little city of Jacksonville.

The fourth invasion was designed at Washington, and contemplated nothing less than the taking and holding of the whole State of Florida, reincorporating it into the Union, and erecting a State government there under the auspices of Mr. Lincoln's private secretary, who was sent to Florida to engineer the political part of the movement. The times were thought to be ripe for so extensive a design upon Florida. The operations against Charleston were virtually abandoned; surplus troops were on hand; and deserters and fugitives had persuaded the Yankees that the pathway was open, and that all there was to resist them was a local force of not more than a dozen companies scattered broadcast over the State. It was soon known that a force of six or seven thousand Yankee

troops, under command of Major-general Seymour, had left Charleston harbor in eighteen transports for what was supposed to be the easy conquest of Florida.

The State was in General Beauregard's military department, and that alert commander had hastened General Colquitt down to meet the movement of the enemy. General Finnegan was in command of a small force at Camp Finnegan, where the enemy had expected to surprise him. He eluded him by withdrawing his forces through the woods. The enemy advanced twenty miles on the railroad, and took the junction of the other railroad crossing it, the place or village known as Baldwin. Our rail lines in their hands, our case seemed desperate. The enemy advanced still westward towards Lake City, which had long been the head-quarters of the Eastern Department. His advance cavalry had come within three miles of Lake City. But troops were pouring in to Finnegan. General Colquitt and his brigade were *en route*. The celebrated Chatham artillery of Savannah, which stood the brunt of Fort Wagner for long weeks, arrived. They were hurried down. Body after body of troops arrived. Clinch's cavalry were expected to enter the State in the rear of the enemy, and thus cut off their retreat while the main body of the troops pushed them back. Our forces concentrated and fortified at Oulustre, a spot preserving its Indian name. It was the headwaters of a creek of that name, being a continuous swamp on the right of the railroad, inclining southward, Ocean Pond, or one of the inland lakes of Florida, lying not far north, thus forming a good defensible position. Our forces there concentrated about five thousand men. Our rifle-pits and redoubts connected with the swamp on the south, and Ocean Pond on the north.

On the morning of the 20th February, General Finnegan was notified that the enemy was approaching. About 12 m., they were reported as distant four miles. The command was then moved out to meet them.

When we had marched three miles from camp, our cavalry was discovered falling back rapidly. Our line of battle was formed at once, but so rapidly did the enemy advance that a furious fire commenced before the line was completed. The fire soon became general. The battle opened at 2 o'clock p. m. For two hours the enemy was steadily pushed back, though

they resisted most obstinately. We had captured in this time five pieces of artillery, and the enemy were at their last line. Just then our ammunition became exhausted. It was a trying time to all our troops. Their conduct, however, was above praise. They remained steadfast in line under a heavy fire, to which there was scarcely any reply. But as soon as cartridges were distributed, the men moved forward, and drove them again.

Just at sunset, the Twenty-seventh Georgia, commanded by Colonel Zachry, made a furious attack upon the centre. This movement was seconded by a flank attack of the Sixth Georgia, Colonel Lofton, upon the enemy's right. They now broke and fled in great confusion. We pursued until dark. The Yankees did not halt until they had placed the St. Mary's river in their rear, twenty miles from the battle-field. The fruits of the victory were five pieces of artillery, two stands of colors, two thousand small arms, and five hundred prisoners. The enemy left upon the field three hundred and fifty dead. They also abandoned the severely wounded.

Our loss amounted to eighty killed and six hundred and fifty wounded. The fight was in the open pine woods peculiar to Florida. This accounts for the large number wounded in proportion to the killed. The enemy could not have lost less than two thousand killed and wounded. General Finnegan reported that the roads for three miles were strewn with the enemy's dead and wounded. More than one half of the two negro regiments that Seymour had placed in front were said to have been killed and wounded.

The enemy fell back to Jacksonville, forty-five miles from where they fought the battle. Our forces followed them along the road, and stragglers and wounded were picked up as they went. A lady reported that General Seymour passed along, looking haggard and pale, saying he had lost half of his troops.

The victory was a subject of extraordinary congratulation. Had the enemy been successful at Ocean Pond, there were not five hundred men between them and the capital, and, with the capture of our rolling stock at Lake City, they would soon have reached Tallahassee and fallen back on St. Mark's as a base, and by water held their communications perfectly. Viewed in this respect, it was one of the decisive battles of the war, and had preserved the State of Florida to the Confederacy.

The Yankee journals (probably for political reasons) were more candid in their admissions of defeat at Ocean Pond than on any other occasion of disaster to them in the war. An investigation was ordered in the Yankee Congress. The New York *Herald* declared that the whole movement grew out of the political jugglery for the next Presidency, and the whole thing was a trick to secure the electoral vote of Florida. It said that "a thousand lives were lost in the attempt to get three electoral votes."

SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION IN THE SOUTHWEST.

In the winter of 1864, the enemy had planned a grand military combination in the Southwest, which, properly viewed, was one of the greatest projects of the war. It was imperfectly known by the Confederates at the time, who, for many weeks vainly imagined the object of Sherman's movement into Mississippi at the head of an infantry column of thirty-five thousand men.

Events developed the scheme, and indicated Grant, the Yankees' present military idol, as its originator. It was the conceit of this General that the "rebellion" presented its most formidable front in North Georgia and that he was so circumstanced as to render it extremely difficult to turn his advantage, in the possession of Chattanooga, to account. His disadvantages were the enormous prolongation of the line connecting the front of operations with the base of supplies, the imperfect character of the communications, and the difficulty of accumulating sufficient supplies for a long and severe campaign in the Gulf States.

A New York paper declared that it had been recognized as a necessary condition to any advance from Chattanooga, looking to great and decisive results, that a water base be opened up, whence a powerful column should march to connect with, and support, the Union army advancing from Chattanooga. A possible point from which a water base could be opened up was Mobile.

It was known by the beginning of February that three distinct Yankee columns, from as many different points, were now

under way in the Southwest. A very powerful cavalry column, under command of Generals Smith and Grierson, had started from Corinth and Holly Springs. An infantry column, composed of the two corps of Hurlbut and McPherson, under command of General Sherman, was under way from Vicksburg. A combined land and naval expedition was moving from New Orleans.

While Mobile was the plain objective point at which the latter force aimed, it is probable that Sherman did not design to make an overland march from Vicksburg to Mobile—about three hundred miles. There is reason to believe that he expected, when he marched out of Vicksburg, to reach Selma, in Alabama. The heavy column of cavalry that started from Memphis, and constituted an important part of his forces, was to move rapidly across Mississippi and Alabama, cut the interior railway lines, destroy the bridges and Government workshops, lay waste the country, and gain the rear of General Polk, harass and delay his retreat, and, if possible, force him down towards Mobile, while Sherman rushed upon him in front. Had General Polk retreated upon Mobile, the attack upon which by the Federal fleets was calculated if not designed to draw him in that direction, Sherman would have occupied Meridian, Demopolis, and Selma, and thus have rendered his escape impossible, and the fall of Mobile, from lack of provisions and without a blow, a matter of absolute certainty. The possession of Mobile and Selma would have given the Federal commander two important water bases, the one on the Mississippi, at Vicksburg, the other at Mobile, on the Gulf, two navigable rivers communicating with the latter—the Alabama and Tombigbee—and two railways ready to hand, viz.: the Mobile and Ohio, and the Vicksburg and Jackson roads. Once in possession of these important points and his army firmly established in the triangle formed by the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, and the railroad leading from Selma to Demopolis and Meridian, and we should no more have been able to dislodge him from his position than we had been to drive the enemy from the Virginia Peninsula and Fortress Monroe.

It must be confessed that there were in these combinations the marks of a bold, brilliant, original conception. General Grant had contemplated, so to speak, the removal of the Mis-

Mississippi river from Vicksburg and New Orleans to Montgomery and Mobile; while at the same time the organization of this line would have operated as a flank movement upon General Johnston's army, and might have resulted in the fall of Atlanta, and the occupation by the legions of the enemy of the northern half of the great State of Georgia. He proposed thus to get possession of the only remaining line of defence which it was possible for the Confederates to take up when he should advance from Chattanooga. Military men of the North had recognized that, if the Confederates were once turned at Atlanta, the line of the Tombigbee was the only available position left them. The other line led directly into a cul-de-sac, ending in Florida. If, therefore, the present movements were successful, it would clutch this single position at which the Confederates could have hoped to make any protracted stand.

But Grant—and it will be found to be his characteristic fault—had overtaken himself. His formidable combination was to fail because too much was attempted, and because it was to be met by the Confederates with consummate skill and courage. The co-operating columns were too widely separated, were exposed to too many chances of failure, and were entrusted to too many different heads.

The expedition so largely planned was inaugurated by the moving of the first two columns. Sherman left Vicksburg the 1st of February, at the head of thirty-five thousand infantry, two or three thousand cavalry, and from sixty to eighty pieces of artillery. Almost simultaneously Grierson or Smith began their march through North Mississippi with about ten thousand cavalry and mounted infantry. Mobile, at the same time, was threatened by water with the enemy's fleet of gunboats, and by land from Pensacola and Pascagoula.

General Polk had recently been placed by the Confederate authorities in command of the Department of the Southwest. He assumed command late in December, and scarcely had more than familiarized himself with the command, and had but little time to organize his troops and collect together all the energies of his department.

General Polk took the field. Forrest was still detached from the main army, and remained so as to watch the movements of Grierson and his command. Sherman with his thirty-

five thousand men could only be opposed by Loring, French, and Lee.

From Vicksburg the enemy moved very rapidly and vigorously on to Jackson, and from that point they threatened Meridian, the railroad centre of the Southwestern Department. At this time General Polk borrowed from the Mobile garrison two or three brigades to retard the enemy in order to enable him to save his supplies, which had accumulated at different points of the railroads for the past two years. It would have been the height of folly to have given the enemy battle under the circumstances. Our force, when strengthened by the reinforcements from Mobile, did not reach over half that of the enemy, inclusive of our cavalry.

With the additional force from Mobile the enemy was checked, enabling General Polk to save his accumulated stores and protect his supplies. The little army fell back from Brandon in perfect order—slowly and successfully. The enemy moved his bodies of infantry, artillery and cavalry, with caution and prudence. Lee hung upon his flanks and compelled him to move in compact column, giving him but little time to forage or to depredate upon the country. In the mean time General Polk, with all his acknowledged energy, was moving all his stores from points of the different railroads likely to fall into the enemy's hands.

On Sunday, the 14th, Lieutenant-general Polk evacuated Meridian, with his little army, heavily pressed by an enemy thirty-five thousand strong. Before the evacuation, however, every article belonging to the different departments of the Government had been moved. The rolling stock of four important railroads had been saved—not a car was left, and scarcely a wheel left. The locomotives and cars belonging to the Mobile and Ohio road were safely housed in Mobile. Those of the other roads were brought to the Tombigbee and safely placed upon the other side of the river. It was a literal and positive evacuation of this great railroad centre. The little town of Meridian stood lonely amid the silence of pine barrens, without a noise to disturb its solitude or to arouse its inhabitants. The garrison belonging to Mobile had been safely returned to their duties there, and Mobile was as safe as the department at Richmond intended it to be. General Polk retired to De-

mopolis, Alabama, and prepared for the gathering emergency.

The enemy's cavalry column under Smith and Grierson was to pass through one of the richest districts of the Confederacy to the assistance of Sherman.

From Pontotoc, Mississippi, to the southern boundary line of Noxubee county, a distance of eighty or ninety miles from forty to fifty in width, there was an area of country rich as the Delta of the Nile. Magnificent plantations were spread on either side of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, level as the sea, and dotted with abodes of wealth and intelligence. Pontotoc, Aberdeen, Columbus, and Macon, were the centres of local trade for all this region. These towns had an aggregate population of perhaps thirty thousand, and the narrow territorial limits of their trade illustrated the fact that this district was the richest granary of the South.

Owing to the exhaustion of his horses, the want of arms and munitions, and other causes, Forrest could array a force of only two thousand four hundred men to confront Smith and Grierson's column of seven thousand of the best equipped cavalry the Yankees had ever put in the field. Forrest's men, too, were mostly new and untried, especially in the cavalry service. He had recently recruited them in West Tennessee. It seemed the extreme of rashness and recklessness, to attempt with such a force to arrest the march of a column of seven thousand splendidly mounted and equipped men, led by experienced officers, whose march thus far had been uninterrupted, who were buoyant and confident, and were charged with such an important mission. The junction of this cavalry force with Sherman at Meridian, was the key of the Yankee plan for the occupation and subjugation of the Southwest. If successful, Sherman would have been in a condition to advance upon Demopolis and Selma, and these important points, as well as the rich countries adjacent, would have been at the mercy of the enemy.

General Polk, with his scant infantry force, quickly perceived the momentous issue which depended upon the result of the cavalry movement from Memphis, and after securing his small army on the east side of the Tombigbee, and removing all his supplies and munitions and returning to Mobile the

troops he had borrowed from General Maury, sent imperative orders to Lee and Forrest to unite their forces, and at every cost to crush and drive back Smith and Grierson's cavalry.

Lee did not receive these orders in time to reach Forrest with his force, which was already greatly exhausted by the continual skirmishing with Sherman's column. Forrest, therefore, was left alone with his two thousand four hundred men to perform this immense undertaking. Confronting the enemy on the broad prairies near West Point, on the Tibbee river, he prepared for action. The enemy formed in a long and most imposing line, outflanking Forrest and threatening the instant demolition of his small and imperfectly organized force. The charge was given, and the Yankees advanced with great boldness and an air of certain victory. Great was their surprise when, as they approached Forrest's line, they observed his men slip from their horses, converting themselves into infantry, each man taking the most favorable position, availing themselves of every advantage the ground afforded, and awaiting with the utmost coolness the impetuous charge of the Yankee chivalry. On came the splendidly mounted dragoons, under those far-famed Yankee chiefs, Smith and Grierson, with such fierce displays of valor and determination as augured badly for Forrest's infantry scouts, scattered through the bushes and over the prairie in rather an irregular and unmilitary style. But these valorous horsemen did not advance far before the balls of two thousand riflemen began to rattle through their ranks with fearful effect. Scores of men and horses fell at the first fire, and their onward movement was checked, and before they could recover and reform the volley was repeated—again and again—until dismay and terror began to prevail in their ranks, and they soon broke into confusion and fled.

Having discovered the small force of Forrest, several attempts were made by Smith and Grierson to rally their men and resume the offensive. Their efforts were successful on the hills, just beyond Okalona, when the last grand charge was made by them on the 21st of February. The fight commenced late in the evening, and was obstinate, as the enemy were forced to make repeated stands to hold us in check, and to save their pack mules, &c., from a stampede. It closed with a

grand cavalry charge of the enemy's whole force. We repulsed them with heavy loss, and completely routed them.

General Forrest's command was too tired to continue the pursuit. General Gholson, with six or seven hundred State troops, arrived and went in pursuit. The enemy never halted for a moment in his retreat, and when last heard from, the remnant of this splendid force was hastening fast to Memphis, in far different plight from that in which it had so recently emerged from its fortifications.

The disastrous retreat of Grierson and Smith upon Memphis was decisive of the campaign. Their retreat naturally interrupted Sherman's communications all along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and deprived his army of an important source of supply, without which he was incapable of maintaining his ground. Worse still, the falling back of these two officers took away from him the cavalry force upon which he relied to prosecute his operations. He was left to retrace his steps in disappointment and disgrace, and to retire to Vicksburg. Back there he dragged his weary, broken-down column, in a demoralized state; having accomplished not a single military result in his campaign, and having achieved no other glory than that of warfare upon private property and inoffensive people, a cheap triumph of the ruffian and the plunderer.

In a congratulatory order to his army, General Polk said: "The concentration of our cavalry on the enemy's column of cavalry from West Tennessee formed the turning point of the campaign. That concentration broke down his only means of subsisting his infantry. His column was defeated and routed, and his whole force compelled to make a hasty retreat. Never did a grand campaign, inaugurated with such pretension, terminate more ingloriously. With a force three times that which was opposed to its advance, they have been defeated and forced to leave the field with a loss of men, small arms and artillery."

The Yankees made an absurd attempt to cover up Sherman's defeat with the stereotyped lie, that the expedition had "accomplished all that was intended." It could hardly be possible that the object of an expedition of such magnitude as that conducted by Sherman through Mississippi was simply to march over a sterile country one hundred and fifty miles, take posses-

sion of a comparatively insignificant point, and then march back again.

The truth was, Grant's grand combination in the West had completely broken down; and Sherman's defeat had given the Confederacy two months more time to prepare for the great campaign of 1864.

While the events we have been narrating were transpiring in the Southwest, as part of the grand plan, there had been a movement on the lines in North Georgia. Thomas, in immediate command of the Yankee forces there, had attempted an advance on the 25th of February. For a whole day he attempted to penetrate our lines, but was compelled suddenly to fall back upon his base at Chickamauga. The "On-to-Atlanta" was a programme all parts of which had been disconcerted, and to amend which the campaign in the West had to be put over until the fighting month of May.

CHAPTER X.

• Auspicious Signs of the Spring of 1864.—Military Successes of the Confederates.—Improvements in the Internal Polity of the Confederacy.—Two Important Measures of Legislation.—Revolution of our Finances.—Enlargement of the Conscription.—Theory of the New Military Law.—A Blot on the Political Record of the Confederacy.—Qualified Suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*.—An Infamous Edict, but a “Dead-letter.”—An Official Libel upon the Confederacy.—The Real Condition of Civil Liberty in the South.—The Conscription not properly a Measure of Force.—Impressments but a System of Patriotic Contribution.—Development of the Yankee Government into Despotism.—An Explanation of this.—The Essence of Despotism in One Yankee Statute.—MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Its Military System, the Best and Most Elastic in the World.—The War Conducted on a *Voluntary Basis*.—Supplies.—Scarcity of Meat.—The Grain Product.—Two Centres of Supplies.—A Dream of Yankee Hate.—Great Natural Resources of the North.—Summary of the Yankee Military Drafts.—Tonnage of the Yankee Navy.—The Yankee War Debt.—Economic Effects of the War.—Its Effects on European Industry.—Yankee Conquest of the South an Impossibility.—A Remarkable Incident of the War.—DAHLGREN’S RAID AROUND RICHMOND.—Kilpatrick’s and Custar’s Parts of the Expedition.—Dahlgren and his Negro Guide.—His “Braves” Whipped by the Richmond Clerks and Artisans.—Death of the Marauder.—Revelation of his Infamous Designs.—Copy and History of “the Dahlgren Papers.”—A Characteristic Yankee Apotheosis.—Ridiculous and Infamous Behavior of the Confederate Authorities.—A Brutal and Savage Threat.—President Davis in Melodrama.

THE auspicious signs of the spring of 1864 was the theme everywhere of the Confederate press. We have seen how a current of success had set in for the South. Mr. Lincoln’s shocking experiment in Florida; Thomas’s disastrous repulse in North Georgia; Sherman’s magnificent failure, were glad auguries for the Confederate arms in the coming campaigns. The situation was being rapidly improved. Not to speak just yet of our achievements in Texas, in Western Louisiana, and along the banks of the Mississippi, we could refer with satisfaction to Longstreet’s exploits in East Tennessee, subsequent to the raising of the siege of Knoxville, and fancied permanent occupation of East Tennessee by the enemy. The siege of Charleston had proven only a running sore, where the strength and wealth of the enemy were wasted without the slightest prospect of advancing one step beyond the landward beach of Morris Island. Florida had afforded nothing but disaster to them and glory to us. The rainy season would soon render it

as uninhabitable to a Northern army as it has hitherto been unconquerable. "Dixie," said the Yankee papers, was "in fine feather."

This period of military success was coincident, too, with certain important improvements in the internal polity of the Confederacy. The Confederate Congress of 1863-64, had accomplished two important measures of legislation. It had revolutionized the Confederate finances by a law which required the currency to be funded, under the penalty, within certain dates, of thirty-three and a third per cent., stopped further issues of paper money, and provided for the public revenues by heavy taxation, and the sale of five hundred millions of six per cent. bonds. It had enlarged the conscription and qualified it by a system of details, the administration of which, though it properly resided in Congress, and should not have been delegated to the Executive branch of the Confederacy, which was notoriously corrupted by favoritism, was especially designed to compose and protect the vexed industry and resources of the country.

The new military law was designed to devote to the army, directly or indirectly, the whole physical power and energy of the country. Providing, first, recruits for the ranks by an extended conscription, it then organized the remaining labor of the country, for the sole use and benefit of the army and the country's cause. The great pervading principle of this military bill was that every man owed to his country the duty of defending it, either *in or out* of the ranks, and the law provided for the discharge of this paramount duty by putting in the ranks all men capable of bearing arms, except certain persons who could be of more service to the cause out of, than in the army. Exemptions and details were to be permitted upon the great and important principle of promoting the public service. Recognizing the absolute dependence of the country's cause upon the great agricultural interest, the Confederate Congress, while protecting this great interest, had made it contribute to the support of the army, for the privilege of its exemption—thus protecting the production of the country, without depriving the army of the recruits necessary to its reinforcement.

It is, however, to be confessed, with pain, that the Confederate Congress of 1863-64, marred the work of this legislative

year by a base imitation of the Washington despotism in a suspension of the *habeas corpus*. It was an act of criminal stupidity, the fruit of an inferiority of mind in our legislators that aped the precedents of the Yankee. It is true that the law authorizing the suspension of the great writ of liberty was qualified by a stringent bill of particulars.* But what can be

* The following is a copy of this unfortunate law :

A bill to suspend the privilege of the writ of HABEAS CORPUS in certain cases.

Whereas, the Constitution of the Confederate States of America provides, in article 1, section 9, paragraph 3, that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it ;" and, whereas the power of suspending the privilege of said writ, as recognized in said article 1, is vested solely in the Congress, which is the exclusive judge of the necessity of such suspension ; and, whereas, in the opinion of the Congress, the public safety requires the suspension of said writ in the existing case of the invasion of these States by the armies of the United States ; and, whereas the President has asked for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and informed Congress of conditions of public danger which render the suspension of the writ a measure proper for the public defence against invasion and insurrection ; now, therefore :

1. That during the present invasion of the Confederate States, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* be, and the same is hereby, suspended ; but such suspension shall apply only to the cases of persons arrested or detained by order of the President, Secretary of War, or the general officer commanding the Trans-Mississippi Military Department, by the authority and under the control of the President. It is hereby declared that the purposes of Congress in the passage of this act is to provide more effectually for the public safety by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in the following cases, and no other :

I. Of treason or treasonable efforts or combinations to subvert the Government of the Confederate States.

II. Of conspiracies to overthrow the Government, or conspiracies to resist the lawful authority of the Confederate States.

III. Of combining to assist the enemy or of communicating intelligence to the enemy, or giving him aid and comfort.

IV. Of conspiracies, preparations and attempts to incite servile insurrection.

V. Of desertions or encouraging desertions, of harboring deserters, and of attempts to avoid military service ; Provided, that in cases of palpable wrong and oppression by any subordinate officer, upon any party who does not legally owe military service, his superior officer shall grant prompt relief to the oppressed party, and the subordinate shall be dismissed from office.

VI. Of spies and other emissaries of the enemy.

VII. Of holding correspondence or intercourse with the enemy, without necessity, and without the permission of the Confederate States.

VIII. Of unlawful trading with the enemy and other offences against the laws of the Confederate States, enacted to promote their success in the war.

IX. Of conspiracies, or attempts to liberate prisoners of war held by the Confederate States.

most said, to wipe from the record of the Confederacy the stain of this infamous edict, is, that it was never put into practice. It was not put into practice for the simple reason that there was no occasion for it; no one doubted the integrity and patriotism of our judiciary; that branch of the government was practically permitted to continue its dispensations of law and justice; and the worst that can be said of the law suspending the *habeas corpus* was, that it was a stain upon our political history. It was an uncalled for libel upon the Confederacy; but although it might blacken our reputation, yet it is a satisfaction to know that it did not practically affect our system of liberties.

In contrasting the political systems of the North and South in this war, we find an invariable superiority in the latter with respect to all questions of civil liberty. This, indeed, is to be taken as the most striking and significant moral phenomenon of the war.

Despite the conscription and other harsh necessities of legislation, the principles of liberty were yet substantially secure in the Confederacy. The spirit of the devotion of the people was, in most instances, in advance of the demands of the gov-

X. Of conspiracies, or attempts or preparations to aid the enemy.

XI. Of persons aiding or inciting others to abandon the Confederate cause, or to resist the Confederate States, or to adhere to the enemy.

XII. Of unlawfully burning, destroying, or injuring, or attempting to burn, destroy, or injure any bridge or railroad, or telegraph line of communication, or other property with the intent of aiding the enemy.

XIII. Of treasonable designs to impair the military power of the Government by destroying or attempting to destroy the vessels, or arms, or munitions of war, or arsenals, foundries, workshops, or other property of the Confederate States.

SEC. 2. The President shall cause proper officers to investigate the cases of all persons so arrested or detained, in order that they may be discharged if improperly detained, unless they can be speedily tried in the due course of law.

SEC. 3. That during the suspension aforesaid, no military or other officer shall be compelled, in answer to any writ of *habeas corpus*, to appear in person, or to return the body of any person detained by him by the authority of the President, Secretary of War, or the general officer commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department; but upon the certificate, under oath, of the officer having charge of any one so detained that such person is detained by him as a prisoner under the authority aforesaid, further proceedings under the writ of *habeas corpus*, shall immediately cease and remain suspended so long as this act shall continue in force.

SEC. 4. This act shall continue in force for ninety days after the next meeting of Congress, and no longer.

ernment. The people of the Confederacy were more heartily willing than the Yankees to contribute of their substance and convenience to the war, but much less willing than they to sacrifice their civil liberties to its fancied necessities. In the Confederacy the impressments of property were, in fact, in the majority of instances, voluntary contributions. In the Confederacy, the conscription was not, in effect, a measure of force, but was rather to be regarded as a measure to organize the proffer of patriotic devotion, and to equalize its service. It was the purer spirit and superior motives of the Confederacy in the war that made its administration so superior to that of the enemy, with regard to the constitutional standards of liberty, and the well recognized principles of conservatism.

The North presented a different picture. The process by which the Yankee Government had developed itself into one of the vilest despotisms on the earth is one of the most interesting problems of the history of the war. In an address of the Confederate Congress, which met in the spring of 1864, a reference was made to Yankee despotism as "engendered in a desperate warfare upon the liberties of another and kindred people." The language of this reference contains the key of the problem. The unholy passions of this war, its hate, its greed, its dire revenge, its desperation, induced the people of the North to compromise their constitutional rights. They were willing to purchase the gratification of their passions at the expense of their liberty, and those who gainsayed the price were denounced as disloyal persons, and threatened as traitors.

Personal liberty was no longer a thing of any account in the eyes of "the best government the world ever saw." There was a law on the statute-book of the Government at Washington, which not only undertook to deprive the judicial tribunals of the States of all cognizance, civil and criminal, over proceedings instituted against persons who had done any act injurious to a citizen, by order of President Lincoln, but which also made the order of the President, or of any one acting under his authority, *a full and perfect defence*, in all courts, in any civil or any criminal proceeding in which the act was drawn in question. This law annihilated the liberties of the citizen; perfected the despotism at Washington; and gave

Abraham Lincoln a power above all judicial redress in the country, and as irresponsible as any autoocracy on earth.

MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The military system of the South was, perhaps, the most admirable and elastic in the world. The conscription, which, as we have seen, was not regarded in the Confederacy as an edict of violence, but was in fact merely an organized form of public spirit, was constantly and harmoniously in operation; and it had the especial merit of avoiding that agitation and public demoralization inseparable from a system of periodical drafts. It provided a class of reserves, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, which was constantly passing within the limits of the active military age. The army was thus steadily replenished. It was qualified by a system of details, the administration of which was to be constantly concerned in adjusting the demands of the military service to precise necessities, and accommodating the conscription, either enlarging or contracting it, to the state of the country. The military system of the Confederacy had thus an elasticity which was indeed its most valuable quality.

Ignorant minds appear to have been much impressed with the idea that the Confederacy would break down for the want of men. There had been yearly repetitions of this idea since the commencement of the war; and yet, strange to say, for all this time the Confederate armies had not declined in numbers. Fighting on the defensive, their losses were much less than those of the Yankees; occupying interior and shorter lines, and commanded by generals who carefully economized human life, they did not require the same numbers as the enemy; and, even if they were decreasing, there was this compensation: that while they declined in numbers, the Yankee army was declining, at a much more rapid rate, in a *personnel*, which had come to be mostly composed of negroes and foreigners, and in those measures of courage and devotion which best insure victory.

The advantage which the Confederacy had in the conduct of the war was that every thing was, really and substantially,

on the *voluntary basis*. The impressment law, though violent in form, like the conscription, was, in fact, the *conduit* of patriotic contributions. Every thing that was asked for the war was generally given with cheerful consent; and supplies poured in upon the Government, from private sources, much faster than the transportation of rail-cars, boats, and wagons could dispose of them.

The scarcity of meat was a difficulty which could be comparatively endured. There was an impression, long prevalent with us, that the South was dependent upon the North for a large portion of the meat we consumed. We actually reared and slaughtered more animals in proportion to population than the North, and it was simply owing to the fact of our almost wasteful use of meat, in which they economized, that we became annual purchasers of this article to so great an extent. Thrown upon our own resources, diverting our agriculture from the production of our great commercial staples to that of breadstuffs, and, along with it, to raising animals, hogs especially, since the war began, in sections undisturbed by the march of armies, or not affected by epidemics among our stock, the supplies of meat were far more bountiful than ever before.

But although it must be confessed that our meat supplies, which would otherwise have been superabundant, had been sadly diminished by the enemy's occupation of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the isolation of the Trans-Mississippi, yet none but the most ignorant could doubt our sufficiency of other subsistence in a country where the cereals might be produced on every acre of arable land. The difficulty was in the ready equalization of supplies by transportation, not in the want of them. There were two centres of supplies in the Confederacy, inaccessible to the enemy, either of which was sufficient to subsist our entire army and people; one whose lines radiated through north-western Carolina and the southern tier of counties in Virginia, and the other in the unequalled grain districts of south-western Georgia and Alabama. To "starve" the South was the atrocious dream of Northern hate, scarcely the calculation of Yankee shrewdness and intelligence.

The North had great material resources, but it was wasting them in a war the advance of which was more than doubtful,

and the object of which morally unattainable. It had put two millions of soldiers in the field.* The tonnage of its navy was but little short of half a million. But while Yankee pride took delight in the exhibits, they were not merely displays of power, they were also evidences of debt.

The expenditures of the Yankee Government during the war had constantly exceeded the official estimates, while the receipts had fallen off.

Mr. Chase estimated the expenses for 1864 at \$750,815,088; Congress had already appropriated \$1,104,000,000 *for the War Department alone!* The rate at which the debt had accumulated, and the amount of claims yet to be adjusted, made it certain that the public debt was not far from \$3,000,000,000.†

* The following is a list, compiled from official sources, of Mr. Lincoln's enormous calls for troops :

April 16, 1861.....	75,000
May 4, 1861.....	64,748
From July to December, 1861.....	500,000
July 1, 1862.....	300,000
August 4, 1862.....	300,000
Draft, summer of 1863.....	300,000
February 1, 1864.....	500,000
Total.....	2,039,748

† The following figures, which we find compiled to our hand, show the various loans and liabilities of the Yankee Government thus far authorized by various acts of Congress :

Loan of 1842.....	\$242,621
Loan of 1847.....	9,415,250
Loan of 1848.....	8,908,341
Texas indemnity loan of 1850.....	3,461,000
Loan of 1858.....	20,000,000
Loan of 1860.....	7,622,000
Loan of 1861.....	18,415,000
Treasury notes, March 1861.....	512,910
Oregon war loan, 1861.....	1,016,000
Another loan of 1861.....	50,000,000
Three years treasury notes.....	139,679,000
Loan of August, 1861.....	320,000
Five-twenty loan.....	400,000,000
Temporary loans.....	104,933,103
Certificates of indebtedness.....	156,918,437
Unclaimed dividends.....	114,115
Carried over.....	921,557,777

Mr. Chase's statement of his administration exhibited the following interesting figures :

Government expenses, 72 years, 1789 to 1861, \$1,458,790,786

Government expenses, 4 years, 1861 to 1865, 2,692,086,941

Excess in four years \$1,238,294,155

So we find that, accepting the figures and estimates of the Yankee Secretary of the Treasury, the expenditures of the Government during the administration of Abraham Lincoln would nearly double those of the whole period from the establishment of the government to the inauguration of the "age of purity."

It is impossible, with the imperfect materials at present at hand, to make a pecuniary estimate of the losses due to the shock and derangement of the war. These losses were not only shared by the North and South ; the whole commercial world was involved in the misfortunes of the war, and dragged into its vortex.

The South, with a population of ten millions, of whom four millions were slaves, with about one million of these engaged in the production of our great commercial staples, with but little artificial labor, but with only the simplest implements of husbandry, her peculiar social institution and her climate, had yet furnished all the vitality, had actually created and brought into existence the greater part of all the great wealth-producing artificial labor in other nations. Her productions, which could be supplied or substituted from no other avenue without enormous additional expense, were indispensable to the capital invested and the labor developed. English factories had already many of them suspended, or were reduced greatly in their operations. Northern newspapers informed us that not a

Brought over.....	921,557,777
Demand treasury notes.....	500,000
Legal tenders, 1862.....	397,767,114
Legal tenders, 1863.....	104,969,937
Postal and fractional currency.....	50,000,000
Old treasury notes outstanding.....	118,000
Ten-forty bonds.....	900,000,000
Interest-bearing treasury notes.....	500,000,000
Total.....	<u>\$2,774,912,838</u>

spindle at Lowell was in operation. The manufacturers of France were already clamorous. The only wonder was, that civilized nations could so long remain unmoved by such catastrophes—so long remain disinterested spectators of a war upon the South for the destruction of our system of natural labor, whether for a mere sentiment or for any other cause, that of necessity involved the loss to them of an immense invested capital, and was destructive of artificial labor equivalent, in operatives, to many hundred-fold the number of our slaves.

And what of the results of conquest? what of the indications of final success? what of the signs of conclusion had the war accomplished? Eight hundred thousand square miles was too large an area for decisive war. When we imagine the toilsome marches, the mighty mountains, the dense and unhealthy swamps, the innumerable and impassable rivers and inlets, when we see a resolute people enduring outrage and destitution, ever ready to sting the heel of the invader, it is obvious that no human force can traverse those distances, subdue that people, and establish any other government than what such a people shall approve. A territory so extensive could not be held by the policy of plunder and extermination. The miserable gains of the thief, the marander, the ruffian, and the plunderer—the achievements of banditti, might discourage any government and dissatisfy any soldiery.*

* A curious attempt was that of the Yankees to represent to the world the extent and permanency of their conquests by bogus State organizations; altogether, one of the vilest cheats of the war. Arkansas, Louisiana, and other States, were made to play false parts upon paper, and were claimed as acquisitions for "the Union," when a Yankee dared not show his face in his new dominions outside of his picket lines. It was by the management of bayonets that bogus delegates met at Little Rock, and concocted a paper which they termed a "Constitution," declaring that slavery should not exist in the State of Arkansas, and sent men to Washington to ask to be received back into the Union.

In Louisiana the farce of a State election had just been completed. How far such an election represented the franchise or free will of the people we may infer from the following extract from General Order No. 23, issued by General Banks, and paraded in every Government paper the morning of the election:

"Open hostility cannot be permitted. Indifference will be treated as a crime, and faction as treason. Men who refuse to defend their country with the ballot-box have no just claim to the benefits of liberty regulated by law.

We leave these discussions to follow the current of military events.

DAHLGREN'S RAID AROUND RICHMOND.

In the month of March, 1864, was to occur one of the most remarkable incidents of the war; inasmuch as it was the occasion of certain documentary evidence of the savage and atrocious spirit of our enemies, which heretofore, though it had been the constant assertion of the Confederates, had been persistently denied in Yankee prints, and concealed from the world by brazen lies, audacious recrimination, and the stereotypes of Yankee hypocrisy.

On the 28th of February, a raid was undertaken towards Richmond by the Yankee cavalry under General Kilpatrick. Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, a son of the Yankee admiral of Charleston "sensation," was second in command. After reaching Beaver Dam and destroying the water station and tearing up a few hundred yards of the track at that point, the force divided, Kilpatrick with his command passing through the upper part of Hanover into Louisa, where he took the mountain road, which he followed until he struck the Brook turnpike, which led into Richmond.

After the force was divided, Dahlgren's command proceeded to Frederick Hall, in Louisa county, where they captured several of our officers who were holding a court-martial at the time. Among these officers was Captain Dement, of a Baltimore battery, who was compelled to follow the expedition. After tearing up the railroad for some distance, Dahlgren proceeded rapidly towards the James River Canal, which he struck in Goochland county. He burnt a grist-mill here, some barns, injured some of the locks on the canal, and did other

. Whoever is indifferent or hostile, must choose between the liberty which foreign lands afford, the poverty of the rebel States, and the innumerable and inappreciable blessings which our Government confers upon its people."

Thirty-five thousand Louisianians had already gone to partake of the "poverty of the rebel States," and about eleven thousand played the farce of voting to continue "the blessings which the Yankee Government confers upon its people."

trifling damage. His men were allowed to amuse themselves for some hours at the farm-houses, in hacking up furniture and stealing silver spoons. His purpose was to cross the James river here, get into Richmond by a surprise on the south side, and do his peculiar work in that city of the Confederacy.

He had employed a negro to guide him to a ford of the river. He had paid him for the proposed service with what appeared to be a five-dollar bill, but was in fact a barber's "token," in the shape of a bank note, after the ingenious fashion of Yankee advertisements. The negro conducted him to a ford, but finding the water too high to cross, and imagining that he had been duped, Dahlgren turned upon the helpless black, had him instantly hanged, and to expedite the horrible deed, furnished a rein from his own bridle to strangle his victim.

Finding that he could not cross the river, Dahlgren directed his movements to make a junction with Kilpatrick. But in the mean time all the other parts of the expedition had failed.

One part had been to distract attention by a movement of General Custer, with cavalry and artillery, in the direction of Charlottesville. It had come to grief. It had reached the vicinity of Rio Mills, where Stuart's horse artillery, under Major Beckham, was stationed. As soon as the enemy crossed the Rivanna river, the artillery, supported by some furloughed and dismounted men, opened on the advancing column. This seemed entirely unexpected, some of the Yankees exclaiming, "By ——, the Secesh have been reinforced; let's go back," which they did at a double-quick; nor did they halt to camp until they reached their infantry supports at Madison Court-house.

Kilpatrick's part of the expedition had manifested a similar ludicrous cowardice. He had reached the outer line of the Richmond fortifications at a little past ten on the morning of the 1st of March. A desultory fire was kept up for some hours, in which the Yankees who had proposed a desperate inroad into Richmond never once got within range of our artillery, and, satisfied to boast that they had been within sight of the city, withdrew, and took up their line of march down the Peninsula.

Unapprised of these dastardly events, Dahlgren, on the

night of the 1st of March, pursued his way towards Richmond, following the Westham plank-road, with some seven or eight hundred horsemen. An exhibition of cowardice was reserved for him, unequalled even by that of Custer, or Kilpatrick.

All that stood in the darkness of that night between Dahlgren and Richmond, between the ferocious Yankee and the revenge he had plotted to pour in blood and fire upon the devoted capital of the Confederacy, was a force of local soldiery, composed of artisans from the Richmond Armory, and clerks, many of them young boys, from the departments of the government. Such was the force that was to give to Dahlgren's "braves" a lesson for their temerity.

The Armory battalion was on the enemy's flank, and appears to have been surprised. But when the enemy came in contact with Henly's battalion (the clerks), the valorous cavalry broke at the first fire. The first volley of musketry seems to have done all the disaster that occurred, and to have finished the business. Eleven of Dahlgren's Yankees were killed and thirty or forty wounded, while the rest scattered in shameful flight.

After this disgraceful affair, Dahlgren seemed to be anxious only for his retreat. He divided his forces so as to increase the chances of escape. The force under his immediate command moved down the South bank of the Pamunkey, and crossed the river at Dabney's Ferry. From the ferry they proceeded by the most direct route to Ayletts on the Mattaponi, watched closely at every step by scouts detached from Lieutenant James Pollard's company of Lee's Rangers, then on picket duty and recruiting service in King William County, the residence of most of its members. Pollard, himself, while passing through the streets of Richmond, had chanced to see at a newspaper office a bulletin giving some account of the retreat of Dahlgren's party, and declaring that he would make them "pay toll" on their route, had posted to intercept the fugitives.

The ferry-boat on the Mattaponi having been previously removed, and Pollard's arrangements for disputing the passage of the Yankees when they reached the King and Queen side being suspected, they dashed across the river as precipitately as possible under the fire of a small squad of rangers.

The Yankees had no sooner reached King and Queen County than they were harassed, both front and rear, by the Rangers, showing fight as they advanced, until Pollard was reinforced by Captain Fox of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry and some of his men then on furlough in the county, some members of Lieutenant-colonel Robins' cavalry, and a few home guards.

While Dahlgren, with his party of fugitives constantly slipping from him by straggling, and with sinking spirits, pursued the road to Walkerton, the improvised force of Confederates kept pressing him, while a detachment, making a rapid circuit, got ahead of him, and awaited his approach in the darkness of the night. Seeing some figures ahead on the road, Dahlgren rode towards them, requiring for his protection that Captain Dement, the prisoner he had taken at Frederick Hall, should ride by his side. "Surrender," he shouted, to what he supposed was a few skulkers, who would instantly accede to the command. "Fire," was the reply. "Give 'em hell, boys," yelled Pollard; and the woods were lighted up with a volley from Confederate muskets. It was enough. Dahlgren fell dead from his horse, two bullets in the head, two in the body, and one in the hand. Captain Dement's horse was shot under him. The woods were filled with fugitive Yankees, who had fled at the first volley, and who might be heard in the darkness of the night imploring the Confederates to have the kindness to come up and accept their surrender. The remnant of Dahlgren's party captured here in the night was one hundred and forty negroes and Yankees.

On the body of their leader were found the remarkable documents to which we have referred: papers showing the fiendish purpose of his expectation, and revealing to the startled sensibilities of the people of Richmond, the horrors which they had narrowly escaped.

The following address to the officers and men of the command was written on a sheet of paper having in printed letters on the upper corner, "Headquarters Third Division, Cavalry Corps, —, 1864:"

Officers and Men:

You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking—an undertaking which, if successful, will

write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased, and which will cause the prayers of our fellow soldiers now confined in loathsome prisons to follow you and yours wherever you may go.

We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Island first, and having seen them fairly started we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to *destroy and burn the hateful city, and do not allow the rebel leader Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape*. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you cannot leave your ranks too far, or become too much scattered, or you will be lost.

Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would only bring you to an ignominious death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly, and all will be well, but on no account scatter too far; for in union there is strength.

With strict obedience to orders, and fearlessness in the execution, you will be sure to succeed.

We will join the main force on the other side of the city, or perhaps meet them inside.

Many of you may fall; but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart, and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond.

We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a holy cause.

We will have a desperate fight; but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well.

Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

U. DAHLGREN, Colonel Commanding.

The following special orders were written on a similar sheet of paper, and on detached slips, the whole disclosing the diabolical plans of the leaders of the expedition:

"Guides—Pioneers (with oakum, turpentine, and torpedoes)—Signal Officer—Quartermaster—Commissary:

"Scouts and pickets—men in rebel uniform:

"These will remain on the north bank and move down with the force on the south bank, not getting ahead of them; and if the communication can be kept up without giving alarm, it must be done; but everything depends upon a surprise, and no one must be allowed to pass ahead of the column. Information must be gathered in regard to the crossings of the river, so that should we be repulsed on the south side we will know where to recross at the nearest point. All mills must be *burned*, and the canal *destroyed*; and also every thing which can be used by the rebels must be destroyed, including the boats on the river. Should a ferry-boat be seized, and can be worked, have it moved down. Keep the force on the south side posted of any important movement of the enemy, and, in case of danger, some of the scouts must swim the river and bring us information. As we approach the city, the party must take great care that they do not get ahead of the other party on the south side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements. We will try and secure the bridge

to the city (one mile below Belle Isle), and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed, they must then dash down, and we will try and carry the bridge from each side.

"When necessary, the men must be filed through the woods and along the river bank. The bridges once secured, and the prisoners loose and over the river, the bridges will be secured and the city destroyed. The men must keep together and well in hand, and once in the city, it must be destroyed, and *Jeff Davis and Cabinet killed*.

"Pioneers will go along with combustible material. The officer must use his discretion about the time of assisting us. Horses and cattle, which we do not need immediately, must be shot rather than left. Every thing on the canal and elsewhere, of service to the rebels, must be destroyed. As General Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm.

"The signal-officer must be prepared to communicate at night by rockets, and in other things pertaining to his department.

"The Quartermasters and Commissaries must be on the lookout for their departments, and see that there are no delays on their account.

"The engineer officer will follow to survey the road as we pass over it, &c.

"The pioneers must be prepared to construct a bridge or destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be rolled in soaked balls and given to the men to burn when we get in the city. Torpedoes will only be used by the pioneers for destroying the main bridges, &c. They must be prepared to destroy railroads. Men will branch off to the right with a few pioneers and destroy the bridges and railroads south of Richmond, and then join us at the city. They must be well prepared with torpedoes, &c. The line of Falling Creek is probably the best to work along, or, as they approach the city, Goode's Creek; so that no reinforcements can come up on any cars. No one must be allowed to pass ahead, for fear of communicating news. Rejoin the command with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river above Richmond and rejoin us. Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it, and anything else but hospitals; then follow on and rejoin the command at Richmond with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river and rejoin us. As General Custer may follow me, be careful and not give a false alarm."

The exhibition of these papers, disclosing a Yankee plot of incendiarism and murder that challenged comparison with the atrocities of the darkest ages, produced a profound sensation in Richmond. Our people, although already familiar with outrages of the enemy, were scarcely prepared to imagine such extremity of excess; while these bloody papers were to the world an important evidence of the spirit of Yankee warfare.*

* Yankee newspapers, with persistent hardihood, disputed the authenticity of these papers. The writer, whose relative was engaged in the affair, and who himself was familiar with all the incidents relating to these papers, may assert most positively that there is not a shadow of ground to question their authenticity. He saw the originals. In half an hour after they were found on Dahl

It is partly amusing to notice that flimsy and flippant hypocrisy which, in Yankee newspapers, declared that Dahlgren, who had come on such an errand, when killed in a fight with our troops was "assassinated," or which, through the offices of an alliterative strong-minded woman, the peculiar creature of Yankeedom—one "Grace Greenwood"—apotheosized, through public lectures to Yankee soldiers, one of the worst of their kind, and proclaimed him as "the young hero of the North." The dramatic account of the stripping of the body of the marauder, and the cutting off the joint of a finger to get from it a diamond ring, is, however revolting to a tender humanity, nothing but an ordinary circumstance in a war where both sides have admitted what is indeed a deplorable practice—that of "*peeling*" on the battle-field.

But there were some acts of the Confederate authorities in relation to the Dahlgren affair, which deserved a severe censure, and which were wholly indefensible. Many persons in the Confederacy very justly thought that Dahlgren's raiders were not entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war, but should be turned over to the State authorities as thieves, incendiaries, and felons in all respects. The Confederate authorities, from motives which could only have been fear of the enemy's displeasure, declined to accede to this demand. But popular clamor was to be appeased; and to do so the old game of "retaliation" was to be played, and its plain demands put off by melodramatic expedients honorable to tell, but in reality amounting to nothing.

gren's body they were placed in the hands of General FitzHugh Lee; and the soiled folds of the paper were then plainly visible. The words referring to the murder of the President and his cabinet were not interlined, but were in the regular context of the manuscript. The proof of the authenticity of the papers is clinched by the circumstance that there was also found on Dahlgren's body a private note-book, which contained a rough draft of the address to his soldiers, and repetitions of some of the memoranda copied above. The writer has carefully examined this note-book—a common memorandum pocket-book, such as might be bought in New York for fifty cents—in which are various notes, some in ink and some in pencil; the sketch of the address is in pencil, very imperfect, written as one who labored in composition, crossed and recrossed. It does not differ materially in context or language from the more precise composition, except that the injunction to murder the Confederate leaders is in the rough draft made with this additional emphasis, "*killed on the spot.*"

Dahlgren's body was buried out of sight, with the puerile mystery of a concealed grave. The Libby Prison was undermined, several tons of powder put under it, and the threat made that if any demonstration on Richmond, such as Dahlgren's, was ever again to occur, the awful crime, the appalling barbarity would be committed of blowing into eternity the hundreds of helpless men confined in a Confederate prison. No one can believe that such an atrocity was ever intended, under any circumstances, to be executed by the Confederacy, or that it was any thing more than the melodrama by which our weak authorities had been accustomed to avoid the real and substantial issues of "retaliation." This was not the first instance in which the Confederacy had needlessly blackened its reputation by exaggerated pretences of retaliation, which it was thought necessary to make very ferocious in their conception, in proportion as they were to be failures in execution.

CHAPTER XI.

The Current of Confederate Victories.—THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—Banks' Ambitious Designs.—Condition of the Confederates West of the Mississippi.—Banks' Extensive Preparations.—A Gala Day at Vicksburg.—Yankee Capture of Fort De Russy.—Occupation of Alexandria.—Porter's Warfare and Pillage.—Banks' Continued Advance.—Shreveport, the Grand Objective Point.—Kirby Smith's Designs.—General Green's Cavalry Fight.—BATTLE OF MANSFIELD.—Success of the Confederates.—BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL.—The Heroic and Devoted Charge of the Confederates.—The Scene on the Hill.—Banks Fatally Defeated.—Price's Capture of Yankee Trains.—Grand Results of Kirby Smith's Campaign.—Banks in Disgrace.—Yankee Tenure of Louisiana.—FORREST'S EXPEDITION INTO KENTUCKY.—His Gallant Assault on Fort Pillow.—The Yankee Story of "Massacre."—Capture of Union City.—Confederate Occupation of Paducah.—Chastisement of the Yankees on their own Theatre of Outrages.—CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.—General Hoke's Expedition.—Capture of "Fort Wessel."—Exploit of the "Albemarle."—The Assaults upon the Town.—Fruits of its Capture.—The Yankees in North Carolina.

THE current of victory for the Confederacy was still to enlarge. The spring campaign of General Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi was to terminate for us in one of the most decisive and fruitful successes of the war. On account of the remoteness of the theatre of action and its very imperfect communications with Richmond, we have now at hand but scant materials for composing the history of these events, which terminated in the overwhelming defeat of Banks, and the complete demolition of his extensive schemes in Western Louisiana and Texas.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

To understand the importance of Banks' great expedition up the Red River, it is necessary to review the military situation in the beginning of March. Sherman had returned to Vicksburg from his grand but disappointed expedition into Mississippi, and instead of directing his forces towards Mobile, the point of the greatest concern to the Confederates, he

detached a portion of them to General Banks' assistance, who, it appears, had predetermined on scattering or demolishing the Confederate force in West Louisiana, operating against Texas, and opening to Yankee spoliation and theft one of the richest cotton regions of the South. A very general impression existed in the North that the Confederate cause west of the Mississippi was particularly hopeless. General Steele had captured Little Rock, and was thought to have control of almost the entire country north of the Red river. General Banks had captured Brownsville, and occupied several points on the Texas coast, with Yankee forces. The discouragement of the Confederate leaders was said to be so complete that the story found believers among the Yankees that Kirby Smith had determined to pay off his army, furlough his men for an indefinite period, and then retire with his principal officers into Mexico.

The preparations of Banks, however, showed that he either contemplated a much greater resistance than what vulgar opinion in the North anticipated, or that he was determined to insure success by that exaggeration of means which timidity always suggests. The expedition had been the occasion of a complete change in his plan of military operations in the Department of the Gulf. Altogether, it was the most important military enterprise ever attempted west of the Mississippi, and the largest army ever assembled in that section (amounting, besides the fleet, to at least forty thousand men), was entrusted with its execution.

About the 1st of March the columns under General Franklin proceeded from New Orleans to Brashear City, and thence took up the line of march along the Bayou Teche. The forces under General A. J. Smith, from the Department of Tennessee, comprising the brigades under Generals F. S. Smith, Thomas, and Ellet, embarked at Vicksburg on the 10th of March, and proceeded down to the mouth of Red river, where they found a fleet of twenty gunboats ready for the ascent. The twenty transports, preceded by the twenty gunboats, started from the Mississippi on the 10th. As for the naval force of the expedition, a Northern paper stated that a more formidable fleet was never under a single command than that now on the western rivers under Admiral Porter.

The day of the embarkation at Vicksburg was a gala one for the Yankees. "The scene on the Mississippi river, opposite Vicksburg," says a Yankee correspondent, "was sublime. From the deck of this steamer, the flagship of the expedition, went up the long, shrill whistle, the signal for our departure, which was instantly answered by the immense fleet, each steamer's whistle screaming a reply, 'All ready,' in notes ranging from C sharp to B flat. In five minutes the gigantic flotilla was in motion, the variegated lights swinging to and fro from the mastheads, while the crowded decks glistened with loyal bayonets, and the cabin windows reflected a brilliant light upon the rushing waters. Add to this picture the lively music of several brass bands, the cheering of the soldiers, eager for the approaching conflict, and their simple shelter-tents spread in miniature encampments on the upper decks of the steamers, while from the monster black chimneys the sparks fell in golden showers over the whole scene, and perhaps a slight idea will be conveyed of the romantic beauty of this rare war spectacle."

The imposing expedition proceeded up the Red river without serious opposition; and its first achievement was the capture, on the 14th of March, of Fort De Russy. The fort was easily taken by General Smith's advance, as it was garrisoned by only two or three companies of Confederates. Had it been fully manned it would have been a difficult point to capture. The fort was intended for a large force. It consisted of a very strong water-battery, mounting four guns, and a bomb-proof battery of three guns, only two of which were really mounted. Both these batteries fully commanded the approaches, and were connected with a strong fort, about a quarter of a mile to the rear, by a causeway, protected by high breastworks, thus enabling the men to pass from the battery to the fort in action with comparative safety. The bomb-proof was covered with two feet of solid timber and two layers of railroad iron of the T style, fitted into each other.

Porter's gunboats were not engaged; and the garrison of the fort missed the coveted opportunity of testing the power of their superb water-battery. The Yankees took here two hundred and eighty-three prisoners and several heavy guns. Among the prisoners taken was Lieutenant-colonel Byrd, for-

merly in command of the fort. He was put in double-irons, and sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge !

Fort De Russy having fallen, Porter had no difficulty in steaming up to Alexandria, a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and the county-seat of Rapides parish. It was situated on the Red river, about one hundred and fifty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. The advance of General A. J. Smith's forces in transports, and Admiral Porter's fleet of iron-clad gunboats, anchored before the red-clay bluffs of Alexandria on the evening of the 16th March.

The Yankees had now penetrated the famous cotton district of the Red river ; and Porter, who had already obtained in the South the unenviable title of "the Thief of the Mississippi," took the initiative in a system of pillage that might have disgraced the most ruthless and ferocious banditti. Many of the planters applied the torch to their cotton rather than it should fall into the hands of the rapacious enemy. Porter reported to his Government that upwards of four thousand bales of cotton had been confiscated and rescued by his gunboats : a boastful estimate, much above the truth. If cotton could not be found, the Yankees had no hesitation in making prizes of other property ; and when disappointed of plunder, they could at least give vent to their feelings in a spirit of destruction and wanton ferocity.

Alexandria was occupied without resistance ; and from that point Smith continued his advance towards Shreveport, one hundred and seventy miles higher up Red river. In the meantime, Franklin was making his way with all haste across the country *via* Franklin, New Iberia, and Opelousas, with the intention of joining Smith at Alexandria ; but he arrived at that place too late for the purpose. Smith's forces had already gone up the river, and, therefore, in order to consummate the junction, it was necessary for Franklin to move towards Shreveport over land. The Yankee army, now under command of General Banks, passed Grand Ecure, sixty miles from Alexandria, the fleet having, meanwhile, got within one hundred miles of Shreveport.

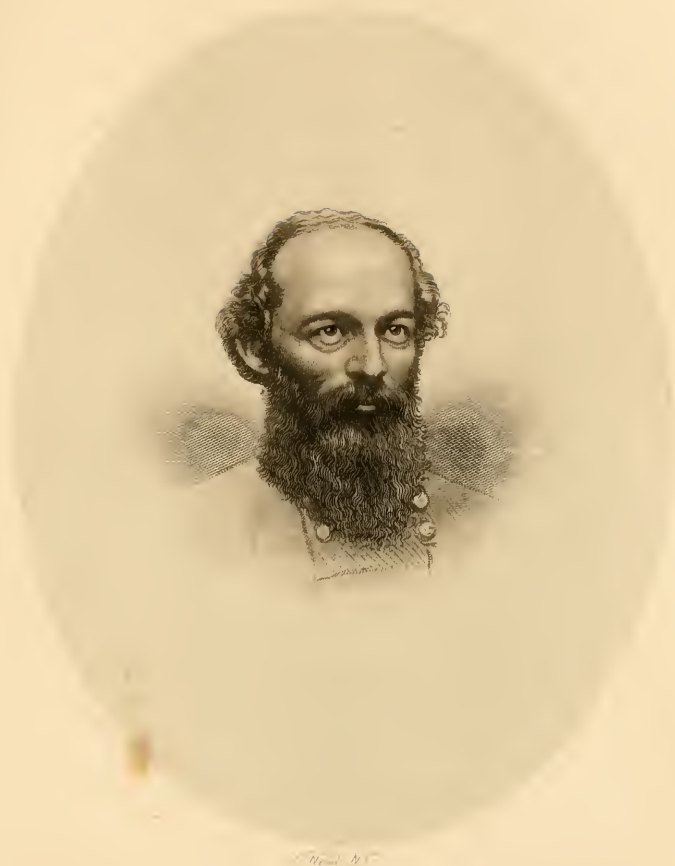
This latter place, on the Louisiana boundary, appears to have been the grand objective point of Banks' campaign. The Trans-Mississippi district might be considered as having its

centre of supplies and resources at Shreveport, and it was an obvious base of operations against Texas. Appreciating its importance, and with a view of sustaining and uniting with Price, who was falling back in Arkansas, General Kirby Smith, in command of the Confederates, in giving up Fort De Russy and the adjoining country had resolved to make a stand to cover Shreveport, and had merely designed to draw Banks to a decisive point of the campaign.

On the 7th of April, Banks encountered a body of Confederate cavalry, under General Green, about two miles beyond Pleasant Hill. A desultory fight ensued, in which Green's cavalry, fighting in the strips of woods along the road, severely harassed the Yankees. The appearance of this force had probably taken Banks by surprise. He despatched a courier to Franklin urging him to "hasten up," and announcing that he was "surrounded by rebel cavalry."

BATTLE OF MANSFIELD.

Four miles from the town of Mansfield, on the 8th of April, General Banks found himself encountered by a considerable Confederate army, composed of forces under Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Mouton, Green, and some of Price's men. The Yankee cavalry were cautiously advancing, when the Confederates suddenly assailed the enemy's front in strong force. The contest continued fiercely for several hours, when the Yankees were driven back with great loss, and both wings of Banks' army flanked. A retreat appeared to be inevitable, should the Confederates continue to assault the enemy's front. The Yankee artillery played furiously upon the Confederate lines. But they continued to advance boldly, our devoted men evincing a desperate determination to conquer or perish in the attempt. An order of retreat was at last given by Banks. But the retreating force found the road blocked up by their trains, which had got into confusion. The retreat soon became a rout and a panic ensued. The Confederates pushed on in pursuit, capturing eighteen guns, all of General Lee's wagon trains, and driving the panic-stricken mass of fugitive Yankees for ten miles to Pleasant Hill. Here



LT. GEN. KIRBY SMITH.

Engraved for the Third Year of the War

Franklin, who had at last come up, opened his line of battle and allowed the latter to pass. The Yankees reported their loss about fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and missing. Among the Confederates, General Mouton had fallen in the action, his body pierced by four balls.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL.

The next day Banks had his forces well in hand; during the night General A. J. Smith having arrived with fresh troops. The place he had selected for a decisive battle was a large open field, once cultivated, but now overgrown with trees and bushes. In the centre of the field was a slight elevation, from which the name, Pleasant Hill, was taken; and a semicircular belt of timber ran around the field on the Shreveport side.

The engagement of the two armies was scarcely more than skirmishing until about five o'clock in the afternoon. One of the most thrilling scenes of mortal contest was now to take place. The Confederates reached the open ground and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. The Yankee batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, making great slaughter with grape and canister, while the Confederate artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage. The fighting was terrific. The Confederates pressed furiously on. The Yankees were pushed back, Taylor's battery taken, and the enemy's line pushed up the hill. As the second line of Confederates appeared on the crest of the hill, the death-signal was sounded, and from the long line of cannon and crouching forms of men there leaped a terrible and destroying fire. Thousands of rifles blazed away, and cannon loaded nearly to the muzzles belched forth destruction. Finding it impossible to force the enemy further, the Confederates fought their way slowly and steadily back to their original line. The enemy could not be rallied after such proof of valor. In vain General Smith ordered a charge. Night was near at hand, and the engagement dwindled into desultory skirmishing.

The loss of the enemy in this engagement is not exactly known, though probably much greater than he reported—two

thousand. After the battle Banks fell back to the line of the Red River, and took position at Grand Ecore, near Nachitoches. Thus ended the fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana, and the important destinies it involved.

Some days later there was an exchange of fire between Porter's gunboats and a force of Confederate mounted infantry about twenty-five miles above Grand Ecore, in which, unhappily, the brave General Green was killed by the fragment of a shell.

The Yankees made various pretences to conceal the extent of their disaster. It was declared that the redoubtable Banks had only fallen back for "rest and rations," and that Steele was pushing forward from Arkansas with fifteen thousand men. The fact was that the latter commander had left Little Rock with twelve thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry; but Price, whom he imagined he was driving helplessly before him, had turned at Camden, and captured all his trains. The Yankee version of this event was that Steele had *broken through Price's lines* and got back to Little Rock to save it from Marmaduke who was advancing upon it.

The results of the campaign of Kirby Smith were for us the most substantial ever achieved in the Trans-Mississippi. The expedition of Banks had proved a failure, and nothing was left for him but to retreat to Alexandria, after losing several thousand prisoners, and thirty-five pieces of artillery. The expedition of Steele into Western Arkansas had, as we have seen, ended in a complete disaster. The immediate points of our victories, as summed up in the official report of General Kirby Smith, were eight thousand killed and wounded, six thousand prisoners, thirty-five pieces of artillery, twelve hundred wagons, one gunboat, and three transports. These wagons comprised the whole of Steele's train, which had been captured in Arkansas. It was supposed, at one time, that the portion of Porter's fleet, above the falls at Alexandria, would have to be abandoned; but they were released from their unpleasant position by building a tree-dam of six hundred feet across the river at the lower falls, which enabled all the vessels to pass—the back-water of the Mississippi reaching Alexandria, and enabled the vessels to pass over all the shoals and the obstructions planted by the Confederates, to a point of safety.

It was late in the month of May, when Banks arrived at New Orleans, with the remnants of his army. In moving across the country, during his retreat from Alexandria, he left the Red River at Fort De Russy, and struck for Semmesport, where he crossed the Atchafalaya, and then marched to Morganza, on the Mississippi. The complete failure of the expedition was beyond disguise, and was the topic of severe criticism in the North. Although Banks was still permitted to remain in command of his department, as were Rosecrans and Steele, he was placed under the order of General Canby, whose first business was to resupply the troops brought back by General Steele and General Banks from the disastrous campaign of the Red River, and to reorganize from these disjected materials the army of the Trans-Mississippi.

Banks' splendid empire west of the Mississippi was now practically reduced to the tenure of New Orleans, the banks of the river, and a strip of coast. "If," said a "loyal" observer, at New Orleans, "our friends at the North choose to amuse themselves with the idea that Louisiana is reclaimed, and again loyal, we ought not to complain of so cheap an entertainment. In truth, under the mild sway of Governor Hahn, who was elected by several thousand majority, there is just so much of Louisiana in the Union as is covered by our pickets. Outside of New Orleans, no Union officer or citizen can ride alone in safety two miles from the Mississippi, except where our organized soldiery move."

Banks had stripped the coast and frontier for his expedition towards Shreveport. He had played a heavy stake in his campaign, and he had plainly and irrevocably lost it.

FORREST'S EXPEDITION INTO KENTUCKY.

On the other side of the Mississippi we left Forrest, the famous cavalry chief of the West, driving back the Yankee cavalry that had threatened to descend through Northern Mississippi with fire and sword. The unwearied Confederate was on the war path again.

By long and rapid marches, Forrest and his men found themselves, in the month of April, on the waters of the Ohio, sweep-

ing the enemy before them, wherever they could meet the Yankees, capturing hundreds of prisoners, and valuable and needed stores in the quartermaster and ordnance departments.

On the 12th of April, at Fort Pillow, near Columbus, Kentucky, our brave men, in the face of a murderous fire from two Yankee gunboats and six pieces of artillery, stormed the works, and killed or captured the entire garrison, a motley herd of negroes, traitors, and Yankees.

The attack was made with a part of Bell's and McCulloch's brigades, under Brigadier-general J. R. Chalmers. After a short fight, we drove the enemy, seven hundred strong, into the fort under cover of their gunboats, and demanded a surrender, which was denied by Major L. W. Booth, commanding the Yankee forces. General Forrest then stormed the fort, and after a contest of thirty minutes captured the entire garrison, killing five hundred, and taking one hundred horses and a large amount of quartermaster's stores. The officers in the fort were all killed, including Major Booth. General Forrest sustained a loss of twenty killed and sixty wounded. Over one hundred citizens, who had fled to the fort from conscription, ran into the river and were drowned.

Yankee newspapers entitled this affair "the Fort Pillow Massacre." There is no doubt that, for some moments, the Confederate officers lost control of their men, who were maddened by the sight of negro troops opposing them. It is to be remarked, too, that the Yankees and negroes in Fort Pillow neglected to haul down their flag. In truth, relying upon their gunboats, the Yankee officers expected to annihilate our forces after we had entered the fortifications. They did not intend to surrender.

(At the first fire, after Forrest's men scaled the walls, many of the negroes threw down their arms, and fell as if they were dead. They perished in the pretence, or could only be restored at the point of the bayonet. To resuscitate some of them, more terrified than the rest, they were rolled into the trenches made as receptacles for the fallen. This is the extent of the Yankee story of "burying negroes alive.")

The fall of Fort Pillow was soon followed by the news of the surrender of Union City, and five hundred and fifty "tories," to a force under command of Colonel Falker, of Kentucky. In

the meantime, Forrest had pressed rapidly to Paducah, which place was reached about ten o'clock in the morning of the 25th of April.

The Yankee force here was two thousand infantry, one negro regiment and two gunboats of large size, carrying heavy siege pieces and rifled six pounders. Two siege pieces were mounted at the fort, and a battery of light artillery inside. The attack began at once, not, however, with the object of capturing or routing the enemy here; for it was well known that he would take shelter behind his fortifications, which were strong and made impregnable by abattis, ditches and spikes; but for the purpose of getting possession of the town, and capturing or destroying the immense quantities of commissary, quartermaster, ordnance and medical supplies. The enemy was immediately driven into and beyond the town, behind his fortifications, where he was kept until night, while the Confederates were capturing or destroying his stores.

Our forces retiring at nightfall, the enemy immediately set fire to two blocks of buildings behind which our men had been fighting, fearing that the attack would be renewed in the morning. Nearly the whole town was thus burned to ashes, and great damage done to the remainder by shelling.

The results of this expedition across the State of Kentucky were especially gratifying to the Confederacy, not only for its valuable results in captures, but for the well merited chastisement it had inflicted upon the enemy in a quarter where, with his convenient allies in white "tories" and negro banditti, he had long practised with impunity the most infamous outrages. The Yankees liberally applied to this expedition the epithets of "assassination," "massacre," &c.; but these were nothing more than their usual terms for those Confederate successes under which they especially smarted.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

The detached military events of the latter part of the winter of 1863-64, and the ensuing spring—all of them successes for the Confederacy—were to be crowned with an important victory in North Carolina.

After some hesitation by the Confederate authorities, Briga-

dier-general Hoke, a young and energetic North Carolinian, was permitted to organize and lead an expedition against Plymouth, on the south bank of the Roanoke, about one hundred and twenty-five miles below Weldon.

Our forces consisted of Ransom's and Hoke's North Carolina brigades, commanded by General Ransom and Colonel Mercer, of the Twenty-first Georgia; Kemper's Virginia brigade, commanded by Colonel Terry; Colonel Dearing's regiment of cavalry, and seven batteries of field artillery, under Lieutenant-colonel Branch and Major Reid—General Hoke, as senior brigadier, commanding the entire force.

For nearly twelve months the Yankees had been busy with pick and spade at Plymouth. They had thrown up a very heavy fortification in front, extending from the river to Conoby creek—a distance of a mile—with a deep ditch in front. At short intervals along this line were siege and field guns in embrasure; and in the centre was the "Williams Fort," mounting six very heavy siege and three field guns in batteries. This fort occupied a commanding elevation; was exceedingly strong, with a deep ditch and impenetrable stockade surrounding it, enclosed on all sides, and, in case of assault, was protected with a heavy gate and drawbridge, thus closing the only entrance into the fort. Inside of this line were three other forts, mounting two to four siege guns in barbette, protecting their left flank and rear. Immediately upon the river was one two-hundred-pound Parrott rifle in position. On the right flank, about six hundred yards in advance of the main line, was "Fort Wessell," similar to Fort Williams—not so large—and mounting two guns. One mile higher up the river was "Fort Warren," of like construction, mounting one one-hundred-pound Parrott, and several other guns of heavy calibre, all commanding the river and any land attack. In addition were four gunboats to co-operate with these forts.

The force in the town and at Warren Neck consisted of the Sixteenth Connecticut, Eighty-fifth New York, One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, two companies of Massachusetts heavy artillery, one battery of light artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry, the whole commanded by Brigadier-general Wessell, of the old United States army.

On the 17th of April, our forces were within two miles of

Plymouth, having marched through swamps and across swollen creeks a distance of seventy-five miles without the knowledge of the enemy. Kemper's brigade, with a battery of twelve-pounder Napoleons and three twenty-pounder Parrotts, was detached to attack Warren Neck, a strong position on the river a mile above the town, which the enemy thought, and we feared, would effectually stop the passage of our "ram"—the Albemarle—and so deprive us of her valuable aid.

About sunset, Dearing and Reid, with their rifle artillery, opened a brisk fire upon Fort Warren, at fifteen hundred yards, with marked effect, soon cutting down the garrison flag-staff. The gunboats steamed up to the assistance of the fort. One was speedily sunk and another seriously damaged.

Early the next morning, our artillery under Colonel Branch opened a heavy fire upon the enemy's works, which they vigorously responded to. That afternoon General Hoke determined to carry "Fort Wessell" with his and Kemper's brigades, and one battery under Major Reid; he ordered Ransom, with his brigade, and Branch, with fourteen pieces of artillery, to make a heavy demonstration simultaneously with his attack.

Ransom's brigade, with the 8th North Carolina, was drawn up in the woods, facing the works on the Washington, Lee's Mill, and Bath roads. A heavy line of skirmishers was thrown out, and advancing rapidly with the peculiar gait of the sharpshooters, and the yell with which Confederate troops go to the charge, drove the enemy back into his works, and approached within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort, earnestly demanding to be led into the place. Meanwhile, Pegram's battery dashed forward at a run, supported by the infantry, and unlimbering, delivered a furious fire upon the devoted place. Three times the infantry advanced, each time nearer, until within good charging distance; but the artillery had it all to themselves. The movement was merely a demonstration to call off the enemy's attention from Hoke's attack upon Fort Wessell.

The enemy being now fully engaged on the right, General Hoke made a vigorous attack upon Fort Wessell with artillery and infantry—the enemy opposing a spirited resistance. Our infantry again and again charged the fort, the enemy hurling at them hand-grenades; but the strong stockade, deep ditch,

and high parapet prevented our men from scaling it. During one of these charges, the intrepid Colonel Mercer, commanding Hoke's brigade, fell mortally wounded at the head of his command. Finally, our infantry surrounded the fort, the artillery advanced to within two hundred yards of it, and Colonel Dearing, in behalf of General Hoke, demanded a surrender of the place, which was immediately complied with, and fifty-two prisoners marched to the rear.

About two o'clock the next morning, our iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, mounting two Brooke rifled guns, and commanded by Captain Cooke, passed easily over the obstructions from the high water, passed Fort Warren without eliciting a shot, our sharpshooters so closely investing the fort that the cowardly cannoniers would not man their guns. Steaming just below Plymouth, she met the *Miami*, commanded by Flusser, and the *Southfield*, under French. They were side by side of each other, and connected by heavy iron cables, with the hope of entangling the *Albemarle* and running her ashore, or breaking her propeller, and then boarding her. Each of these boats carried eight guns of very heavy calibre, and were regarded equal to any in the waters of Eastern Carolina. The gallant Cooke headed directly for the *Southfield*, gave her the contents of his bow gun, and striking her forward with his prow, she immediately began to sink, and with such rapidity, that before the *Albemarle* could disengage herself she was well nigh carried down, water running in at her ports. This occasioning some delay, the *Miami* fled, but not until she was severely punished, her commander, Flusser, and many of her crew being killed.

Having obtained possession of Fort Wessell, General Hoke arranged his forces for an assault upon the town, sending Ransom on the right to make a demonstration or attack as he thought best, while Hoke, with his and Kemper's brigades, would attack on the left.

At early dawn on the morning of the 28th, our infantry moved forward, and our artillery, consisting of Blount's, Marshall's, and Lee's batteries, under Colonel Branch, dashed forward at a full gallop into position, and opened immediately upon the town and forts at about twelve hundred yards. The enemy by this time had concentrated a most terrific fire from

their siege and field guns. Just at this time General Hoke opened, with his artillery, a very rapid and tremendous fire, and his infantry sent up yell after yell as if charging. Ransom caught the sound, and rising in his stirrups, from the head and right of the line, in a clear and ringing voice gave the command, "Charge, boys, and the place is yours."

In ten minutes the two outer forts, with eight guns, were captured, our infantry scaling their parapets, and the artillery within one hundred and fifty yards of the forts, horses and limbers blown up and cannoniers shot down, and yet those remaining stood to their guns, without shelter, confident of victory and to avenge their dead. The whole command, officers and men, infantry and artillery, seemed enthused with the inspiration of certain victory. Several hundred prisoners were captured in these forts, which were immediately sent to the rear, and now began the contest for the town, more than half a mile in length, the enemy's infantry slowly retiring, and stubbornly resisting our advance; Fort Williams dealing out grape and spherical case; their field-pieces, at the further extremities of the broad, straight streets, raking them with a murderous fire; their infantry, in the houses and cellars, and behind fences, delivering galling charges of minies; but all of no avail; our men were aroused, confident, and irresistible. They pressed on steadily, without halt or hesitation, tearing down fences, hedges, and every obstacle that they met, capturing the enemy at every step.

The town was ours. But still Wessell, shut up in his stronghold, Fort Williams, refused to yield. A heavy cannonade was opened upon the fort, and the garrison was galled by our sharpshooters. At last some of the Confederates, creeping forward through the intrenchments, got an enfilading fire upon them, which soon brought them to terms, and hundreds of them rushed out of the fort without arms and surrendered. Just at this time a shell burst directly on the magazine, and when the smoke cleared away, the hated flag was fluttering rapidly down to the ground.

The fruits of this capture were sixteen hundred prisoners, twenty-five pieces of artillery, vast quantities of commissary and quartermaster supplies, and immense ordnance stores. Our loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred. We

had also destroyed two gunboats, and with all, had obtained the strong position of Plymouth, which protected the whole Roanoke valley.

The Yankees now held but two places on the North Carolina coast, Washington, at the mouth of Tar river, and Newbern, at the mouth of the Neuse. The latter was strongly garrisoned, but the larger part of the forces at Washington had been moved up to Plymouth. It was supposed that General Hoke would prosecute his campaign against Newbern; but his forces were suddenly to be recalled to more imposing scenes, and to a participation in the great crisis of 1864 in Virginia.

CHAPTER XII.

Close of the Third Year of the War.—Sketch of the Subsequent Operations in Virginia and Georgia.—GRANT'S "ON-TO-RICHMOND."—The Combination Against the Confederate Capital.—THE BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS.—A Thrilling Crisis.—Grant on the Verge of Rout.—His First Design Baffled.—THE BATTLES OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—Death of General Sedgwick.—THE CARNAGE OF MAY THE 12TH.—Five Battles in Six Days.—Grant's Obstinacy.—"The Butcher."—Sheridan's Expedition.—Death of General "Jeb" Stuart.—Butler's Operations on the South Side of the James.—"The Beast" at the Back-Door of Richmond.—He is Driven to Bermuda Hundred by Beauregard.—Defeat of Sigel in the Valley.—Grant's Movement Down the Valley of the Rappahannock.—His Passage of the Pamunkey.—Re-organization of General Lee's Lines.—Grant's Favorite Tactics.—Yankee Exultation at his Approach to Richmond.—Caricatures of the Confederacy.—A Hasty Apotheosis.—A True Theory of Grant's "Flank Movements."—His Occupation of McClellan's Old Lines.—THE BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY OR COLD HARBOR.—A Confederate Victory in Ten Minutes.—What Had Become of Yankee Exultation.—Review of the Rival Routes to Richmond.—Grant Crosses the James River.—His Second Grand Combination Against Richmond.—Hunter's Capture of Staunton.—THE BATTLES OF PETERSBURG.—General Wise's Heroic Address.—Engagement of 16th June.—Grand Assault of 18th June.—on "the Cockade City."—A Decisive defeat of the Yankees.—Engagement at Port Waltham Junction.—Sheridan's Defeat Near Gordonsville.—Hunter's Repulse at Lynchburg.—Two Affairs on the Weldon Railroad.—Grant's Second Combination a Complete Failure.—Discouragement of the North.—The Gold Barometer.—Secretary Chase's Declaration.—SHERMAN'S "ON-TO-ATLANTA."—His Flanking Movement.—Engagement in Resaca Valley.—Johnston's Retreat.—Engagement at New Hope.—Johnston's Telegram to Richmond.—Defeat of Sturgis's Expedition in Mississippi.—BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN.—Sherman's Successful Strategy.—The Confederates Fall Back to Atlanta.—THE BATTLES OF ATLANTA.—Hood's Gallant Defence.— . . . The Military Situation in July, 1864.—Grant's Failure.—His Consumption of Troops.—Review of Yankee Atrocities in the Summer Campaign of 1864.—Sherman's Character.—His Letter on "Wild Beasts."—His War on Factory Girls.—Sufferings of Confederate Women and Children.—Ravages in Georgia.—Hunter's Vandalism in Virginia.—"The Avengers of Fort Pillow."—Sturgis and his Demons.—The Spirit of the Confederates.— . . . Some Words on "Peace Negotiations."—A Piratical Proposition and an Infamous Bribe.—The Heroic Choice of the Confederates.

THE third year of the war closes properly at the month of May, according to our arrangement of dates in preceding volumes. But on account of the magnitude of what is closely subsequent, it is thought advisable to give a summary and very general SKETCH of the material events of the enemy's two grand campaigns of the summer of 1864—the parallel operations of Grant and Sherman in Virginia and in Georgia;—at least, so

far as to bring the reader to a stand-point of intelligent observation, with reference to questions of peace and negotiation which were agitating the public mind at the time these pages were committed to the press. We shall follow their campaigns only to what appear to be their decisive stages in June and July. The period we shall thus rapidly traverse we hope to go over in another volume with a more perspicuous narrative, and certainly with much more abundant detail.

GRANT'S "ON-TO-RICHMOND."

General Ulysses S. Grant was now to answer the eager expectation of the public by a campaign of unrivalled importance in Virginia. He had hitherto been known in the North as the great General of the West, and the Yankee newspapers had entitled him the hero of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg. His elevation had been rapid. Four years ago the man who commanded all the armies of the North had been a tanner, and at the beginning of the war had been accidentally selected to lead a regiment of raw recruits.

From the moment of receiving his commission as Lieutenant-General, Grant had transferred his personal presence to the Army of the Potomac, leaving Sherman as his vicegerent to carry out the Western campaign. Warren, Sedgwick, and Hancock, were made the corps commanders of this army, and Burnside was given a separate army corps. Butler at Fortress Monroe was reinforced by the Tenth corps from Charleston under Gilmore, and the Eighteenth from the West, under "Baldy" Smith. To the infamous hero of New Orleans was allotted the task of cutting off the city of Richmond from its southern lines of communication; while Sigel operating in the Shenandoah Valley was to cut the railroad which by way of Gordonsville connected Lee's army with his principal base of supplies at Lynchburg.

Thus were the preparations completed for the most momentous campaign in American history. On Wednesday, May 4, just eight weeks from the day Grant received his commission, his two grand columns were ready to move—the one

well in hand on the north bank of the Rapidan, seventy miles north of Richmond, and the other at Fortress Monroe, one day's sail from Richmond on the James.

THE BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS.

At dawn on the 5th of May, the Army of the Potomac, closely succeeded by that of Burnside, had crossed the Rapidan river; the Second corps at Ely's, the Fifth and Sixth corps at Germania ford. Having crossed the river, the first demonstration of the enemy was an attempt to turn the right flank of Lee's army, between the Orange Court-house pike and the river. The assault was sustained by Heth and Wilcox's divisions of the Confederate Army, during the entire day; and that it was successfully sustained even the Northern accounts do not hesitate to admit. "No cheer of victory," says a Northern correspondent, "swelled through the Wilderness that night."

During the day Hancock, Second corps, had come up, and the Federal forces were concentrated. On the morning of the 6th their lines were consolidated and freshly posted; the three corps sustaining their respective positions—Warren in the centre, Sedgwick on the right, and Hancock on the left.

The attack was made by the Confederates; Hill and Longstreet's corps attacking both of Hancock's flanks with such fury, that the whole line of command thus assaulted is broken in several places. The effort, however, of the Confederates to pierce the enemy's centre is stayed, the Yankees having secured their line of battle behind their entrenchments.

But with the expiration of the day was to occur a thrilling and critical conjuncture. Just at dusk (the Confederates' favorite hour of battle) a column of Lee's army attacked the enemy's left, captured Seymour and a large portion of his brigade, and excited a panic which put Grant's whole army on the verge of irretrievable rout. Unfortunately, the Confederates had no idea of the extent of their success, and could not imagine how fraught with vital issue were those few moments of encounter. The Yankee supply trains were thought to be immediately threatened, and artillery was posted to bear upon

the Confederate advance in that direction. But the Confederates did not press their advantage. As it was, Generals Shaler and Seymour, with the greater part of their commands, were taken prisoners.

Such had been the two days' battle of the Wilderness: a marked success for the Confederates, disputed by the Northern newspapers, of course, but manifest in the face of the facts. The enemy confessed to a loss of twelve thousand. The immediate consequence of these engagements was, that Grant being clearly outgeneralled in his first design of reaching Lee's rear and compelling him to fight a battle with his communications cut off, which would be decisive of the campaign, was forced to change his plans, and with it his position; falling back to his entrenched line, between the Wilderness and Trigg's Mill, nearly coincident with the Brock road, leading from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania Court-house.

On the 7th, with some desultory fighting, Grant continued his movement towards Fredericksburg, with the evident view of attempting the Fredericksburg road to Richmond. It was in consequence of this change of front that General Lee took up a new line on the Po. It will amuse the candid reader to find how this movement was interpreted by the mendacious press of the North; for, in the newspapers of New York and Boston it was entitled, in flaming capitals, "A Waterloo Defeat of the Confederates," "The Retreat of Lee to Richmond," &c. For a few days the North was vocal with exultation, and for the hundredth time it had the Rebellion "in a corner," to be conveniently strangled. But this imagination of easy conquest was to be dissipated as the many that had preceded it.

THE BATTLES OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

On the 8th of May two engagements were fought at Spottsylvania Court-house, between Longstreet's corps, under Anderson (General Longstreet having been wounded in the battle of the 6th) and the Fifth corps, under Warren, supported by cavalry. The enemy was repulsed, with heavy loss, in both instances.

On the 9th, which was marked by some skirmishing, General John Sedgwick, one of the most valuable corps commanders in the Yankee army, was killed, probably by a stray bullet. He had just been bantering his men about dodging and ducking their heads at the whistle of Confederate bullets in the distance. "Why," said he, "they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." The next moment a ball entered his face, just below the left eye, and pierced his brain, causing instant death.

On Thursday, the 12th of May, occurred what may be entitled as the great battle of Spottsylvania Court-house. The enemy had planned an attack on what was supposed to be a vital section of the Confederates, a salient angle of earthworks held by Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. The storming column advanced silently, and without firing a shot, up to the angles of the breastworks, over which they rushed, taking the forces within in flank, surrounding them, capturing nearly the entire division of Johnson's, with its commander, and also a brigade or two of other troops, Brigadier-general George H. Stuart in command.

But the surprise was only momentary. For long hours a battle raged over those intrenchments, the intense fury, heroism, and horror of which it is impossible to describe. From dawn to dusk the roar of guns was ceaseless; a tempest of shell shrieked through the forest and ploughed the field. Ewell's corps held the critical angle with a courage that nothing could subdue. General Hill moved down from the right, joined Ewell, and threw his divisions into the struggle. Longstreet came on from the extreme left of the Confederate line. Column after column of the enemy was hewn down, or repulsed and sent back like a broken wave. At all points the enemy was repulsed with enormous loss. The ground in front of the Confederate lines was piled with his slain.

The sixth day of heavy fighting had been ended. "It would," says an intelligent critic of this period, "not be impossible to match the results of any one day's battle with stories from the wars of the old world; but never, we should think, in the history of man were five such battles as these compressed into six days." Grant had been foiled; but his obstinacy was apparently untouched, and the fierce and brutal

consumption of human life, another element of his generalship, and which had already obtained for him with his soldiers the soubriquet of "the butcher," was still to continue. He telegraphed to Washington: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

But we must turn for a few moments from this dominant field of action and interest to notice other movements, which were parts of Grant's combination, and of the great military drama in Virginia.

While Grant was engaged on the Rapidan, a cavalry expedition of the enemy, commanded by General Sheridan, moved around Lee's right flank to the North Anna river; committed some damage at Beaver Dam; moved thence to the South Anna and Ashland station, where the railroad was destroyed; and finally found its way to the James at Turkey Island, where it joined the forces of Butler. The damage inflicted by this raid was not very considerable; but it was the occasion of a severe fight, on the 10th May, at Yellow Tavern, on the road to Richmond, where Sheridan encountered a Confederate cavalry force, in which engagement was lost the valuable life of General J. E. B. Stuart, the brilliant cavalry commander, who had so long made Virginia the theatre of his daring and chivalric exploits.

The column of Butler, the important correspondent to Grant's movement, intended to operate against Richmond on the south side, had raised the hopes of the North merely to dash them by a failure decisive in its character, and ridiculous in all its circumstances. On the 5th of May, Butler proceeded with his fleet of gunboats and transports, and the Tenth and Eighteenth army corps, up the James river, landing at Wilson's Wharf a regiment of Wild's negro troops, and two brigades of the same color at Fort Powhatan; thence up to City Point, where Hinks' division was landed; and at Bermuda Hundred, just below the mouth of the Appomattox, the entire army was disembarked.

On the 7th, five brigades, under General Brooks, struck for the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, and succeeded in destroying a bridge seven miles north of Petersburg. In the mean time, Butler, after intrenching himself, closed about the defences of Drury's Bluff. The Yankee general seemed confi-

dent that he could, by a little fighting, in conjunction with the powerful flotilla upon the James, easily overcome the main barrier to his approach to the rear of the Confederate capital, presented in the defences of Drury's Bluff. It was already announced to the credulous public of the North that Butler had cut Beauregard's army in twain; that he had carried two lines of the defences of Drury's Bluff; and that he held the keys to the back-door of Richmond.

On Monday, the 16th of May, General Beauregard fell upon the insolent enemy in a fog, drove Butler from his advanced positions back to his original earthworks, and inflicted upon him a loss of five thousand men in killed, wounded, and captured. He had fallen upon the right of the Yankee line of battle with the force of an avalanche, completely crushing it backward and turning Butler's flank. The action was decisive. The day's operations resulted in Butler's entire army being ordered to return from its advanced position, within ten miles of Richmond, to the line of defence known as Bermuda Hundred, between the James and Appomattox rivers.

While Butler had thus come to grief, the failure of Sigel, who threatened the valley of Virginia, was no less complete. On the 15th his column was encountered near Newmarket by General Breckinridge, who drove it across the Shenandoah, captured six pieces of artillery and nearly one thousand stand of small arms, and inflicted upon it a heavy loss; Sigel abandoning his hospitals and destroying the larger portion of his train.

We left Grant defeated in the action of the 12th in front of Spottsylvania Court-house. On the 14th, he moved his lines by his left flank, taking position nearer the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. On the 18th he attempted an assault on Ewell's line, which was easily repulsed. It was admitted by the enemy that the object of this attack was to turn Lee's left flank, and that their line got no further than the abattis, when it was "*ordered*" back to its original position.

A new movement was now undertaken by Grant: to pass his army from the line of the Po, down the valley of the Rapahannock. It thus became necessary for General Lee to evacuate his strong position on the line of the Po; and by an admirable movement he had taken a new position between the

North and South Anna, before Grant's army had arrived at the former stream. Having cut loose from Fredericksburg as a base (and established depots on the Lower Rappahannock), on the 21st Grant's forces occupied Milford Station and Bowling Green, and were moving on the well known high roads to Richmond. But they were again intercepted; for Lee had planted himself between Grant and Richmond, near Hanover Junction.

On the 23d, and on the 25th, Grant made attempts on the Confederate lines, which were repulsed, and left him to the last alternative. Another flanking operation remained for him, by which he swung his army from the North Anna around and across the Pamunkey. On the 27th, Hanover town was reported to be occupied by the Yankee advance under General Sheridan; and on the 28th Grant's entire army was across the Pamunkey.

In the mean time, General Lee also reformed his line of battle, north and south, directly in front of the Virginia Central railroad, and extending from Atlee's Station, south, to Shady Grove, ten miles north of Richmond. In this position he covered both the Virginia Central and the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroads, as well as all the roads leading to Richmond, west of, and including the Mechanicsville pike.

The favorite tactics of Grant appear to have been to develop the left flank; and by this characteristic maneuver, he moved down the Hanover Court-house road, and on the first day of June took a position near Cold Harbor.

Grant was now within a few miles of Richmond. The vulgar mind of the North readily seized upon the cheap circumstance of his proximity in miles to the Confederate capital, and exclaimed its triumph. The capture of Richmond was discounted as an event of the next week. The Yankee periodicals were adorned with all those illustrations which brutal triumph could suggest; Grant drubbing Lee across his knee; the genius of Yankee liberty holding aloft an impersonation of the Southern Confederacy by the seat of the breeches, marked "Richmond;" Jefferson Davis playing his last card, ornamented with a crown of death's heads, and with his legs well girt with snakes; and a hundred other caricatures alike characteristic of the vulgar thought and fiendish temper of the Yankee.

To such foolish extremity did this premature celebration go, that a meeting was called in New York to render the thanks of the nation to Grant, and twenty-five thousand persons completed the hasty apotheosis.

But for the candid and intelligent, the situation of Grant was one of sinister import to him, implied much of disaster, and was actually a consequence of his repeated disappointments. The true theory of it was defeat, not victory. He did nothing more than hold the same ground as that occupied by General McClellan in his first peninsular campaign. This position, had he come by that point, a day's sail from Washington, he could have occupied without the loss of a single man. But he had occupied it by a devious route; with a loss variously estimated at from sixty to ninety thousand men; with the consumption of most of his veteran troops, whom he had put in front; with the disconcert and failure of those parts of the drama which Butler and Sigel were to enact; and with that demoralization which must unavoidably obtain in an army put to the test of repeated defeats and forced marches.

What was represented by the enemy as the retreat of General Lee's army to Richmond, was simply its movement from a position which its adversary had abandoned, to place itself full before him across the new road on which he had determined to travel. In this sense, it was Grant who was pursued. He had set out to accomplish Mr. Lincoln's plan of an overland march upon Richmond. Mr. Lincoln's scheme as detailed by himself, in his famous letter to General McClellan, was to march by the way of the Manassas railroad. The first movement of General Grant was to give up that route, and fall back upon the line by which Generals Burnside and Hooker attempted to reach the Confederate capital—that is, the Fredericksburg and Richmond line. But, repulsed at Spottsylvania, this route proved untenable, and General Grant was forced east and south, and adopted a new base at Port Royal and Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock river, which conformed in a measure to General McClellan's first plan of a march upon Richmond by way of Urbana. The next change Grant was compelled to make was, after finding how strong the Confederates were, as posted on the South Anna, to cross the Pamunkey and make his base at the White House, bearing thereafter

still further east and south to the precise ground of McClellan's operations.

The significance of all these movements was, that Grant had utterly failed in his design of defeating Lee's army far from its base, and pushing the fragments before him down to Richmond, and had been forced to cover up his failure by adopting the derided scheme of McClellan. The event of the 12th of May at Spottsylvania Court-house, had settled the question whether he could beat Lee in the field and put him in a disastrous retreat. Unable to remove the obstacle on the threshold of his proposed campaign, nothing was left but to abandon it. Grant makes his way down the valley of the Rappahannock; turns aside to Hanover Junction, to find a repetition of Spottsylvania Court-house; deflects to the headwaters of the York; and at last, by a monstrous circuit, reaches a point where he might have landed on the 1st of May, without loss or opposition. We may appreciate the amount of gaseous nonsense and truculent blackguardism of Yankee journals, when we find them declaring that these movements were a footrace for Richmond, that Grant was across the last ditch, and that the end of the rebellion was immediately at hand.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY, OR COLD HARBOR.

But we must return to the events on the Richmond lines. The position occupied by Grant on Wednesday, 1st of June, had been obtained after some fighting, and by the enemy's own admission had cost him two thousand men in killed and wounded. An important and critical struggle was now to ensue. Grant had secured a position, the importance of which was that it was the point of convergence of all the roads, radiating whether to Richmond—his objective point, or to White House—his base of supplies. He was now to essay the passage of the Chickahominy, and we were to have another decisive battle of Cold Harbor.

There is good evidence that Grant's intention was to make it the decisive battle of the campaign. The movements of the preceding days, culminating in the possession of Cold Harbor—an important strategic point—had drawn the enemy's lines

close in front of the Chickahominy, and reduced the military problem to the forcing of the passage of that river—a problem which, if solved in Grant's favor, would decide whether Richmond could be carried by a *coup de main*, if a decisive victory should attend his arms, or, whether he should betake himself to siege operations or some other recourse.

Early on the morning of Friday, June 3d, the assault was made, Hancock commanding the left of the Yankee line of battle, and leading the attack. The first Confederate line was held by Breckinridge's troops, and was carried. The reverse was but momentary, for the troops of Millegan's brigade and the Maryland battalion, soon dashed forward, to retrieve the honors which the Yankees had snatched.

On every part of the line the enemy was repulsed by the quick and decisive blows of the Confederates. Hancock's corps, the only portion of the Yankee army that had come in contact with the Confederate works, had been hurled back in a storm of fire; the Sixth corps had not been able to get up further than within two hundred and fifty yards of the main works; while Warren and Burnside, on the enemy's right and right centre, were staggered on the lines of our rifle pits. The decisive work of the day was done *in ten minutes*. Never were there such signal strokes of valor; such despatch of victory. It was stated in the accounts of the Confederates that fourteen distinct assaults of the enemy were repulsed, and that his loss was from six to seven thousand. No wonder that the insolent assurance of the capture of Richmond was displaced in the Yankee newspapers by the ominous calculation that Grant could not afford many such experiments on the entrenched line of the Chickahominy, and would have to make some other resort to victory.

The battle of Cold Harbor was sufficient to dispel the delusion of weakness and demoralization in Lee's army; for this derided army, almost in the time it takes to tell the story, had repulsed at every point the most determined assault of the enemy, and in the few brief moments of a single morning had achieved an unbroken circuit of victories. Grant and his friends were alike dismayed. The latter insisted that he should have half a million more of men to accomplish his work. "We should," said a Boston paper, "have a vigorous and

overwhelming war, or else peace without further effusion of blood." A certain portion of the Yankee press maintained the unbroken lie, and told the story of an uninterrupted series of victories.

An object of most curious and constant interest in the war was the rivalry of the different routes to Richmond. McClellan had chosen the peninsular approach, while Mr. Lincoln dissented in favor of an advance from the Lower Rappahannock, Burnside had chosen Fredericksburg as his base; Hooker had acted on the same choice. Meade had selected the Rapidan, as Pope had done before him. Grant came to his command, unembarrassed and untrammelled by the precedents and comments of others. He had hunted up the roads to Richmond, through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Courthouse, and avowed his unchangeable purpose to adhere to that as his true line. He had now wandered around to McClellan's old base. But the battle of July 3d, decided that Richmond could no longer be approached with advantage from the North, and the disconcerted, shifting commander, with his stock of expedients well-nigh exhausted, found nothing now left for him but to transfer his entire army to the south side of the James river.

On the 5th of June Hunter had obtained a success at Piedmont, in Western Virginia, and had effected the capture of Staunton; the saddest circumstance of which affair was the loss of General W. E. Jones, one of the most distinguished cavalry commanders of the Confederacy.

After occupying Staunton, Hunter had formed a junction with the combined forces of Crook and Averill, and on the 13th of June was reported to be moving with his whole command against Lynchburg. On the 7th, Sheridan had crossed the Pamunkey, and was moving eastward in the direction of the Gordonsville railroad. The main movement of the new combination—that of Grant across the James—commenced Sunday night the 12th of June.

The first plan of the enemy had comprehended the advance of Sigel down the Shenandoah, and the capture of Petersburg, if nothing more, by Butler, while General Grant engaged Lee's army between the Rapidan and Richmond. That plan having signally failed, the second comprised the capture of

Lynchburg by Hunter, of Gordonsville and Charlottesville by Sheridan, and of Petersburg by Meade. It was thus hoped to isolate the Confederate capital by cutting off its communications on every side.

It was, perhaps, not Grant's design to cross the river until he had made some attempt on the Central and New Market roads leading into Richmond from the direction of Malvern Hill. On the 13th June, he caused a reconnoissance in force to be made from the Long Bridge toward the Quaker road, and in an affair near the intersection of this road with the Charles City road was repulsed, and drew off his forces, well satisfied that the Confederates held with heavy forces all the roads by which Richmond could be reached from the southeast.

The Eighteenth Yankee corps had proceeded by water to Bermuda Hundred. The remaining corps had crossed the Chickahominy at James Bridge and Long Bridge; and after the reconnoissance of the 13th, proceeded down the James, and crossed in the neighborhood of City Point.

THE BATTLES OF PETERSBURG.

Petersburg had already sustained a considerable attack of the enemy. An expedition from Butler's lines had essayed its capture on the 9th of June. •

Approaching with nine regiments of infantry and cavalry, and at least four pieces of artillery, the enemy searched our lines, a distance of nearly six miles. Hood's and Batles' battalions, the Forty-sixth Virginia, one company of the Twenty-third South Carolina, with Sturdevant's battery, and a few guns in position, and Talliaferro's cavalry, kept them at bay. The Yankees were twice repulsed, but succeeded at last in penetrating a gap in our line; when reinforcements coming up drove back the insolent foe from approaches which their footsteps for the first time polluted.

The fortunate issue of this first attack on Petersburg encouraged the raw troops and militia who had been put under arms for the defence of "the Cockade City." General Wise addressed the troops of his command in a memorable and thrill-

ing order; "Petersburg," said he, "is to be, and shall be, defended on her outer walls, on her inner lines, at her corporation bounds, in every street, and around every temple of God, and altar of man."

The resolution of the gallant city—with its defences reinforced by the fortunate Beauregard—was now to be put to a much more severe test, for it was to encounter the shock of the bulk of Grant's army.

Smith's corps having disembarked at Bermuda Hundred on the 14th, moved rapidly upon Petersburg, and made an assault on the batteries covering the approaches to the city on the north-east. Having got possession of this line of works, held principally by Confederate militia, Smith waited the coming up of the Second corps.

On the evening of the 16th, an attack was ordered on the Confederate line of works in front of Petersburg, Smith's corps being on the right, on the Petersburg and City Point road, west of the railroad, the Second corps in the centre, and Burnside on the left, reaching the Prince George Court-house road. The assault was not only repulsed at every point, but our troops, assuming the aggressive, drove the Yankees from their breastworks, at Howlett's House, captured some of their guns, and opened upon them an enfilading fire, under which they fled precipitately.

The most furious assault of the enemy had been made on General Hoke's front, whose division occupied a position facing batteries from Nine to Twelve inclusive. Three different charges were repulsed by these heroic troops. In the final repulse of the enemy, a large portion of a Yankee brigade, being exposed to an enfilading artillery fire from our guns, sought shelter in a ravine, and surrendered to the Sixty-fourth Georgia regiment.

On Friday, 17th June, fighting was renewed without result. The next day, it was resolved by the enemy to make an assault along the whole line for the purpose of carrying the town. It was thus that the action of the 18th was designed to be decisive of operations on the present position.

Three different assaults were made by the enemy during the day—at four in the morning, at noon, and at four in the afternoon. Each one was repulsed. Hancock and Burnside in the

centre suffered severely. After severe losses on the part of all the Yankee corps, night found the Confederates still in possession of their works covering Petersburg.

The disaster of this day left Grant without hope of making any impression on the works in his front, and placed him under the necessity of yet another change of operations. The series of engagements before Petersburg had cost him at least ten thousand men in killed and wounded, and had culminated in another decisive defeat.

The misfortune of the enemy appeared, indeed, to be overwhelming. Pickett's division had given him another lesson at Port Walthal Junction. It was here the heroes of Gettysburg repulsed a force under Gilmore engaged in destroying the railroad, took two lines of his breastworks and put him to disastrous flight.

Nor was there any compensation to be found in the auxiliary parts of Grant's second grand combination. Sheridan had failed to perform his part. He was intercepted by Hampton's cavalry at Trevillian station on the Gordonsville road, defeated in an engagement on the 10th, and compelled to withdraw his command across the North Anna. Hunter had come to similar grief, and his repulse at Lynchburg involved consequences of the gravest disaster to the enemy.

On the 18th of June, Hunter made an attack upon Lynchburg from the south side which was repulsed by troops that had arrived from General Lee's lines. The next day, more reinforcements having come up, preparations were made to attack the enemy, when he retreated in confusion. We took thirteen of his guns, pursued him to Salem, and forced him to a line of retreat into the mountains of Western Virginia. The attempt of the Yankees to whitewash the infamous and cowardly denouement was more than usually refreshing. Hunter officially announced that his expedition had been "extremely successful;" that he had left Lynchburg because "his ammunition was running short;" and that as to the singular line he had taken up, he was now "ready for a move in any direction."

But the measure of misfortune in Grant's distracted campaign appeared to be not yet full. On the 22d he made a movement on his left to get possession of the Weldon railroad,

but found the Confederates had extended their right to meet him. While the Second and the Sixth corps of Grant's army were attempting to communicate in this movement, the Confederates, under General Anderson, pierced the centre, captured a battery of four guns and took prisoners one entire brigade, General Pearce's, and part of another.

Another attempt or raid on the railroad, by Wilson's and Kautz's divisions of cavalry was terminated in disaster. In the neighborhood of Spottswood river, twenty-five miles south of Petersburg, on the 28th, the expedition was attacked, cut in two, the greater part of its artillery abandoned and its wagon trains left in the hands of the Confederates. The enemy had been encountered by Hampton's cavalry, and Finnegan's and Mahone's infantry brigades; and the results of the various conflicts were enumerated as one thousand prisoners, thirteen pieces of artillery, thirty wagons and ambulances, and many small arms.

It was evident that the spirit of the North had commenced to stagger under this accumulation of disaster. Gold had already nearly touched three hundred. The uneasy whispers in Washington of another draft gave new suggestions to popular discontent. The Confederate Congress had adjourned after the publication of an address referring to recent military events and the confirmed resolution of the South, and deprecating the continuance of the war. These declarations were eagerly seized upon by Northern journals, who insisted that no time should be lost in determining whether they might not possibly signify a willingness on the part of the South to make peace on the basis of new constitutional guaranties. The finances at Washington were becoming desperate. Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, had peremptorily resigned. His last words of official counsel were, that nothing could save the finances but a series of military successes of undoubted magnitude.

SHERMAN'S "ON-TO-ATLANTA."

Simultaneously with Grant's advance on Richmond, Sherman moved on Dalton in three columns: Thomas in front, Schofield from Cleveland on the north-east, while McPherson

threw himself on the line of communication south-west at Resaca, fifteen miles south of Dalton. On the 7th of June, Thomas occupied Tunnel Hill, ten miles north-west of Dalton, and took up a strong position at Buzzard's Roost. By the flank movement on Resaca, Johnston was forced to evacuate Dalton.

On the 14th the first important battle of the campaign was fought in Resaca valley. Two efforts were made to carry the breastworks of the Confederates, without success, when Johnston in the afternoon assumed the offensive and drove the enemy some distance, with a loss which his own bulletins stated to be two thousand.

On the 15th, there was desultory fighting, and on the 16th General Johnston took up at leisure his line of retrograde movement, in the direction of the Etowah river, passing through Kingston and Cassville. At both places the enemy was held in check. From Cassville, Sherman, having sent the right of his army by way of Rome, moved his centre and left across the Etowah west of the railroad, and then marched towards Dallas.

On the 28th, General Cleburne's division of Johnston's army engaged the advance corps of the enemy under General McPherson at New Hope, and signally repulsed him, with heavy loss. So far, the retrograde movement of Johnston was, in some respects, a success; it had been attended with at least two considerable victories; it had been executed deliberately, being scarcely ever under the immediate pressure of the enemy's advance; and it had now nearly approached the decisive line of the Chattahoochee or whatever other line he, who was supposed to be the great strategist of the Confederacy, should select for the cover of Atlanta. The events of the campaign, so far, were recounted with characteristic modesty by General Johnston. On the 1st of June, he telegraphed to Richmond of his army: "In partial engagements it has had great advantages, and the sum of all the combats amounts to a battle."

In the mean time, the two armies continued to maneuver for position. Sherman held both Altoona and Ackworth without a battle, the latter about twelve miles from Marietta. It was said that these positions would enable him to maintain his lines of communications with Chattanooga by railway intact,

and clear his rear of Confederates; but he found Johnston opposing him with a strong rear-guard, and drawn close to his supplies in Atlanta and Augusta.

While these events were transpiring in Georgia, an important event had taken place in the Southwest: the defeat of the Yankee expedition under Sturgis on its way from Memphis to operate in Sherman's rear. In this action, at Guntown, Mississippi, Sturgis lost most of his infantry and all of his artillery and trains, and the Confederates, under Forrest, achieved a victory that had an important influence on the campaign in Georgia. Forrest took two thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded an equal number.

BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

On the 27th of June, General Sherman directed an attack on Johnston's position at Kenesaw Mountain. This mountain was the apex of Johnston's lines. Both armies were in strong works, the opposite salients being so near in some places that skirmishers could not be thrown out. The assault of the enemy was made in three columns, about eight o'clock in the morning. It was repulsed on every part of the Confederate line. The loss of the enemy was considerable, even as stated in his own official reports. General McPherson reported his loss about five hundred, and Thomas, his, about two thousand.

In consequence, however, of a flanking movement of the enemy on the right, Johnston on the 3d of July abandoned the mountain defence and retired toward Atlanta.

It is true that Johnston's retreat to the immediate lines of Atlanta, was consummated without any considerable military disaster. But it was a sore disappointment to the public; for it had given up to the Yankees half of Georgia, abandoned one of the finest wheat districts of the Confederacy, almost ripe for harvest, and at Rome and on the Etowah river, had surrendered to the enemy iron-rolling mills, and government works of great value.

THE BATTLES OF ATLANTA.

But a lesson was reserved for Sherman on the Atlanta lines by the gallant and impulsive Lieutenant-general Hood, who had taken command of the army that Johnston had, by a long and negative campaign, brought back to Atlanta.

We shall not attempt here the details of the great battles of Atlanta.

On the 20th of July, Hood attacked the enemy's right on Peach-tree creek, near the Chattahoochee, driving him from his works, and capturing colors and prisoners.

On the 22d of July, Hood's army shifted its position fronting on Peach-tree creek, and Stewart's and Cheatham's corps formed line of battle around the city. Hardee's corps made a night march and attacked the enemy's extreme left at one o'clock, on the 22d, and drove him from his works, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery and five stands of colors. Cheatham attacked the enemy at four o'clock in the afternoon, with a portion of his command, and drove the enemy, capturing six pieces of artillery. During the engagement we captured about two thousand prisoners.

After the battle of the 22d, Sherman's army was transferred from its position on the east side of Atlanta to the extreme right of Hood's army, on the west side, threatening the Macon road. Lieutenant-generals Stewart and Lee were directed by Hood to hold the Lickskillet road for the day with their commands. On the 28th, a sharp engagement ensued, with no advantage to either side; the Confederate loss fifteen hundred killed and wounded.

The results of these battles were, on the whole, a most encouraging success for the Confederates; revived their hopes on what had been considered a doubtful theatre of action; and left Sherman, although still holding his lines of investment, in a most critical condition, with an army, several hundred miles in its country, having its rear exposed, and depending upon a single line of railroad for its communications.

We may take leave here of the military situation; satisfied

that a pause had now been given to the parallel operations of the enemy in Virginia and Georgia: aimed, the one at Richmond, which the Yankees entitled the heart and brains of the Confederacy; and the other at Atlanta, the centre of important manufacturing enterprises, and the door to the great granary of the Gulf States. Both movements were now unmistakably in check; and the interlude of indecision afforded a curious commentary on the boastful confidence that had recorded the fall of Richmond and the capture of Atlanta as the expectations of each twenty-four hours.

There was reason, indeed, for the North to be depressed. The disappointment of the Yankees was with particular reference to the campaign of Grant in Virginia. The advance from the Rapidan, which we have followed to its recoil before Petersburg, had been made under conditions of success which had attended no other movement of the enemy. It was made after eight months' deliberate preparation. In the Congress at Washington it was stated that, in these eight months, the Government had actually raised seven hundred thousand men—an extent of preparation which indicated an intention to overwhelm and crush the Confederacy by a resistless combined attack. Nor was this all. One hundred thousand three-months' men were accepted from Ohio and other States, for defensive service, in order that General Grant might avail himself of the whole force of trained soldiers. The result of the campaign, so far, did not justify the expectations on which it had been planned. The Yankee Government which, since the commencement of the war, had called for a grand total of twenty-three hundred thousand men, and had actually raised eighteen hundred thousand men, of an average term of service of three years, to crush the Confederacy, saw in the fourth year of the war the Confederacy erect and defiant, and Richmond shielded by an army which had so far set at nought the largest preparations and most tremendous exertions of the North.

We cannot close this brief sketch of important parts of the summer campaign of 1864, in Virginia and in the West, without adverting to the barbarities of the enemy, which especially marked it, and which, indeed, by regular augmentation became more atrocious as the war progressed. In this year

they exceeded all that was already known of the brutality of our enraged enemy.

General Sherman illustrated the campaign in the West, by a memorable barbarity, in a letter of instructions to General Burbridge, commanding in the Department of Kentucky, charging him to treat all partisans of the Confederates in that State as "*wild beasts*." It was the invariable and convenient practice of the Yankees to designate as "*guerillas*," whatever troops of the Confederates were particularly troublesome to them; and the opprobrious term was made, by General Sherman, to include the regularly commissioned soldiers of General Morgan's command, and whatever bodies of Confederate cavalry chose to roam over territory which the enemy disputed.*

Some expressions, in the orders referred to, were characteristic of the Yankee, and indicated those notions of constitutional law which had rapidly demoralized the North. General Sherman declared that he had already recommended to Governor Bramlette of Kentucky, "at one dash to arrest every man in the country who was dangerous to it." "The fact is," said this military Solomon, "in our country personal liberty has been so well secured that public safety is lost sight of in our laws and institutions; and the fact is we are thrown back one hundred years in civilization, laws, and every thing else,

* Burbridge was not slow to carry out the suggestions or instructions of his masters. The following is a copy of a section of one of his orders:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT KENTUCKY, }
FIFTH DIVISION, TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
LEXINGTON, Kentucky, July 16, 1864.

Rebel sympathizers living within five miles of any scene of outrage committed by armed men, not recognized as public enemies by the rules and usages of war, will be arrested and sent beyond the limits of the United States.

In accordance with instructions from the major-general commanding the military district of the Mississippi, so much of the property of rebel sympathizers as may be necessary to indemnify the Government or loyal citizens for losses incurred by the acts of such lawless men, will be seized and appropriated for this purpose.

Whenever an unarmed Union citizen is murdered, four guerillas will be selected from the prisoners in the hands of the military authorities, and publicly shot to death in the most convenient place near the scene of outrage. By command of

Brevet Major-general S. J. BURBRIDGE.

J. B. DICKSON, Captain and A. A. General.

and will go right straight to anarchy and the devil, if somebody don't arrest our downward progress. We, the military, must do it, and we have right and law on our side. . . . Under this law everybody can be made to stay at home and mind his or her own business, and, if they won't do that, can be sent away." These sage remarks on American liberty were concluded with the recommendation that all males and females, in sympathy with so-called "guerillas," should be arrested and sent down the Mississippi to some foreign land, where they should be doomed to perpetual exile.

As Sherman advanced into the interior of Georgia he laid waste the country, fired the houses, and even did not hesitate at the infamous expedient of destroying the agricultural implements of all those who produced from the soil subsistence for man. He declared to the persecuted people that this time he would have their property, but, if the war continued, next year he would have their lives. Four hundred factory girls whom he captured in Georgia he bundled into army wagons, and ordered them to be transported beyond the Ohio, where the poor girls were put adrift far from home and friends, in a strange land.*

* The following announcement appeared in the Louisville newspapers:—

"ARRIVAL OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THE SOUTH.—The train which arrived from Nashville last evening brought up from the South two hundred and forty-nine women and children, who are sent here by order of General Sherman, to be transferred north of the Ohio river, there to remain during the war. We understand that there are now at Nashville fifteen hundred women and children, who are in a very destitute condition, and who are to be sent to this place to be sent North. A number of them were engaged in the manufactories at Sweet Water, at the time that place was captured by our forces. These people are mostly in a destitute condition, having no means to provide for themselves a support. Why they should be sent here to be transferred North is more than we can understand."

It was also stated in these same papers that, when these women and children arrived at Louisville, they were detained there and advertised to be hired out as servants, to take the place of the large number of negroes who have been liberated by the military authorities and are now gathered in large camps throughout Kentucky, where they are fed and supported in idleness and viciousness at the expense of the loyal taxpayers. Thus, while these negro women are rioting and luxuriating in the Federal camps, on the bounty of the Government, the white women and children of the South are arrested at their homes, and sent off as prisoners to a distant country, to be sold in bondage, as the following advertisement fully attests:—

"NOTICE.—Families residing in the city or the country, wishing seamstresses or

From Chattanooga to Marietta there was presented to the eye one vast scene of misery. The fugitives from ruined villages or deserted fields sought shelter in the mountains. Cities were sacked, towns burnt, populations decimated. All along the roads were great wheat-fields, and crops sufficient to feed all New England, which were to be lost for want of laborers. The country had been one of the most beautiful of the Confederacy. One looked upon the gentle undulations of the valleys, terminating in the windings of the rivers, and flanked by the majestic barriers of the mountains. This beautiful country had been trodden over by both armies. In every town the more public buildings and the more conspicuous residences had been devoured by fire, or riddled with shot and shell. Every house used as headquarters, or for Confederate commissary stores, or occupied by prominent citizens, had been singled out by the enemy for destruction. In some instances churches had not escaped. They had been stripped for fire-wood or converted into barracks and hospitals. Fences were demolished, and here and there a lordly mansion stood an unsightly ruin.

The vandalism of Hunter in Virginia drew upon him the censure of the few journals in the North which made any pretension to the decencies of humanity. At Lexington, he had burned the Virginia Military Institute with its valuable library, philosophical and chemical apparatus, relics and geological specimens; sacked Washington College, and burned the house of ex-Governor Letcher, giving his wife only ten minutes to save a few articles of clothing.

In the Southwest, the hellish crimes of the enemy were enough to sicken the ear. The expedition of Sturgis, defeated, as we have seen, in Mississippi by Forrest, flourished the title of the "Avengers of Fort Pillow." "Before the battle," says a correspondent, "fugitives from the counties through which Sturgis and his troops were advancing, came into camp detailing incidents which made men shudder, who are accustomed to scenes of violence and bloodshed. I cannot relate the stories of these poor frightened people. Robbery, rapine, and the assassination of men and women, were the least crimes com-

servants, can be suited by applying at the refugee quarters on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth. This is sanctioned by Captain Jones, Provost Marshal."

mitted, while the 'Avengers of Fort Pillow' overran and desolated the country. Rude unlettered men, who had fought at Shiloh, and in many subsequent battles, wept like children when they heard of the enormities to which their mothers, sisters, and wives had been subjected by the negro mercenaries of Sturgis."

Such enormities were monstrous enough; they shocked the moral sentiment of the age; yet they did not affright the soul of the South. The outrages practised upon helpless women, more helpless old age, and hopeless poverty, assured the people of the Confederacy of the character of their enemies, and the designs of the war, and awakened resolution to oppose to the last extremity the mob of murderers and lawless miscreants who desecrated their soil and invaded their homes. The war had obtained this singular hold on the minds of the Confederates; that every man considered that he had in it the practical, individual stake of his personal fortunes. When such a sentiment pervades a nation in war, who can say when or how it may be conquered!

. At the time these pages are given to the press, it appears that the great disappointment of the North in the results of the summer campaign of 1864, has given rise to a certain desire to end the war by negotiations, and that this desire has found some response in the South. The undignified and somewhat ridiculous overtures for peace made in this summer by parties, who, on each side, anxiously disclaimed that they had any authority from their governments, but, on each side, by a further curious coincidence, represented that they were acquainted with the wishes and views of their governments, cannot be altogether a story of egotistical adventures. They betray the incipency, though an obscure one, of negotiations; and the times are rapidly making developments of the tendency of an appeal to compose the war.

We cannot anticipate what bribes may be offered the South to confederate again with the North. But one has been already suggested in the North: it is, to find an atrocious compensation for the war in a combined crusade against foreign nations.

The New York *Herald* declares: "With a restored Union, prosperity would once more bless the land. If any bad blood remained on either side, it would soon disappear, or be purged

by a foreign war. With a combined veteran army of over a million of men, and a fleet more powerful than that of any European power, we could order France from Mexico, England from Canada, and Spain from Cuba, and enforce our orders if they were not obeyed. The American continent would then belong to Americans. The President at Washington would govern the New World, and the glorious dreams and prophecies of our forefathers would at length be realized."

To a proposition of such infamy of infamies, the attention of the civilized world should be called. What a commentary upon that European policy which has lavished so much of sympathy and material comfort upon the North, and, on the other hand, has rejected the cause of a people, who as they are resolute in maintaining their own rights, are as equally, indeed expressly and emphatically, innocent of any designs on the right and welfare of others! The suggestion is, that of a huge and horrible Democracy, eager to prey upon the rights of others, and to repair by plunder and outrage the cost of its feuds and the waste of its vices.

The people of the Confederacy do not easily listen to suggestions of dishonor. Yet none are more open to the cunning persuasion which wears the disguise of virtuous remonstrance and friendly interest. It is here where the Yankee peacemaker is to be resisted and unmasked.

It will be for the Confederacy to stand firm in every political conjuncture, and to fortify itself against the blandishments and arts of a disconcerted and designing enemy. It will remember that enemy's warfare. It will remember that an army, whose *personnel* has been drawn from *all parties* in the North, has carried the war of the savage into their homes. It will remember how Yankees have smacked their lips over their carnage and the sufferings of their women and little ones. It will remember how New England clergymen have advised that "rebels," men, women and children, should be sunk beneath the Southern sod, and the soil "salted with Puritanical blood, to raise a new crop of men." To hate let us not reply with hate. We reply with the superiority of contempt, the resolution of pride, the scorn of defiance. Surely, rather than reunite with such a people; rather than cheat the war of "independence," and make its prize that cheap thing in American

history—a paper guarantee; rather than cheat our dead of that for which they died; rather than entitle ourselves to the contempt of the world, the agonies of self-accusation, the reproof of the grave, the curses of posterity, the displeasure of the merciful God who has so long signified His providence in our endeavors, we are prepared to choose more suffering, more trials, even utter poverty and chains, and exile and death.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN IDEAS : A REVIEW OF THE WAR.

Sentimental Regrets concerning American History.—The European Opinion of "State" Institutions.—Calhoun, the Great Political Scholar of America.—His Doctrines.—*Conservatism* of "Nullification."—Its "Union" Sentiment.—Brilliant Vision of the South Carolina Statesman.—Webster, the Representative of the Imperfect and Insolent "Education" of New England.—Yankee Libels in the shape of Party Nomenclature.—Influence of State Institutions.—How they were Auxiliary to the Union.—*The Moral Veneration of the Union Peculiarly a Sentiment of the South.*—What the South had done for the Union.—Senator Hammond's Speech.—The States, not Schools of Provincialism and Estrangement.—The Development of America, a North and South, not Hostile States.—Peculiar Ideas of Yankee Civilization.—Ideas Nursed in "Free Schools."—Yankee Materialism.—How it has Developed in the War.—Yankee Falsehoods and Yankee Cruelties.—His Commercial Politics.—Price of his Liberties.—Ideas of the Confederates in the War.—How the Washington Routine was introduced.—The Richmond Government, Weak and Negative.—No Political Novelty in the Confederacy.—The Future of Confederate Ideas.—Intellectual Barrenness of the War.—Material of the Confederate Army.—The Birth of Great Ideas.—The Old Political Idolators.—The Recompense of Suffering.

It has been a sentimental regret with certain European students of American History that the colonies of America, after acquiring their independence, did not establish a single and compact nationality. The philosophy of these optimists is that the State institutions were perpetual schools of provincialism, selfishness, and discontent, and that they were constantly educating the people for the disruption of that Union which was only a partial and incomplete expression of the nationality of America. These men indulge the idea that America, as a nation, would have been colossal; that its wonderful mountains and rivers, its vast stretch of territory, its teeming wealth, and the almost boundless military resources, which the present war has developed and proved, would then have been united in one picture of grandeur, and in a single movement of sublime, irresistible progress.

These are pretty dreams of ignorance. Those who ascribe to the State institutions of America our present distractions,

and discover in them the nurseries of the existing war, are essentially ignorant of our political history. They are strangers to the doctrines of Calhoun of South Carolina—the first name in the political literature of our old government—the first man who raised the party controversies of America to the dignity of a political philosophy and illuminated them with the lights of the patient and accomplished scholar.

The great political discovery of Mr. Calhoun was this : that the rights of the States were the only solid foundation of the Union ; and that, so far from being antagonistic to it, they constituted its security, realized its perfection, and gave to it all the moral beauty with which it appealed to the affections of the people. It was in this sense that the great South Carolina statesman, so frequently calumniated as “nullifier,” agitator, &c, was indeed the real and devoted friend of the American Union. He maintained the rights of the States—the sacred distribution of powers between them and the general government—as the life of the Union, and its bond of attachment in the hearts of the people. And in this he was right. The State institutions of America, properly regarded, were not discordant ; nor were they unfortunate elements in our political life. They gave certain occasions to the divisions of industry ; they were instruments of material prosperity ; they were schools of pride and emulation ; above all, they were the true guardians of the Union, keeping it from degenerating into that vile and short-lived government in which power is consolidated in a mere numerical majority.

Mr. Calhoun’s so-called doctrine of Nullification is one of the highest proofs ever given by any American statesman of attachment to the Union. The assertion is not made for paradoxical effect. It is clear enough in history, read in the severe type of facts, without the falsehoods and epithets of that Yankee literature which has so long defamed us, distorted our public men, and misrepresented us, even to ourselves.

The so-called and miscalled doctrine of Nullification marked one of the most critical periods in the controversies of America, and constitutes one of the most curious studies for its philosophic historian. Mr. Calhoun was unwilling to offend the popular idolatry of the Union ; he sought a remedy for existing evils short of disunion, and the consequence was what

was called, by an ingenious slander, or a contemptible stupidity, Nullification. His doctrine was, in fact, an accommodation of two sentiments: that of Yankee injustice and that of reverence of the Union. He proposed to save the Union by the simple and august means of an appeal to the sovereign States that composed it. He proposed that should the general government and a state come into conflict, the power should be invoked that called the general government into existence, and gave it all of its authority. In such a case, said Mr. Calhoun, "the States themselves may be appealed to, three-fourths of which, in fact, form a power whose decrees are the Constitution itself, and whose voice can silence all discontent. The utmost extent, then, of the power is, that a State acting in its sovereign capacity, as one of the parties to the constitutional compact, may compel the government created by that compact to submit a question touching its infraction to the parties who created it." He proposed a peculiar, conservative, and noble tribunal for the controversies that agitated the country and threatened the Union. He was not willing that vital controversies between the sovereign States and the general government should be submitted to the Supreme Court, which properly excluded political questions, and comprehended those only where there were parties amenable to the process of the court. This was the length and breadth of Nullification. It was intended to reconcile impatience of Yankee injustice, and that sentimental attachment to the Union which colors so much of American politics; it resisted the suggestion of revolution; it clung to the idolatry of the Union, and marked that passage in American history in which there was a combat between reason and that idolatry, and in which that idolatry made a showy, but ephemeral conquest.

The doctrine, then, of Mr. Calhoun was this: he proposed only to constitute a conservative and constitutional barrier to Yankee aggression; and, so far from destroying the Union, proposed to erect over it the permanent and august guard of a tribunal of those sovereign powers which had created it. It was this splendid, but hopeless vision of the South Carolina statesman, which the North slandered with the catch-word of Nullification; which Northern orators made the text of indignation; on which Mr. Webster piped his schoolboy rhetoric;

and on which the more modern schools of New England have exhausted the lettered resources of their learned blacksmiths and Senatorial shoemakers. Mr. Webster, the representative of that imperfect and insolent education peculiar to New England, appears never to have known that Mr. Calhoun's doctrine was not of his own origination; that its suggestion, at least, came from one of the founders of the republic. We refer to that name which is apostolic in the earliest party divisions of America, and the enduring ornament of Virginia—Thomas Jefferson, the Sage of Monticello. At a late period of his life, Mr. Jefferson said: "With respect to our State and Federal governments, I do not think their relations are correctly understood by foreigners. They suppose the former subordinate to the latter. This is not the case. They are co-ordinate departments of one simple and integral whole. But you may ask if the two departments should claim each the same subject of power, where is the umpire to decide between them? In cases of little urgency or importance, the prudence of both parties will keep them aloof from the questionable ground; but, if it can neither be avoided nor compromised, a Convention of the States must be called to ascribe the doubtful power to that department which they may think best."

Here was the first suggestion of the real safety of the Union; and it was this suggestion, reproduced by Calhoun, which the North slandered as Nullification, insulted as heresy, and branded as treason.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the South should have tamely allowed the Yankees to impose upon her political literature certain injurious terms, and should have adopted them to her own prejudice and shame. The world takes its impression from names; and the false party nomenclature which the North so easily fastened upon us, and which survives even in this war, has had a most important influence in obscuring our history, and especially in soliciting the prejudices of Europe.

The proposition of Mr. Calhoun to protect the Union by a certain constitutional and conservative barrier, the North designated Nullification, and the South adopted a name which was both a falsehood and a slander. The well-guarded and moderate system of negro servitude in the South, the North called Slavery; and this false and accursed name has been

permitted to pass current in European literature, associating and carrying with it the horrors of barbarism, and defiling us in the eyes of the world. The Democratic party in the South, which claimed equality under the Constitution, as a principle, and not merely as a selfish interest, was branded by the North as a pro-slavery party, and the South submitted to the designation.

How little that great party deserved this title was well illustrated in the famous Kansas controversy; for the history of that controversy was simply this: the South struggled for the principle of equality in the Territories, without reference to the selfish interests of so-called Slavery, and even with the admission of the hopelessness of those interests in Kansas; while the North contended for the narrow, selfish, practical consequence of making Kansas a part of her Free-soil possessions. The proofs of this may be made in two brief extracts from these celebrated debates. These are so full of historical instruction that they supply a place here much better than any narrative or comment could do:

Mr. ENGLISH, of Indiana.—I think I may safely say that there is not a Southern man within the sound of my voice who will not vote for the admission of Kansas as a Free state, if she brings here a Constitution to that effect. Is there a Southern man here who will vote against the admission of Kansas as a Free State, if it be the undoubted will of the people of that Territory that it shall be a Free State?

MANY MEMBERS.—Not one.

At another stage of the Kansas debate occurs the following:

Mr. BARKSDALE, of Mississippi.—I ask you, gentlemen, on the other side of the House, of the Black Republican party, would you vote for the admission of Kansas into the Union, with a Constitution tolerating Slavery, if a hundred thousand people there wished it?

Mr. GIDDINGS, of Ohio.—I answer the gentleman that I will never associate, politically, with men of that character, if I can help it. I will never vote to compel Ohio to associate with another Slave State, if I can prevent it.

Mr. STANTON.—I will say, if the gentleman will allow me, that the Republican members of this House, so far as I know, will never vote for the admission of any Slave State north of 36° 30'.

We return to the influence of State institutions on America. We contend that they were not hostile to the Union, or

malignant in their character; that, on the contrary, they were auxiliary to the Union; that they stimulated the national progress; that, in fact, they interpreted the true glory of America; and that it was especially these modifications of our national life which gave to the Union that certain moral sublimity so long the theme of American politicians. From these propositions we advance to a singular conclusion. It is that the moral veneration of the Union, which gives the key to so much of American history, was peculiarly a sentiment of the South; while in the North it was nothing more than a mere affectation.

This may sound strange to those who have read American history in the smooth surface of Yankee books; who remember Webster's apostrophes to the glorious Union, and Everett's silken rhetoric; whose political education has been manufactured to hand by the newspapers, and clap-traps of Yankee literature about "nullification" and treason. But it is easy of comprehension. The political ideas of the North excluded that of any peculiar moral character about the Union; the doctrine of State Rights was rejected by them for the prevalent notion that America was a single democracy; thus, the Union to them was nothing more than a geographical name, entitled to no peculiar claims upon the affections of the people. It was different with the South. The doctrine of State Rights gave to the Union its moral dignity; this doctrine was the only real possible source of sentimental attachment to the Union; and this doctrine was the received opinion of the Southern people, and the most marked peculiarity of their politics. The South did not worship the Union in the base spirit of commercial idolatry, as a painted machinery to secure tariffs and bounties, and to aggrandize a section. She venerated the Union because she discovered in it a sublime moral principle; because she regarded it as a peculiar association in which sovereign States were held by high considerations of good faith; by the exchanges of equity and comity; by the noble attractions of social order; by the enthused sympathies of a common destiny of power, honor, and renown. It was this galaxy which the South wore upon her heart, and before the clustered fires of whose glory she worshipped with an adoration almost Oriental. That Union is now dissolved; that splendid galaxy of stars is

no more in the heavens; and where once it shone, the fierce comet of war has burst, and writes a red history on the azure page.

But let this be said by the historian of this war: that the South loved the Union; dissolved it unwillingly; and, though she had had the political administration of it in her hands during most of its existence, surrendered it without a blot on its fame. "Do not forget," said a Southern Senator, when Mr. Seward boasted in the United States Senate that the North was about to take control at Washington, "it can never be forgotten—it is written on the brightest page of human history—that we, the slaveholders of the South, took our country in her infancy, and, after ruling her for sixty out of the seventy years of her existence, we shall surrender her to you without a stain upon her honor, boundless in prosperity, incalculable in her strength, the wonder and the admiration of the world. Time will show what you will make of her; but no time can ever diminish our glory or your responsibility."

But there is one conclusive argument which we may apply to the common European opinion, and the half-educated notion of this country that the State institutions of America were schools of provincialism and estrangement. If such had been the case, the dissolution of the Union would have found the States that composed it a number of petty principalities opposed to each other, or, at least, diverse and heterogeneous. But this war has found no such thing. It has found the people of Virginia and Tennessee, the people of Missouri and South Carolina, entertaining the same political ideas, pursuing a single, common object in the war, and baptizing it in a common bloodshed on its fields of contest and carnage. The States of the Southern Confederacy offer to the world the example of its inhabitants as one people, homogeneous in their social systems, alike in their ideas, and unanimous in their resolves; and the States of the North afford similar illustrations of national unity. The war has found not discordant States, but two distinct nations, in the attitude of belligerents, differing in blood, in race, in social institutions, in systems of popular instruction, in political education and theories, in ideas, in manners; and the whole sharpened by a long and fierce political controversy, that has arrayed them at last as belligerents,

and interposed the gage of armed and bloody contest. The development of America has been a North and a South; not discordant States, but hostile nations. The present war is not for paltry theories of political parties, or for domestic institutions, or for rival administrations, but for the vital ideas of each belligerent, and the great stakes of national existence.

What have been the ideas which the North has developed or illustrated in this war? We will answer briefly.

The North presents to the world the example of a people corrupted by a gross material prosperity; their ideas of government, a low and selfish utilitarianism; their conceptions of civilization, prosperous railroads, penny newspapers, showy churches. Their own estimates of their civilization never penetrated beyond the mere surface and convenience of society; never took into account its unseen elements; the public virtue, the public spirit, the conservative principle, the love of order, the reverence of the past, all which go to make up the grand idea of human civilization.

It is amusing to the student of history to hear Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, asserting, with scholarly flourishes, that the South is barbarous, because she has no free schools: the sources of that half education in the North, which have been nurseries of insolence, irreverence of the past, infidelity in religion, and an itch for every new idea in the mad calendar of social reforms. It is yet more amusing to hear his Senatorial peer—"the Natick cobbler." When, on the eve of the downfall of the government at Washington, a Southern Senator depicted the wealth that the South had poured into the lap of the Union, the elements it had contributed to its civilization, and the virtues it had brought to its adornment, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, had this reply: "Massachusetts has more religious newspapers than all the slaveholding States of the Union."

The people of the North have never studied politics as a moral science. They have no idea of government as an independent principle of truth, virtue and honor; to them it is merely an engine of material prosperity—a mere auxiliary appendage to a noisy, clattering world of trade, and steam, and telegraphs. It is this low commercial sense of government

which developed all the old Yankee theories of tariffs, and bounties, and free farms.

Indeed, the most fruitful study in American politics is the peculiar materialistic idea of the Yankee. Its developments are various, but all held together by the same leading idea: superficial notions of civilization; agrarian theories; the subordination of the principles of government to trade; mercantile "statesmanship;" the exclusion of moral ideas from politics; the reduction of the whole theory of society to the base measure of commercial interests. Such are some of the developments of the materialistic idea: the last and fullest is the present war.

This war, on the part of the Yankee, is essentially a war of interest: hence its negation, on his part, of all principles and morals; hence its adoption of that coarse maxim of commercial casuistry, "*the end justifies the means*;" hence its treachery, its arts of bad faith, its "cuteness" on all belligerent questions; hence its atrocities which have debased the rules of civilized warfare to a code of assassins and brigands. It is true that the North has affected in this war such sentiments as love of the Union, reverence of the American nationality, a romantic attachment to the old flag. But we repeat that the proof that the North has fought for coarse, material interests in this war is the conduct of the war itself.

War is horrible; but it has its laws of order and amelioration. Civilization has kindled the dark cloud of horrors with the vestal observances of honor; and the undying lights of humanity have irradiated its aspects—softened the countenance of the Giant who

"On the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands."

But where, in this war of the Yankee, shall we find exhibitions of the chivalry and amenity of modern belligerents. A ghostly echo comes shrieking from fields blackened by fire; and scarred and tormented by the endless scourge of the tyrant. The characteristics of the Yankee war are precisely those which arise out of the materialistic idea: treachery dignified as genius, and cruelty set up to gaze as the grandeur of power.

The crooked woof of treachery—the scarlet thread of the lie—have been woven by the Yankee into every part of this war.* It is not necessary to unravel here the whole story of Yankee falsehood. One instance will suffice. The government which, at the commencement of hostilities, played at the game of conciliation by affecting to arrest on the streets of its capital, Washington, fugitive slaves, and to return them to their masters; which, in the first months of the war, declared that it “repudiated all designs whatever, and wherever imputed to it, of disturbing the system of slavery;” that any such effort would be “unconstitutional;” and that “all acts of the President in that direction would be prevented by the judicial authority, even though they were assented to by Congress and the people”—for such was the solemn assurance of Mr. Sew-

* It is a curious fact, in the indisputable records of American History, that the separation of the Southern States from the Union, is defensible, in all respects; that is, as an assertion of *State rights*, and, again, as an assertion of the still higher principle of self-government—on grounds taken by our enemies, *when it suited them to take those grounds*.

With reference to the ground of State Rights:

At the third session of the Eleventh Congress, in 1811, the dissolution of the Union was spoken of for the first time, by a member from the State of Massachusetts. The bill to form a Constitution and State Government for the Territory of Orleans, and the admission of such State, under the name of Louisiana, into the Union, was under consideration.

“Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, in opposition to the bill, said: ‘I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their obligations, and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably, if they can; violently, if they must.’”

“Mr. Quincy was here called to order by Mr. Poindexter.

“Mr. Quincy repeated and justified the remark he had made, which, to save all misapprehension, he committed to writing in the following words: ‘If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of this Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably, if they can; violently, if they must.’”

In 1844, the Legislature of Massachusetts resolved that the annexation of Texas would be cause of dissolution of the Union.

With reference to the other, higher ground of Self-Government:

Abraham Lincoln, now President at Washington said: “Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing Government, and form a new one that suits them better. Nor is this right confined to cases where the people of an existing Government

ard's diplomatic circular of 1861; which promised the South "the Constitution as it was," and recited poetry in Congress entreating South Carolina to return to the bosom of the Union is to-day found making the boast—rather, we may say, indulging the fiendish exultation—that it has Abolitionized every district it has invaded; that it has forced into military service one hundred thousand blacks, stolen from their masters; that it has forcibly consigned them from peaceful occupations to the perils of the battle-field; and that it has whetted their ignorant and savage natures with an appetite for the blood of the white man of the Confederacy. And this stupendous lie is called the genius of Yankee statesmanship, and the world is asked to applaud it.

But it is in the atrocious warfare of the enemy that we find the most striking instances of his exclusion of that noble spirituality common to the great conflicts of civilized nations, and the most characteristic evidence of the brutal selfishness of his hostilities. The Yankee has never shown mercy in this war, and not one touch of refinement from his hand has relieved its horrors. The track of his armies has been marked by the devouring flame, or by the insatiate plunder and horrid orgies of a savage and cowardly foe. The weed-growth of Louisiana, where once flourished the richest plantations of the South; the desert that stretches from the Big Black to the

may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose them."

In 1860, the *New York Tribune* declared: "Whenever a portion of this Union large enough to form an independent, self-sustaining nation shall see fit to say authentically to the residue, 'We want to get away from you,' we shall say—and we trust self-respect, if not regard for the principle of self-government, will constrain the residue of the American people to say—Go!"

At the beginning of the secession movements, Secretary Seward used the following language to Mr. Adams, the United States Minister at London: "For these reasons he would not be disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of theirs (the Secessionists), namely, that the Federal Government could not reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, even although he were disposed to question that proposition. But in fact the President willingly accepts it as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State. This Federal Republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one most unfitted for such a labor."

Mississippi, once a beautiful expanse of happy homes; the black, mangled belt of territory that, commencing at Harper's Ferry, extends to Fortress Monroe, bound like a ghastly pall with the silver fringe of the Potomac; these are the hideous monuments of partial conquest which the Yankee has committed to the memory of the world and to the inscriptions of history. What has been safe in this war from the grasp of his plunder or the touch of his desecration? In the districts of the Confederacy where his soldiers have penetrated they have appropriated or destroyed private property; they have stolen even works of art and ornament; they have plundered churches; they have desecrated the grave and despoiled the emblems which love has consecrated to honor. And all this has been done according to a peculiar theory of hostilities which makes of war a sensual selfishness, and contemplates its objects as a savage gain of blood and plunder. This is the true and characteristic conception of the Yankee. He is taught by his political education, by his long training in the crooked paths of thrift, that all the principles of civilized usage are to be set at nought, when convenience and present policy interfere with their fulfilment.

It is in this sense of narrow, materialistic expediency that the Yankee has surrendered his liberties in this war, and proclaimed the enormous doctrine, that the Constitution under which he lives, and all his other monuments of liberty, are suspended by the paramount necessity of conquering and despoiling the South. He has carried his commercial politics into the war, and trades his own liberties for the material rewards of an otherwise vain and fruitless conquest.

But we leave the subject of the Yankee to turn to the other side of the question, and inquire what new political ideas the South has developed in this war. Here is an extraordinary blank. In the new government of the Confederacy we do not discover any statesmanship, any financial genius, any ideas beyond what are copied from the old effete systems that, it was thought, the revolution replaced. There must be some explanation of this absence of new ideas, this barren negation in our revolution.

By a misfortune, not easily avoided, the new government of the Confederacy fell into the hands of certain prominent partisans, but

mediocre politicians, who made a servile copy of the old Yankee Constitution ; who had no ideas of political administration higher than the Washington routine ; and who, by their ignorance and conceit, have blindfolded and staggered the revolution from its commencement. This observation gives the key to the political history of the Confederacy in this war. A servile copy of old political ideas, an ape of the Washington administration, without genius, without originality, rejecting the counsels of the intelligent, and living in its own little circle of conceit, the Confederate government has fallen immeasurably below the occasion of this revolution, and misrepresents alike its spirit and its object.

But this weak, negative government of the Confederacy is but the early accident of this revolution ; and the people endure the accident of their present rulers merely from patriotic scruples which contemplate immediate exigencies. We stand but on the threshold of this revolution, and the curtain falls over a grand future of new ideas. Those who expect that it will terminate with the mere formality of a treaty with the public enemy, and that we shall then have a plodding future of peace, a repetition of old political ideas and manners, have got their pleasant philosophy from newspaper articles and street talk ; they have never read the exalted and invariable lesson of history, that, on commotions as immense as this war—no matter what its particular occasion—there are reared those new political structures which mark the ages of public progress. If it was true that this war, with its immense expenditures of blood and treasure, was merely to determine the status of negroes in the South—merely to settle the so-called Slavery question—there is not an intelligent man in the Confederacy but would spit upon the sacrifice. If it was true that this terrible war was merely to decide between two political administrations of the same model, then the people of the Confederacy would do right to abandon it.

Political novelty will come soon enough : it is the inevitable offspring of such commotions as this war. We repeat, that the Confederacy is now barren of political ideas, because those who are accidentally its rulers are, without originality or force, copyists of old rotten systems, and the apes of routine ; and because the public mind of the South is now too forcibly en-

grossed with the public enemy, either to replace their authority or to chastise their excesses. It is under these peculiar restraints that the Confederacy has produced such little political novelty in this war.

But the revolution is not yet past. Those exalted historical inspirations, which, with rapt souls and kindled blood, we read in the printed pages of the past, are this day, with trumpet sound, at our doors. We live in great times; we are in the presence of great events; we stand in the august theatre of a national tragedy. This struggle cannot pass away, until the great ideas, which the public danger alone holds in abeyance, have found a full development and a complete realization; until the South vindicates her reputation for political science and eliminates from this war a system of government more ingenious than a Chinese copy of Washington.

But while we thus reflect upon the intellectual barrenness of this war, we must not forget that, while the Confederacy in this time has produced but few new ideas, it has brought out troops of virtues. In this respect, the moral interest of the war is an endless theme for the historian; and we may be pardoned for leaving our immediate subject to say a few words of those fields of grandeur in which the Confederacy has found compensation for all other short-comings, and stands most conspicuous before the world.

We have put into the field soldiers such as the world has seldom seen—men who, half-clothed and half-fed, have, against superior numbers, won two-thirds of the battles of this war. The material of the Confederate army, in social worth, is simply superior to all that is related in the military annals of mankind. Men of wealth, men accustomed to the fashions of polite society, men who had devoted their lives to learned professions and polished studies, have not hesitated to shoulder their muskets and fight as privates in the ranks with the hard-fisted and uncouth laborer, no less a patriot than themselves. Our army presents to the world, perhaps, the only example of theoretical socialism reduced to practice it has ever seen, and realizes, at least in respect of defensive arms, the philosopher's dream of fraternal and sympathetic equality.

The hero of this war is the private soldier: not the officer whose dress is embroidered with lace, and whose name gar-

nishes the gazette, but the humble and honest patriot of the South in his dirt-stained and sweat-stained clothes, who toils through pain and hunger and peril; who has no reward but in the satisfaction of good deeds; who throws his poor, unknown life away at the cannon's mouth, and dies in that single flash of glory. How many of these heroes have been laid in unmarked ground—the nameless graves of self-devotion. But the ground where they rest is in the sight of Heaven. Nothing kisses their graves but the sunlight; nothing mourns for them but the sobbing wind; nothing adorns their dust but the wild flowers that have grown on the bloody crust of the battle-field. But not a Southern soldier has fallen in this war without the account of Heaven, and Death makes its registry of the pure and the brave on the silver pages of immortal life.

It is said that some of our people in this war have cringed beneath disaster, and compromised with misfortune. These are exceptions: they may be sorrowful ones. But in this war the people of the Confederacy, in the mass, have shown a fortitude, an elasticity under reverse, a temperance in victory, a self-negation in misfortune, a heroic, hopeful, patient, enduring, working resolution, which challenge the admiration of the world. It is not only material evils which have been thus endured: the scourge of tyranny, the bitterness of exile, the dregs of poverty. But the most beautiful circumstance of all is the strange resignation of our people in that worst trial and worst agony of war—the consignment of the living objects of their love to the bloody altars of sacrifice. These are the real horrors of war, and patriotism has no higher tribute to pay than the brave and uncomplaining endurance of such agony.

How have we been resigned in this war to the loss of our loved ones! How many noble sorrows are in our hearts! How many skeletons are in our closets! War may ruin and rifle the homestead; may scatter as chaff in the wind the property of years; may pronounce the doom of exile—but all these are paltry afflictions in comparison with the bereavement of kindred, whose blood has been left on the furze of the field and the leaves of the forest, and whose uncoffined bones are scattered to the elements.

The virtues and passions of the South in this war are not idle sentimentalisms. They are the precursors of new and illus-

trious ideas—the sure indications of a new political growth. In the warmth of such passions are born noble and robust ideas. Thus we await the development of this war in ideas, in political structures, in laws, which will honor it, and for which we shall not unduly pay the dreadful price of blood.

It is impossible that a nation should have suffered as the South has in this struggle; should have adorned itself with such sacrifices; should have illustrated such virtues, to relapse, at the end, into the old routine of its political existence. We have not poured out our tears—we have not made a monument of broken hearts—we have not kneaded the ground with human flesh, merely for the poor negative of a peace, with nought higher or better than things of the past. Not so does nature recompense the martyrdom of individuals or of nations: it pronounces the triumph of resurrection.

We believe that a new name is to be inscribed in the Pantheon of history; not that of an old idolatry. All now is ruin and confusion, but from the scattered elements will arise a new spirit of beauty and order. All now is dark, but the clond will break, and in its purple gates will stand the risen Sun.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.*

FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, }
 May 18, 1864. }

THE works occupied by Lee's army on the Rapidan extended on the right three miles below Raccoon ford. Ewell's corps and Hill's lay behind those defences, and stretched out on each side of Orange Court-house, along a line of twenty miles. Longstreet, having returned from Eastern Tennessee, occupied the country around Gordonsville, thirteen miles southwest of the position on the Rapidan. Such had been the disposition of the army of Northern Virginia during the latter part of April.

Grant, having declined to assail Lee's front, determined to turn it by a movement on that officer's right. He marched eastwardly from his cantonments in the country of Culpepper; and, having reached that river seven miles lower down, at Germania ford, and also seven miles still lower down, at Ely's ford, crossed the Rapidan. The campaign in Northern Virginia, fraught, as it was, with the fate of the Confederate States and the United States, took thus its initial form on the 3d of May.

From Orange Court-house two roads—the turnpike and the plank road—run on a line somewhat north of east to Fredericksburg. Those two routes are in general parallel. The plank road consists of one track of worn planking, and another of earth; its course, very irregular, vibrates in and out on the south side of the generally straight line, known as the turnpike. A plank way runs from Culpepper Court-house to Germania ford. Extending south-easterly, it crosses the turnpike; and after a route of four or five miles beyond that, terminates on the Orange and Fredericksburg plank-road. Beside these main lines several others traverse the country around the

* We insert here the London Herald correspondent's account of the Battle of the Wilderness.

battle-field of the Wilderness—some pursuing a course parallel with these, some crossing them more or less transversely.

Grant's columns advanced from the Rapidan on the 3d of May. That which marched from Ely's ford followed an earthen way, leading to the junction of the Orange and Fredericksburg plank-road with the plank-road extending from Culpepper Court-house, by way of Germania ford; while the other column moved down the latter route to the same point. That junction once gained, not only had the position of Lee on the Rapidan been turned, but several roads to Richmond would have been laid open.

Ewell's corps having been encamped on Lee's right, moved eastwardly on the 4th. A few of his brigades remained behind for a day guarding some of the fords across the Rapidan. Johnson's division, having the advance, followed the turnpike, and encamped for the night within three miles of a stream flowing northwardly—Wilderness Run; Rodes, next in the order of march, lay in his rear along the same route; and Early, who had moved from Ewell's left at Sumerville ford, encamped for the night a little behind Locust Grove. The Second corps had thus reached, on the night of the 4th, a position from which it stood ready to strike on the following morning the flank of Grant's column of advance.

Johnson moved with his division at the head of Ewell's corps on the 5th. Having thrown skirmishers out into the woods on either side of the turnpike he discovered those of the enemy at about six o'clock in the morning. The musketry on each side deepening, he pressed forward with General J. M. Jones's brigade to gain a hill in his front; and having, after a brief struggle, driven back a heavy line of sharpshooters from that position, proceeded to form his troops in line of battle.

The thicket on all sides of the two armies excluded the use of artillery, save only for the width of the turnpike. Jones's brigade had been formed but a moment across that road when the enemy advanced in what of order is practicable in a tangled forest. He approached with a heavy line of skirmishers, followed by a solid column extending across the whole of Lee's front, four lines deep. Stewart's and Stafford's brigades proceeded to form rapidly on Jones's left. To guard

against the danger of an overlapping breadth of attack, the brigade of General Walker, which, having nursed the genius of Jackson, is known as the "Stonewall," formed at some distance from Stafford's left flank, covering it by a front at right angles to that officer's line. In this position the division of General Edward Johnson, of Ewell's corps, stood on the morning of the 5th to receive the enemy's onslaught.

Johnson's skirmishers were driven in. Those of the enemy took position in the advancing column. The Fifth corps of the Federal army, accompanied by two pieces of artillery, that came thundering along the turnpike, assailed the Confederate line at the intersection of that road. Receiving, as it advanced, a terrible fusilade without any sign of wavering, the rear ranks pressing forward those of the front, the attacking masses delivered from a forest of rifles a fast and furious fire upon Johnson's line. Closing in upon it with great spirit in front, and threatening to envelop it on its right, they succeeded, after a brief struggle, in forcing back part of the brigade that had been formed across the turnpike—that of General J. M. Jones. Two of his regiments—the Twenty-first Virginia, commanded by Colonel Witcher, and the Twenty-fifth by Colonel Higginbotham—holding their ground resolutely. Jones strove in desperation to rally his broken troops. Threatening, entreating, shaming, were of no avail in arresting their disordered flight; and as he saw his men rushing from the field in hopeless confusion he fell from his saddle a bleeding corpse. Captain Early, of his staff, unwilling to desert him, had but a few moments previously wheeled his horse from its retreat; but only to share with his gallant chief, while in the act, the same red burial.

Stewart moved from his position in the line of battle to close the gap left in it by the brigade of Jones. As the Federal masses poured through, his men rushed forward with a cheer; and, driving them back by the impetus of his charge, captured their guns.

Almost simultaneous with the first signs of weakness in Jones's line, Daniel's brigade of North Carolinians, and Gordon's brigade of Georgians, both of Rodes' division, were placed rapidly in line upon the right. Ordered immediately afterward by General Ewell to charge, Gordon, holding com-

mand of the movement, crushed through the enemy's first lines and captured as he went forward a whole regiment, men, officers, and colors. Driving onward furiously he struck back the Federal front in confusion upon its supports; and scattering both like leaves before a storm, forced them off the field in utter route for a mile and a half. His front thus cleared, Gordon found the enemy's lines firm on both of his wings. Dividing his men into two bodies he formed them at right angles to the lines of his original advance, and sending them both forward back to back, took the masses on his right and on his left in flank. Pressing on them so energetically as to have prevented their formation across either of his lines of movement, he swept them in disorder from the Confederate front for a width of a mile.

At the moment of Gordon's brilliant charge the enemy attacked the brigade of General Stafford. A deadly conflict on that part of the field raged for some time doubtfully. The marksmanship of Stafford's Louisianians, however, shot truly to the buckles of the Federal belts, and strewed the field with death and agony. Reeling under its deliberate fire, the enemy finally fled, marking his route with his killed and wounded, and adding to his other disasters the loss of six hundred prisoners. In this repulse, however, the Confederates have to mourn the loss of Brigadier-general Stafford. He fell mortally wounded. He had been a planter of Louisiana; but having gone through most of the battles in Northern Virginia, had become an excellent officer, and was not more beloved by his men for his gentleness than he was admired by them for his daring.

Soon after the onslaught upon the Confederate front the Sixth corps of the Federal army advanced upon its left flank. Coming up at right angles to the line of movement of the Fifth corps, its skirmishers were encountered by those thrown out in anticipation of attack in that direction, from the Stonewall brigade. Sedgwick, commanding this movement on Johnson's flank, soon afterward threw the whole weight of his dense column upon those stout souls; but, though threatening to envelop it on the left, failed to force back the men who had learned heroic constancy from Jackson. Sorely pressed, however, Pegram's Virginians and Hays' Louisianians deployed rapidly on their left. Charging immediately upon the Federal

right, those fresh troops drove it back. The furious onslaught of Hays' men did not expend itself until they had forced the enemy to retreat in confusion for nearly a mile. In advance of all others on that face of the attack, these splendid troops, having left nearly one-third of their number on the field, fell back with Pegram's gallant men to the general line of battle.

The enemy routed with great slaughter from all points of his advance, Ewell proceeded to select ground for the morrow's battle. Assisted by General Smith, of the engineers, he reviewed his position, and proceeded at once to cover his front with a line of fieldworks and an abattis of felled trees. Skirmishing continued murderously outside the lines. Immediately before the close of the evening, the skirmishers of General Pegram, on Johnson's left, came running in, and soon afterwards his sharpshooters sprang back from their rifle-pits in his immediate front. A column, three lines deep, moved upon him from the depths of the forest, and, firing heavily as they came on, pressed towards his works furiously. His staunch Virginians, however, met the attack resolutely, and, covered partially by their works, hurled volley after volley in withering blasts, breast high, into its serried ranks.

The Moloch of the North had, however, not yet been sated. In five lines a column renewed the attack after nightfall; but did so without other result than to increase terribly the hundreds of men that, dead or dying outside the Confederate works, lay weltering in their gore. Pegram fell in this last attack severely wounded. The repulse which he guided as he fell, closed the work of war for the day on the left, and witnessed the Confederates still in possession of their improved position and advanced lines.

Hill was ordered to march, on the 4th, from Lee's left. Anderson's division remained behind for the time to guard some fords in its front; Heth, followed by Wilcox, moved eastwardly, through Orange Court-house, along the Fredericksburg plank-road. The divisions of these two officers bivouacked for the night near Verdiersville. Heth in advance, they resumed their march on the following day, still pursuing the line of the plank-road.

The ring of small arms on the right announced, in the course

of the morning of the 5th, a small cavalry affair near the route of Hill's column. The march still, however, continued, until it encountered some dismounted cavalry; but after a moment's pause, brushing those from its way, still went forward. At one o'clock musketry was again heard in front; and, though at first thought to indicate the presence of merely a party of cavalry, proved, after some skirmishing, to have come from a large body of infantry. Kirtland's brigade, of Heth's division, deployed immediately on both sides of the plank-road; and the whole column proceeded to form in line of battle on its flanks; while the sharpshooters of both armies kept up in front a desultory and somewhat languid fire.

Hill's advance followed, on the plank-road, while Ewell's pursued the turnpike. Parallel lines in their general direction, these movements stood at the time of the deployment of Mirtland's brigade, from three to four miles apart. The country intervening, and round about for several miles, is known as the "Wilderness," and having very few "clearings," consists almost wholly of a forest of dense undergrowth. The enemy, apparently bewildered by the character of the site of the approaching conflict, sent out scouts and skirmishers in every direction from his front. Eight or ten of these having strayed in between the column of Hill and that of Ewell, came into an open field in which they might have shot, as he sat with General Hill and other officers on the ground, that idol of the army, General Lee. Those adventurous blue-coats, finding themselves in front of two brigades of Wilcox's division, made a rapid retreat, ignorant, most happily, that a very precious life lay for a moment at the mercy of their rifles.

The interpolation of those skirmishers between his two columns, suggested to General Lee the necessity of opening communications with Ewell. Captain Hotchkiss of the engineers of the Second corps, having come up immediately afterwards, indicated the route for that purpose; and Wilcox's division moving accordingly to the left—having captured two hundred of the enemy on the way—effected, after a march of a mile and a quarter, a junction with Gordon's brigade, on Ewell's extreme right. The line of battle, thus completed, extended from the right of the plank-road through a succession of open fields and dense forest to the left of the turnpike. It presented

a front of six miles ; and, with Flat creek in its rear, occupied a very irregular plane along the broken slopes of a broad ridge that rises from the stream known as Wilderness run. The thicket that lay along the whole face of the Confederate array is so impenetrable as to have excluded the use of artillery by the enemy, save only for the breadth of those openings where it is penetrated on the left by the old turnpike, and on the right by the plank-road.

The attack on Ewell having been repulsed, musketry began at half-past two to deepen in volume in front of Hill. Large columns of the enemy, enveloped in clouds of dust, were seen at that time moving up from the rear in the direction of the deafening fire. Possession of the intersection of the plank-road from Germania ford, with that from Orange Court-house, opening, as it would, a favorable line for Federal advance southwardly, was shown, by the enemy's movements, to be about to become the subject of a bloody encounter.

Heth's skirmishers were driven in about three o'clock. They were followed closely by a heavy column that appeared to move forward spiritedly. Firing with great rapidity as it advanced, its musketry, in the ears of a man approaching the field of battle, rolled through the depths of the forest like the roar of mighty waters. Resolute defence on the one hand, and on the other the attack that sought to force its way rather by constant pressure than by dashing enterprise, the struggle in Hill's front continued for two or three hours, unbroken in its terrible monotony by even any disturbance of the rapid regularity with which it added to its masses of grim death or mortal agony.

Heth's division bore, at first, the whole brunt of the Federal onslaught. The heavy columns pressing so obstinately upon its front failed to break its heroic constancy. Thick and fast its men crept to the rear, bleeding, or dropping in the ranks, dead—but still it gave no sign of yielding. One-half of its number of the morning had been placed *hors du combat*. The weight of the immense masses hurled against it having excited in Lieutenant-general Hill some fears for its solidity, orders were sent to Wilcox to come up with his division from Ewell's right, at the double-quick. That gallant officer arrived at four o'clock, while the roar of the rifles in front, accompanied by

the thunder of four or five guns on the plank-road, declared the combat to be one of extraordinary fierceness.

Wilcox, guided by the heaviness of the fire, placed his leading brigade in rear of Heth's centre, and deployed it to the right and to the left of the plank-road. The conflict soon afterwards deepening in that direction, he next formed his second brigade, as it arrived upon the field, on the left flank; but had no sooner drawn it up in line of battle than it became exposed to musketry so completely in reverse as to have wounded some of his men in the back. Changing front instantly to the rear, and swinging round his left, he found himself confronted by a Federal line of battle.

Reasoning from the crushing weight of the musketry in Heth's front, Wilcox drew up another of his brigades in that officer's rear, on the right of the plank-road. The hoarse roll of the fire extending subsequently in that direction, he placed his last brigade for the protection of that flank, in extension of Heth's array on the extreme right. Two of Wilcox's brigades lay there in reserve, in rear of the centre, while another occupied each of the two flanks of the line of battle. The terrible-ness of the Federal musketry at this moment was such that, having torn a section of the trunk utterly to shreds, it actually cut down a white oak-tree having a diameter of eighteen inches.

The losses in Heth's division had become so heavy that Wilcox's brigades in reserve were moved at about half-past five to the front. McGowan's South Carolinians thus brought into action, their gallant chief, impatient of delay, leaped his horse over a rank that had lain down to let his men pass. Spurring forward, waving his sword as he went, he was followed by his brigade with a cheer; and plunging immediately into the depths of the conflict, drove back the enemy by his impetuous dash for several hundred yards. Wilcox, seeing the Federal lines on each side of the breadth of that charge of the fiery South Carolinians stand firm, became apprehensive for their safety, and, ordering them at once to fall back, placed them in the position assigned them in the array of battle. The murderous conflict raged in fierce monotony until night closed over the Confederate line in the position it had originally taken. The prisoners captured included men from

the Sixth, the Second, and the Fifth corps; and this fact points to the supposition that the gallant divisions of Heth and Wilcox actually held at bay, from three o'clock until half-past seven, three corps of the Federal army.

Heth's division was ordered during the night of the 5th to go to the rear as a reserve. Lane's, Seales's, McCowan's, and Thomas's brigades, constituting the division of General Wilcox—occupied the front. Videttes were sent out, but ventured only a short distance from the line of battle. The two armies lay, indeed, so close to each other throughout the night as to be within easy ear-shot. A small stream on the Confederate left constituted their mutual supply of water, and was so near both that men from either side going out to fill their canteens from it were very often captured by some from the other. Colonel Baldwin, of the First Massachusetts regiment, more thirsty than prudent, became in that way a tenant of Libby prison.

Longstreet's corps, it will be recollected, lay, on the 3d, thirteen miles southwest of the position on the Rapidan. Ordered forward by General Lee, it marched from the neighborhood of Gordonsville on the morning of the 4th. On the night of the 5th it halted within twelve miles of the field of the battle of that day. Intending to follow a road known as the Catharpen, with a view to a movement upon the enemy's left flank, it became necessary, under the rapid developments of Grant's masses of attack, to call it to the support of the front. Its intrepid chief, informed after midnight of the danger of Hill's corps, was ordered to move up to the plank-road, with the view of meeting the renewal of the shock of the Fifth upon the right. Breaking up his bivouac, Longstreet commenced his march about 2 o'clock in the morning to the field of battle.

General Lee concluding, reasonably, that a feint upon the left would occupy sufficient time to delay the attack on the right until the arrival and deployment of Longstreet's men, regarded the state of things, on the dawn of the 6th, without alarm. Wilcox had, however, looked anxiously throughout the night for the coming of the divisions of Anderson and Field; and, disappointed in the delay of their arrival, began at daybreak to cover his front by an abattis of felled trees. The men employed for that purpose were immediately fired

upon by the enemy's skirmishers; and, in the next moment, rushed to their rifles, before the advance of an attack in heavy column. The Federals had spent the night in securing good positions for their onslaught of the morning; and, coming now in great force from points threatening Heth's and Wilcox's envelopment, forced the gallant divisions of those officers to waver. Shattered in strength by the terrible struggle of the day before, and having already maintained a resistance for three-quarters of an hour against numbers absolutely crushing, they finally gave way. Continuing at first a desultory fire as they retreated, the right wing, south of the plank-road, broke into disorder, and finally fled in confusion before the enemy's overwhelming columns.

Wilcox, seeing his lines shattered hopelessly, rushed back to report to General Hill. The Federalists pressed forward so vigorously that he had but arrived at that point, when he looked back, to behold his disordered ranks surging already within one hundred and fifty yards of the position of General Lee. The head of McLaw's fine division of Longstreet's corps came up immediately, under the command of Brigadier-general Kershaw, and so out-spoken was the augury of victory in its flashing eyes, that its appearance bound up at once the wounded spirits of Heth and Wilcox, as they writhed in the presence of General Lee, under a reverse which that officer declared, during the day, had illuminated their previous struggle with unflinching constancy.

Apprehension was for a moment entertained that the rapid movement and heavy fire of the enemy's advance would prevent the deployment of the approaching columns in line. Kershaw's own brigade of South Carolinians and Humphrey's brigade of Mississippians, having the advance of Longstreet's corps, had the honor to be first to form. Drawing up across the plank-road—thus covering the trains, the artillery, and the shattered retreat of Heth and Wilcox—they at once checked the enemy's advance, in the teeth of a fire in which they stood firm, as though it were a storm of mere hail. Their resistance, it was, however, feared at the time, could not be maintained for many minutes. Their front swept by a tempest of bullets, they were threatened, on their right flank, with envelopment. Their heroic firmness triumphed, however; for the ring of

their rifles had, before long, whirred its death-rattle in so many a Federal heart, that the assailants began, after a while, to recoil.

Other brigades having, in the mean time, begun to drop into line on the right, the enemy was soon after checked at all points; and the tide of battle commenced, after a short time, to roll slowly back.

McLaw's division once in line, under Kershaw, Fields' men formed on as they came up. Anderson's splendid fellows, left by General Hill to guard fords in the rear of the march from the Rapidan, soon came in a rush, commanded by General Mahone; they deployed immediately in array of battle. Breadth and weight thus given to Lee's front the fortunes of the day quickly turned. The Confederate line moved majestically forward in the teeth of a bloody and stubborn opposition. General Longstreet rushed forward with his staff to take his place at the head of the advance; and was received as he passed along the moving mass with thunders of applause, General Jenkins, spurring to his side, grasped his hand in a glow of pleasure; and the whole scene was one of universal rejoicing.

Their faces glowing, the horses prancing, the cavalcade surrounding the Lieutenant-General had, however, not passed more than a hundred yards in advance of the column, when their mood was sobered into profound regret. One of the brigades of the flanking force, heated with the work of destruction that they had executed so splendidly, mistook the glad group of horsemen that came prancing along the plank road, for a party of the flying foe. It poured into them at short range a deadly fire! Poor Jenkins fell instantly from his horse with a bullet in his pulseless brain! An enthusiastic son of South Carolina, he was beloved by his troops for his fine qualities, as a man and an officer. Longstreet received a ball that entered his throat and passed out through his right shoulder. Bleeding like an ox, he was helped from his horse so prostrated that fears were entertained of his immediate death. Major Walton, a gallant Mississippian on his staff, threw open his vest and shirt collar, and found great relief in discovering that he was mistaken in supposing that the ball had cut the carotid artery. Placed on a litter the wounded general was removed from the field; but feeble though he

was from loss of blood, he did not fail to lift his hat from time to time as he passed down the column, in acknowledgment of its cheers of applause and sympathy.

The column of advance deployed into line. Some of Fields' and McLaws' men had already encountered and driven back the enemy on the left of the plank-road, when Anderson's division of Hill's corps was ordered to their support. The brigade of Alabamians has illuminated the name of Wilcox; having come up first in the order of march, it was placed rapidly by its chief, General Perrin, in the position of Laws' brigade of Fields' division, its right resting on the plank-road. It had hardly taken its place when the enemy, who had been previously driven back in fine style by Law, came up again, and, under a terrible fire from Perrin's rifles, retreated with precipitation. Renewing his advance, he once more emerged from the forest, but contented himself with quick and wild firing, as he lay down at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards from the front of the Confederate line. The Federal officers were heard at that moment urging their men to rise and charge. Their left pressed up to within a distance of seventy-five yards, but the deadly minie cut their close front into shreds; they fled, after a struggle of ten minutes, in utter confusion. Flinging away knapsacks, cartridge boxes, muskets, and blankets, the attacking party seemed stricken with terror, as well it might have been, in a field where the dead lay so thickly—sometimes one upon another—as to have traced out distinctly the line of the array in which they stood at the moment of their death.

A struggle equally sanguinary with that on the left of the plank-road raged at the same time on its right. In the mean time, however, a force had been sent out with the design of turning the enemy's flank on that side. That movement was, however, found, after a long march, to be impracticable. Triumphant on both sides of the plank-way, Lee decided on an attack in front. Perrin having just moved by the left flank sufficiently far to admit those troops between his right and the plank road, Benning's brigade, of Field's division, and Kershaw's, of McLaw's division, formed upon his right. Their line extended from the road-way at right angles. Perrin and Laws drawn up in array of

battle parallel with the road, lay, at the moment of the advance, transversely in the rear of Perrin's left. Right and left of the plank-road the Confederates began to move forward. Kershaw, Benning, and Perrin, finding the enemy, pushed onward, freely swinging around their left somewhat adventurously into the unknown depths of the forest through which they moved.

In the mean time Federal skirmishers springing from tree to tree as they came on with a heavy fire, drove in those of Perry and Law. Followed in hot haste by a blue line of battle, the whole pressed back the brigades of those officers with great spirit towards the plank-road. Alarmed by the firing going on during that movement in the rear of his left, Perrin sent his adjutant, Captain Wynne, to communicate on the subject with General Harris. That gallant fellow, seeing that no time was to be lost, rushed with his impetuous Mississippians on the face of the advancing attack and succeeded in driving it back handsomely for a sufficient distance to give protection to the rear of Kershaw and Benning. Perrin—on the extreme left, be it recollected—stood still, exposed to imminent danger.

As the whole breadth of the line from the plank-way retired, he endeavored at the same time to swing back his exposed wing, but found it suddenly enfiladed by the fire of the enemy's skirmishers. His position became critical. Captain Wynne led off two regiments from the exposed flank; and had placed them in position in the rear just as Davis's fine brigade of Mississippians came sweeping up to complete, by connecting with Harris's right, the protection of the whole transverse front, Harris and Davis having thus saved, by a timely movement, the three brigades on the left, the artillery trains, &c., on that highway, and the line of the plank-road. The enemy foiled in his design fell back, after a brief encounter, from their front. The symmetry of the Confederate line was restored, subsequently in the day, by the disposition of Hill's whole corps on Longstreet's right.

The forward movement progressed on the right of the plank-road while events were thus threatening it on the left. Longstreet's men on that part of the field moved forward, went on for some distance without finding the enemy, until S. T. Anderson's brigade of Georgians coming on, an array of battle in

Federal blue rushed at it with such impetuosity as to have become almost immediately master of the fieldworks. The single line of this attack was, however, too weak to hold what it had so handsomely won; and having been, as is too often the case in those apparently ill-advised charges of the Confederates, unsupported, was compelled, by the concentration of a crushing force in its front, to retire.

The work of war on the right was done. So alarming had been the aspect of the field at one time that, fearing for the constancy of his troops, General Lee had, as Fields' division came under fire, placed himself at the head of Gregg's brigade of Texans. Ordering them, in that devotion which constitutes the great charm of his character, to follow him in a charge upon the triumphant line that came sweeping down upon him over the debris of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, Longstreet protested against such an exposure of a life so valuable. A grim and ragged soldier of the line raised his voice in determined remonstrance, and was immediately followed by the rank and file of the whole brigade in positive refusal to advance until their beloved general-in-chief had gone to his proper position in the rear.

Yielding to their touching solicitude, and thus terminating one of the most remarkable incidents in the war, General Lee retired, and well did Gregg's gallant fellows fulfil the promise by which they urged his withdrawal, by rushing wildly forward through a tempest of bullets with a fury which nothing could withstand. All the ground that had been lost was recovered, the enemy driven, routed, into his intrenchments, the Confederate lines advanced threateningly so far as to hem him closely in, and thus, almost hopeless as its fortunes at one time appeared to be, the second day of the battle of the Wilderness terminated around the Southern Cross of the right wing in bloody triumph.

The 6th of May opened on Ewell's front with Rodes' division on the right of the turnpike, Johnson's on the other side of that road, and Early's still to the left. In the morning a column of attack came up in front of Pegram's brigade, and of part of Johnson's division; and attempting to force its way, pressed that part of the line heavily. Reinforced by a few regiments from Gordon's brigade, the Confederates, with un-

flinching solidity, hurled the onslaught back, mangled and bleeding. Again, however, and yet again, the obstinate masses renewed their advance, until, the line of their movement strewn thickly with the evidences of the terrors in their way, they finally shrank from an encounter that had proved so disastrous.

The battle on the left appeared, after the repulse of the morning, to hang fire. Direct advance so sternly repelled, the enemy determined to make a movement on Ewell's flank. Wilcox's division having been withdrawn the day before for the support of Heth, the two wings of Lee's army continued still unconnected; and through the space thus open Burnside moved a force at about two o'clock, with the view of crushing our line from right to left. Ewell, who is gifted with the instincts of a military genius, stood, however, prepared at all points. As the flanking force of the enemy came up, moving perpendicularly to Rodes' line of battle, a battalion of sharpshooters, from Ramsaur's brigade of North Carolinians, following their bold commander, Major Osborne, had the audacity to charge a whole division of the Federal army. A whole division of the Federal army advancing on that handful of men, fled before Osborne's fellows at the top of their speed, leaving behind it in its flight all its knapsacks, and as many as fifteen hundred of its muskets. Burnside's movement against Ewell's right flank, thus defeated by an amusing boldness, a repetition of such an enterprise was prevented by an immediate junction with the line of battle that had just been restored on the right wing.

The extreme left was held by the Georgians of General Gordon. Our line at that part of the field extended beyond the enemy's right for the width of a brigade-front. Gordon, anxious to employ this advantage, urged that he be allowed to use it for a moment against the Federal flank. Ewell and Early yielding to his repeated representations, finally gave him the order to move. The sun was, however, at that instant, about to set; and but a limited time remained, therefore, for the execution of an enterprise so important. But Gordon's men moved briskly out of their works; and, forming at right angles to their previous position, moved forward in line of battle, supported by R. D. Johnston's brigade of North Carolinians. In

complete surprises they struck the enemy's flank; and crushing his array as they swept forward majestically, drove everything before them like chaff before the wind. Brigade after brigade fled from the Federal works, and, attempting, one after another, to wheel around into line in order to check the advance, was borne back under the rapidity of Gordon's movement before the seething mass that struggled down upon it in utter rout.

Gordon swept all before him for a distance along the enemy's line of two miles. The forest through which he advanced was so dense with undergrowth, that by the setting in of nightfall he had become separated from his supports. Pegram's brigade paused, however, after nightfall, upon his left. He paused before he had completed a movement that, if undertaken earlier in the day, would have completely routed at least the Federal right. The enterprise, notwithstanding its incompleteness, was crowned with brilliant success. The Confederate loss in that service numbered, in killed and wounded, but twenty-seven. To the enemy, the results involved terrible slaughter. Four hundred Federalists were buried next day in the ground over which that admirable movement had been made.

The field for two miles in extent was strewn with trophies, flung wildly away—knapsacks, blankets, cartouche-boxes, cooking utensils, and even large supplies of abandoned rations. The route was one of indescribable panic. The woods in front were alive with masses of men struggling to escape with life. The Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac was so completely broken up that, unable to restore its spirit, Gordon bivouacked for the night in its immediate front, in undisturbed repose. A brilliant stroke thus closed on Ewell's front the second day of the battle of the Wilderness in a crowning triumph.

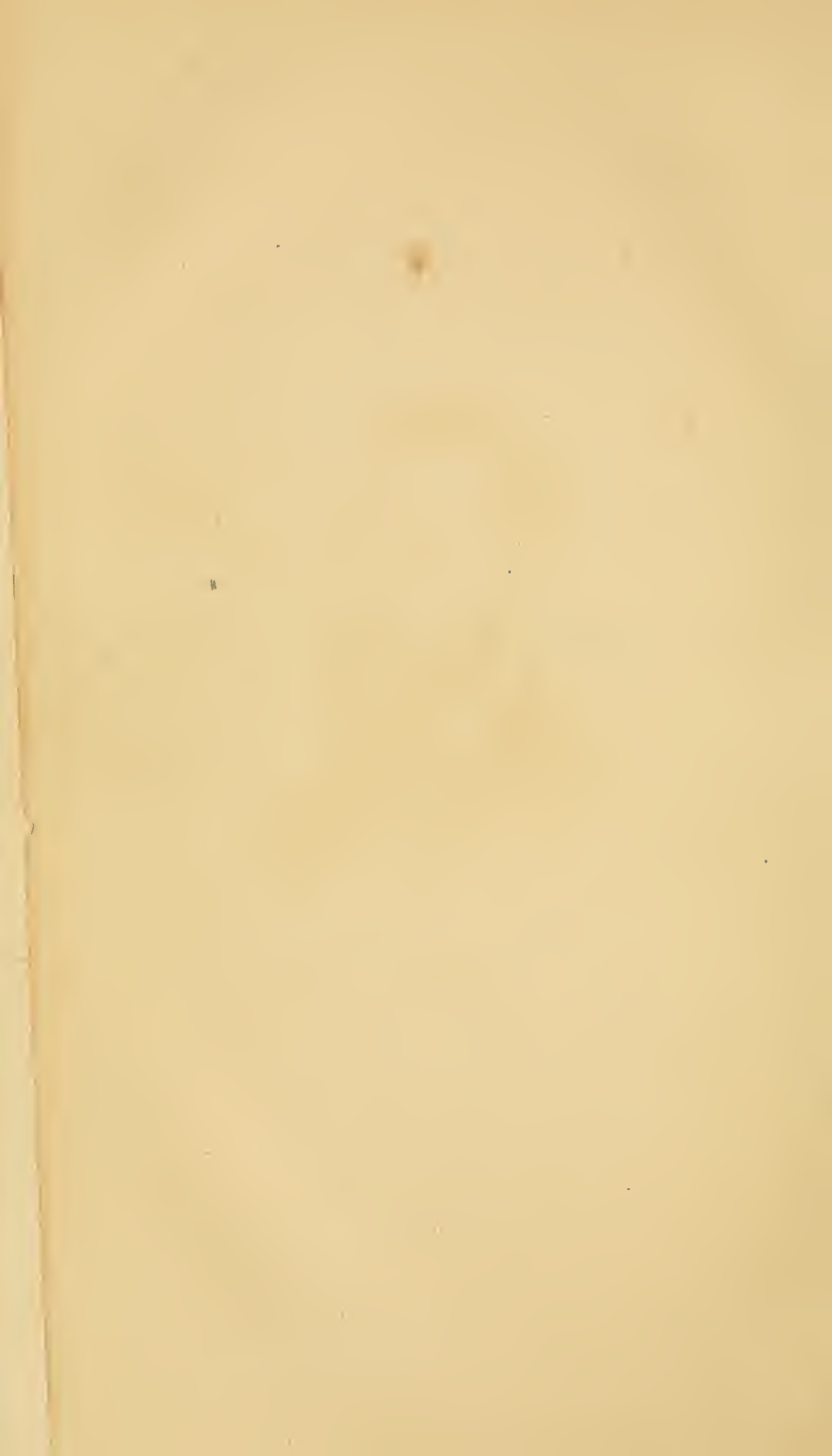
Victory smiled during the night of the 6th of May on the warriors that lay sleeping, from right to left, behind Lee's works. The losses of the Confederates in killed, wounded, and missing, do not exceed, for the two days, six thousand.

The results to the enemy in some parts of the field cannot be described by any word less forcible than massacre. Eleven hundred and twenty-five Federal dead were buried in front of

Ewell's line lying to the left of the turnpike. Five hundred more were buried on the right of that road; and, in addition to about one hundred dead officers, whose bodies must have been removed, the number of corpses lying on the field, within range of the enemy's sharpshooters, is estimated at fully three hundred. The Federal killed in the struggle on the right may, therefore, be declared positively, to number as many as two thousand. I have no data on which to estimate the breadth of the slaughter in the fierce conflicts of the right; but from the stubbornness and volume of these, feel quite confident that they must have added to the slain as awful an account as that rendered in front of Ewell. With three thousand prisoners and four thousand dead, the usual proportion of six or seven to one for the wounded, would show that the losses of Grant in the battle of the Wilderness, cannot have been less than thirty thousand men.

General Lee in attempting to lead Gregg's Texans into the jaws of death, has given history a striking proof of the attachment of his troops to his person. The world did not, however, want any evidence of his own devotion; and can hardly fail to pronounce judgment against his course on that occasion as one of rashness. His exposure during the present campaign has been so unusual, and apparently so unnecessary, as to have impressed his troops with profound concern. The explosion of a shell under his own horse, the killing of the horse of his Adjutant General, Lieutenant-colonel Taylor, and the wounding of another officer attached to his person, Lieutenant-colonel Marshall, have had the depressing effect of a deep anxiety on the *morale* of his army. The President, sharing the general apprehension in and out of the field for the safety of General Lee, has, I am glad to say, written to him a touching letter of remonstrance. The relations, private and public, of the two men, will, no doubt, give great weight to that protest, notwithstanding it comes from a man who, though charged in a struggle for all that is dear to a freeman with the fate of millions, had, under an error of his own devotion, but just returned from alarming exposure to the terrible missiles that screamed, and burst, and crashed in thunder-claps around Drury's Bluff.

APPENDIX.





APPENDIX.

JAIL JOURNAL OF THE AUTHOR

IN

FORT WARREN, ETC.

THE author of the foregoing work was captured by the enemies of his country, on his way to Europe. A brief record of his captivity—an unvarnished writing in a jail—will not be an inappropriate appendix to the foregoing pages; and he thinks it may, also, be a valuable illustration of some opinions in this volume, and an exhibition of moral aspects of the war, which are, indeed, the most interesting part of its history.

No one can justly charge the writer with attempt at any base gratification in libel or abuse in the following pages. He leaves such resources of revenge to the baser of his enemies; and he challenges every man who respects the freedom and honesty of literature, to say whether in these pages he has been insensible even to one glimpse of kindness in his prison, or has done more than refuse, for any interest or convenience, to compromise THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.—The “Greyhound.”—Passing the Blockade Lines.—The Capture.—Yankee Courtesy.—Off Fortress Monroe.

“**RUNNING THE BLOCKADE**” to Europe, is a pleasant thought to one in Richmond; the imagination of an adventure at the end of which are golden visions and that beatitude which may be summed up in “plenty to wear and to eat.” The first stage of the adventure brings one to Wilmington; and here he already finds in the luxurious cabins of the blockade-runners the creature-comforts to which he has long been a stranger in

the Confederate capital, and has a foretaste of some of the sweets of his adventure.

Oranges, which, if they existed in Richmond, would be ticketed in some Jew's window at twenty dollars apiece; pineapples, with their forgotten fragrance; wines and liquors, of which we have only the poisoned imitations in Richmond; and an array of cut and stained glass-ware that would have put to the blush the stock of all the hotels in the Confederacy (I had been eating and drinking out of tin at the Wilmington hotel), were set out with a bewildering profusion in the cabin of the "Greyhound," when I called to make my respects to Captain "Henry" and concluded my arrangements for passage out to Bermuda. What a splendid fellow he was: a graceful dash of manner, which yet beamed with intelligence, an exuberant hospitality, a kindness that when it did a grateful thing so gracefully waived all expressions of obligation. He had been all over the world; was familiar with the great capitals of Europe; bore the marks of a wound obtained in the campaign of Stonewall Jackson; and as to his name and nationality — why, passengers on blockade-runners are not expected to be inquisitive of these circumstances, and must beware of impertinent curiosity.

"Want to get out on the Greyhound? Why, certainly; shall be very glad to have you;" and the captain blew his piratical silver whistle, and his clerk had soon noted my height, color of my eyes, &c., for the Confederate officer, who was to come aboard next morning to muster crew and passengers and see that no conscripts made an unticketed exit from Wilmington.

[The reader must understand that on vessels running the blockade there is no accommodation for passengers, unless in the contracted space of the captain's own cabin; hence, passengers are taken only by extraordinary favor.]

What a contrast was the ready consent of Captain "Henry," an entire stranger, to the negatives and quibbles of others. For there are in Wilmington specimens of the Southern Yankee: men, as we have seen them in Richmond, whose swollen wealth, and beefy vulgarity, and insatiable avarice, number them with that brood of moral bastardy. Two officers of the volunteer navy of the Confederacy, who desired passage to

proceed to a most important rendezvous, in urgent interests of the public service, were ruthlessly disappointed, because they could not manage to pay, for a seventy hours' passage to Bermuda, four hundred dollars in gold—eight thousand in the currency of the Confederacy.

On the night of the 9th of May, the Greyhound was lying off Fort Fisher, the signal-men blinking at each other with their lights in sliding boxes. It was necessary to get a dispensation from the fort for the Greyhound to pass out to sea, as no less than three fugitive conscripts—"stow-aways"—had been found aboard of her. Two of them were discovered on searching the vessel at Wilmington. But lower down the stream the vessel is overhauled again, and goes through the process of the *fumigation* of her hold to discover improper passengers. In the case of the Greyhound, to the intense disgust of the captain, and execrations of the crew, the process brought to light an unhappy stow-away, who was recognized as a liquor-dealer of Wilmington, and made no secret of his design to flee the conscription. After the threat, and apparently serious preparations, to throw him overboard, the stow-away was, no doubt, relieved to find himself taken ashore to the comparative mercies of the enrolling officer.

At last we are off. The moon is down; steward has had orders to kill the geese and shut up the dog; the captain has put on a suit of dark clothes; every light is extinguished, every word spoken in a whisper, and the turn of the propeller of the Greyhound sounds like the beat of a human heart. There is an excitement in these circumstances. The low, white-gray vessel glides furtively through the water, and you catch the whispered commands of the captain: "Stead-ey," and then the more intense and energetic whisper: "Black smoke, by G—; cut off your smoke." Every eye is strained into the shadows of the night. But how utterly useless did all this precaution and vigilance appear on the Greyhound; for after two hours of suspense we were out of the blockade lines, and had seen nothing but the white caps of the waves. A

blockade for blockheads, surely, I thought, as I composed myself to sleep, dismissing entirely from my mind all terrors of the Yankee.

It was about two o'clock the next day, and the Greyhound was about one hundred and fifty miles out at sea, when the lookont reported a steamer astern of us. The day was hazy, and when the vessel was first descried, she could not have been more than five or six miles astern of us. For a few moments there was a sharp suspense; perhaps the steamer had not seen us; every one listened with breathless anxiety, as the tall fellow at the mast-head reported the discoveries he was making, through his glasses, of the suspicious vessel. "He is bearing towards a bark, sir;" and for a few moments hope mounted in our hearts that we might not have been observed, and might yet escape into the misty obscurity of the sea. In vain. "He is a side-wheel steamer, and is bearing directly for us, sir." "Give her her way," shouted the captain in response; and there was a tumultuous rush of the crew to the engine-room, and the black smoke curling above the smoke-stack and the white foam in our wake told plainly enough that the startled Greyhound was making desperate speed.

But she was evidently no match for the Yankee. We were being rapidly overhauled, and in something more than an hour from the beginning of the chase a shell from the Yankee vessel, the "Connecticut," was whistling over our bows. The crew became unruly; but Captain "Henry," revolver in hand, ordered back the man to the wheel, declaring "he was master of his vessel yet." The mate reported that a very small crew appeared to be aboard the Yankee. "Then we will fight for it," said the captain. But the madness of such a resolution became soon manifest: for as the Connecticut overhauled us more closely, her decks and wheel-houses were seen to be black with men, and a shell, which grazed our engine, warned us that we were at the mercy of the enemy. But for that peculiar nuisance of blockade-runners—women passengers—the Greyhound might have been burnt, and the last duty performed in the face of the rapacious enemy.

Dizzy, and disgusted with sea-sickness ; never supposing that a vessel which had passed out of the asserted lines of blockade without seeing a blockader, without being pursued from those lines, and already far out on the sacred highway of the ocean, and flying the British ensign, could be the subject of piratical seizure ; never dreaming that a simple Confederate passenger could be the victim of *human kidnapping* on the high seas, outside of all military and territorial lines, I had but a dim appreciation of the excited scenes on the Greyhound in the chase. Papers, memoranda, packages of Confederate bonds, were ruthlessly tossed into the purser's bag to be consumed by the flames in the engine-room ; the contents of trunks were wildly scattered over the decks ; the white waves danced with ambrotypes, souvenirs, and the torn fragments of the large package of letters, missives of friendship, records of affection, which had been entrusted to me, and which I at last unwillingly gave to the sea.

Here, at last, close alongside of us, in the bright day, was the black guilty thing, while from her sides were pushing out boats, with well-dressed crews in lustrous uniforms and officers in the picturesqueness of gold and blue—a brave sight for grimy Confederates ! The Greyhound was no sooner boarded, than an ensign, who had his hair parted in the middle, and his hands encased in lavender-colored kids, came up to me and asked me with a very joyous air how many bales of cotton were on board the vessel. I afterwards understood that, from my disconsolate looks, he had taken me to be the owner of the cotton, and was probably desirous, by his amiable question, to give a sly pinch to my misery.

These plain records of experience, which are memorable in my life, would have no value for me, and would, indeed, be despicable scribblings, if they did not contain the truth. Where there is any fact in these experiences to the enemy's credit I shall not suppress it ; he shall not only have the benefit of it, but my grateful acknowledgements ; for I am too proud of the

reputation of Confederates for candor and sensibility to kindness to risk it for the miserable gratification of writing a libel for popular passion.

I shall ever retain a pleasant and grateful recollection of the treatment I, in common with all the prisoners, obtained on board the *Connecticut*, and the humane courtesy of her commander, John J. Almy. I had all the accommodations and attentions usually given to a passenger, was provided with a state-room, took my meals in the ward-room, and—what was the most grateful surprise of all—never had my ear assailed with the epithet of “rebel,” or any of the dirty phrases which I had supposed to be common in Yankee conversation whenever it alluded to the Confederacy. I was told by those who had more experience in the matter than myself that the officers of the *old* navy of the United States are remarkable for their decorous manners towards prisoners, and, in this respect, presented a striking contrast to the coarse vulgarity of the Yankee army.

On the bright twelfth of May, the *Connecticut* was moving up the estuary of the James from Fortress Monroe to Newport News. The men-of-war and iron-clads which thronged the stream afforded an exhibition of the enemy’s naval power, which made us smile to think how little all this brave show of ribbed guns and armaments had accomplished against the stark spirit and beggarly resources of those who fight for liberty.

The pilot who boarded us off the Capes (a fellow with a bilious skin and greased hair, who claimed to be from Maryland), brought a wonderful story of the progress of the war in Virginia. “The New York *Herald* had news as big as his fist: Beauregard’s army cut in two; Lee on a foot-race to Richmond; ahead, everywhere,” etc. I had heard such stuff before, and having had some experience of dissecting Yankee lies with pen and scissors, was not easily imposed upon by the pilot’s resurrection of such from the columns of New York journals.

At our mess in the ward-room, a fellow-prisoner was tempted to ask the pilot if there were any Virginia pilots employed in the bay or river. "Not one," was the fellow's reply; and a flush of shame might have passed on his cheek on observing the proud and meaning glance which three of the prisoners, Virginians, exchanged at the announcement. I had heard before that the Virginia pilots, without a solitary exception, had abandoned their livelihoods and professions, spurning the temptations of the enemy and the gains they might have made from dishonor; but here was the unquestionable testimony of their self-sacrifice from the lips of an enemy and a rival. I do not know that the State of Virginia has ever done anything for these noble men, turned adrift from their employment, many of them I know earning scanty bread about Richmond, by the pitiable shifts of the refugee. Surely, such sacrifices as they have made should be gratefully recognized, and, as far as possible, rewarded; for they are another public decoration of the honor of the "Old Dominion" in this war.

CHAPTER II.

CURIOSITIES OF THE YANKEE BLOCKADE.—Correspondence with Lord Lyons, &c.

My sense of the personal kindness of Captain Almy and his officers certainly did not disturb my conviction that the Connecticut had done a monstrous wrong, and that these persons were the instruments of a despotism at Washington, that, among other indignities of the war, was imposing upon the world the monstrous lie of a blockade, which was, in fact, an ill-disguised system of piracy.

There were in my mind certain questions touching the practical conduct of that blockade, which I was satisfied had not been pressed upon the attention of European Governments; which made what lawyers call "a case" for the Greyhound, and which might possibly result, through the timely and determined protests of some one, in the rescue of the vessel from her captors. I determined to risk my liberty in the attempt to make the issue. I had my opportunity of escape in suppressing my name and keeping quiet; but my convictions of justice to the vessel, and my confidence in the eventual triumph of principles, determined me to risk my case, not on a disguise, but on the truthful grounds that myself and vessel were legally exempt from capture. I had already written to Lord Lyons claiming my release, and having resolved to make a similar issue for the vessel, I avowed to Captain Almy the necessity of my being sent to Boston, where the prize proceedings were to be held, to make the proper protests in behalf and in the interest of the owners of the Greyhound. I was sent on board the Greyhound, and soon secured the means of a free communication in my own name and that of the Captain with Lord Lyons: the result, a correspondence which must here anticipate my narrative of events. Little did I know what that correspondence was to cost me in the resentment of the Washington Government; for in it I had pre-

sumed to denounce the cheat of the blockade, and to attempt to rescue from Yankee clutches a prize worth scarcely less than a million of dollars. What I was to endure for the temerity will follow in the course of the narrative, which the correspondence below anticipates, inserted here, if of no other interest, as an independent chapter on the curiosities of the Yankee Blockade.

I.

ON BOARD U. S. STEAMER CONNECTICUT, }
At Sea, May 11, 1864. }

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington, United States :

MY LORD : I have respectfully to represent to you that I was arrested yesterday on the high seas, by the United States steamer Connecticut, from the deck of the British steamer Greyhound, in which I was a passenger for Bermuda, *en route* for England,—the Greyhound, at the time of capture, being about one hundred and fifty miles out at sea, and flying the British ensign. Having passed out of the lines of blockade, and of contested territorial jurisdiction, my right as a passenger became, as I conceive, analogous and tantamount to those of asylum under the British flag, and, in this respect, I invoke its protection, and that I may be permitted to pursue my way to England.

I was on board the Greyhound in the simple and exclusive character of a passenger. When arrested there on the high seas, I was proceeding to England to fulfil an engagement for a literary work on the Confederate States, &c., with publishers in London, who had already printed two volumes I had composed of a similar nature ; and also to discharge a private and domestic duty in visiting the relatives of my wife, who is a native of England and a subject of Her Britannic Majesty. I am not connected with the military service of the Confederate States, and am charged with no public office or trust on their behalf. These facts may be readily established by appropriate evidence ; and in consideration of them, I submit to your Lordship that, if interposition be necessary, I may be

protected in those very obvious rights, which I invoke in the character of an innocent passenger on the high seas, under the British flag.

I have the honor, &c.,
Your obedient servant,
EDWARD A. POLLARD.

II.

ON BOARD BRITISH STEAMER GREYHOUND, }
NEW YORK, May 16, 1864. }

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., near Washington, D. C.

MY LORD: The Greyhound, on which I am now held as prisoner, having been ordered to Boston, and stopping here to coal, I take the opportunity to enclose to your Lordship the duplicate of a former letter, written while I was a prisoner on board the U. S. Steamer Connecticut, and placed in the hands of Commander John J. Almy, commanding said steamer, for transmission: using the opportunity thus to insure communication.

It is, doubtless, unnecessary to enumber the statement I have already submitted to your Lordship with any argument. But there is one view of the matter which it may not be unnecessary or presumptuous to bring to your Lordship's attention.

It must frequently happen (as it has occurred in my case) that the Confederate States, from obvious considerations of military prudence, deny all communications through the United States, or other adjoining territory, by land, and that, then, the only possible mode of egress is by sea on vessels which pass through the line of blockade. If, on board of one of these vessels, which carried the British flag, and had passed out of the jurisdiction claimed by the United States, I was not protected from arrest, then it follows that the passenger (be he Englishman or Confederate) is made the victim of a necessity which he could not avoid, and for which he is not responsible. Such a rule would involve the rights of your own countrymen, my Lord, and any passenger, whose misfortune it was that he could not get out of the Confederate States, without crossing the ocean, might be, after he had passed out of the lines of

contested territorial jurisdiction, hunted on the high seas as lawful prize, and be at the mercy of any arbitrary arrest.

I did not take passage on board the Greyhound out of the port of Wilmington, until I had ascertained to my satisfaction that she was a *bona-fide* British vessel, having undertaken the single voyage in which she was captured, under a charter party, and entitled to carry the British flag, at least so far as to protect *passengers*, subject only to the risk of capture within the territorial limit asserted by the United States. I trust that my circumspection in this matter has not been without avail, and that, having sought the protection of the British flag, in good faith, and with an innocent purpose, I may speedily realize it through the offices of your Lordship.

I have the honor to renew my respects.

Your obedient servant,

EDWD. A. POLLARD.

III.

ON BOARD STEAMER GREYHOUND,
At Sea, May 14, 1864. }

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington, United States.

MY LORD: I am now held as prisoner on board the British steamer Greyhound, which is claimed as a prize by the U. S. Steamship Connecticut, and is ordered, as I am informed, to the port of Boston, where proceedings will be taken for her condemnation. The circumstances under which the Greyhound was captured are peculiar, and involve a question of the most obvious interest and gravest import to Her Majesty's Government, and to the right of property in her subjects.

The Greyhound was, in good faith, and in all respects, a British vessel, and had been chartered at Bermuda to take out from the port of Wilmington certain private cotton purchased and paid for by subjects of Great Britain, and held exclusively on their own account. Not one pound of this cotton belonged to any citizen of the Confederate States; nor did any such citizen have any interest whatever in the vessel or her venture. Your Lordship will be easily able to determine from the ship's papers, and all other circumstances, that the nationality of the Greyhound was not a disguise—an adopted convenience for

running the blockade—but was in all respects a true and unaffected claim on the part of her owners.

At the time of the capture of the *Greyhound*, on the 10th instant, she was in lat. 33 degs., 10 min., 15 sec., and long. 75 degs., 47 min., 45 sec. West, one hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest land, flying the British ensign. She had passed out to sea from the port of Wilmington without seeing a Federal cruiser, and without any visible evidence of a blockade. But even if that blockade had existed, and was something more than a vicious fiction, by which Federal cruisers, instead of picketing the coast, are permitted to take easy prizes on the high seas, I submit to your Lordship that the *Greyhound*, having once passed out the territorial limit, and flying the British flag, not for the purposes of concealment, but by clear title of right, could not be outlawed on the high seas, and took the risks of blockade only within the territorial jurisdiction claimed by the United States. Any other rule would extend the jurisdiction of the United States over the high seas, and the flag of Her Majesty's Government carried there by a clear title in the vessel to fly it, would afford no protection.

As another circumstance of illegality in the capture of the *Greyhound*—indeed, I may say as one of wholly unnecessary indignity—I have further to state to your Lordship, that when the vessel had been brought to Newport News, the Commodore present, the senior officer commanding the Federal squadron, commanded the British flag on my vessel to be hauled down, and the Federal flag to be hoisted in its place. There is certainly no shadow of right for such a proceeding, until the vessel is condemned in due course of law; and of the spirit of an act, where the law and the rule of propriety which it equally offends are both so plain, your Lordship will doubtless have no difficulty in judging.

Trusting that the rights of the owners of the *Greyhound*, which I am left for the present to represent, will receive the attention of your Lordship, and having every confidence in your Lordship's sensibility to whatever touches the rights and honor of Her Majesty's Government,

I have the honor, &c., your obedient servant,

GEORGE HENRY, *Master of the Greyhound.*

IV.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1864.

SIR: It is the usual and correct practice that the master and one or more of the other persons taken on board a neutral vessel captured for breach of blockade, should be sent in the vessel to a port of the captor, in order that their evidence may be taken in the case; but if such persons be neutral, they ought to be released as soon as they have given their evidence, and their evidence ought to be taken without unnecessary delay.

I have written to the Secretary of State of the United States to express my hope that you will be set free immediately after your evidence has been taken; and I beg of you to lose no time in informing me, if this be not done.

I have also applied to the Secretary of State of the United States for the release of those of the officers and crew of the Greyhound, who were taken out of the vessel, and who have, I am sorry to say, been detained as prisoners at Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LYONS.

E. A. POLLARD, Esq.

V.

Boston, May 26, 1864.

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington, United States:

MY LORD: I have been detained here as a prisoner one week to-day; notwithstanding the notification, under date of 20th instant, with which your Lordship obliged me, to the effect that you had applied to the Secretary of State of the United States for my release.

There are two points in my case, which I beg to bring to your attention again in a precise and brief recapitulation.

1. The Greyhound had passed out of the port of Wilmington, without sight of a blockading vessel, and was taken by a cruiser about one hundred and fifty miles out at sea. I desire

to put the question to your Lordship, if the government at Washington can so change its tactics of blockade as to omit an efficient guard of the coast, and take up vessels which have come out of Confederate ports by fast-sailing cruisers on the ocean highway; for such I was informed, by an officer of the U. S. steamer Connecticut, was the recently adopted and easy plan of taking prizes, the fruits of which your Lordship may have observed in the capture of *four* vessels as prizes in a *single week*, each taken far out on the high seas.*

2. The Greyhound was thoroughly a British vessel; the British flag she carried was *not a decoy*, and that flag covered me, *after I had passed out of the territorial jurisdiction of the United States*, and, even in case it did not protect vessel or cargo (granting, for argument, these to be of an illicit character) protected me as an innocent passenger; else, having no other egress from the Confederate States, the passenger would be the victim of his necessity; and, else again, if a citizen of the Confederate States, not contraband, could be outlawed on the high seas, under that flag, flying on a *bona fide* British vessel, why not a subject or citizen of any other Government? If the flag was a reality at all it certainly should give protection on the ocean highway to a passenger who was pursuing objects of private convenience, and certainly was not amenable to any military penalties of the government at Washington.

Begging that your Lordship will acquit me of the charge of importunity in a matter the importance of which is by no means altogether personal to myself, I have the honor, &c.,

Your obedient servant,

EDW. A. POLLARD.

P. S. I telegraphed your Lordship on the 24th instant to obtain liberty for me to see you in Washington, in the interest of the Greyhound, but have received no reply; hence these lines.

* Another circumstance: It is true that if the blockade-runner be seen in *flagrante delicto* passing the territorial lines, she may be pursued and taken on the high seas. But the Greyhound was not pursued, she was waylaid on the highway of the seas. Such a practice would convert the blockade into a system of roving commissions, and might as well be predicated of the coast of Bermuda as of that of the Confederate States.

VI.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 28, 1864.

SIR: I have received your letter of the day before yesterday.

On receiving your telegram of the 24th instant, stating that you were charged to represent to me the facts of the case of the Greyhound and the interests of the owners, I sent by telegraph instructions to Her Majesty's consul at Boston to ask you to communicate on these matters with him for my information. I have to-day received from him an account of an interview which he had with you the day before yesterday.

I will request the consul to see that any British subjects interested in the Greyhound have proper facilities for defending their interests before the Prize Court. This is all I can do at present. I have referred the case to Her Majesty's Government, and I deem it right to wait for instructions from them before taking further steps.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LYONS.

EDWARD A. POLLARD, Esq.

VII.

FORT WARREN, Boston Harbor, July 2 [should be *June* 2], 1864.

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington:

MY LORD: I have been honored by your attention in two letters, which, I beg leave to state very respectfully, have left me in some confusion of mind as to your Lordship's views and intentions with reference to my case. On the 20th ultimo, you write that you had "expressed your hope" to the Secretary of State of the United States that I should be "set free immediately," &c.; and on the 28th ultimo, you do not say what has been the issue of that hope, and while referring to the prize proceedings against the Greyhound, you make no reference whatever to my personal claims of protection by the British

flag, as a passenger on the high seas. In the mean time, I have been imprisoned in Fort Warren, by orders from Washington, without notice, without trial, and without being advised of any charge whatever against me.

It is true, that Her Majesty's consul at Boston mentioned to me that he understood that you had written the first letter, assuring me of my claim of liberty, under the impression that I was a British subject: an impression which your Lordship will do me the justice to observe was not derived from any statement of mine, or any implication of my correspondence. But I cannot see the force of the distinction. If I had been an Englishman, it seemed I would have been entitled to my release: why?—by grace of the Washington authorities, or by force of right? The former supposition I think I may safely say would be resented by yourself, as well as by your Government, my Lord; and if the release, then, is to be put on any grounds of right, then the case of the Englishman would be no better than my own. The flag would protect me as well as him. It, either, must be a piece of bunting, and protects nothing, or, if it protects anything, it would protect all *passengers* alike. As far as the question is that of citizens or persons, it belongs to my own Government, and I am willing to rest it there; but as a question involving the British flag on the high seas, which, either sinks there all other insignia and distinctions of nationality, and protects all passengers alike, or is an unmeaning display, I have brought it to the consideration of your Lordship, and respectfully asked your decision. I cannot find that the latter is stated or intimated in the letters of your Lordship, to which I have had the honor to refer.

I have, &c., your obedient servant,

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

VIII.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9, 1864.

SIR: I received, on the 6th instant, a letter from you, dated (evidently by mistake) 2d of July. In answer to it, I can only say that I have referred your case to Her Majesty's Government, and sent them copies of your letters to me, and that,

while waiting for instructions from them, I do not feel at liberty to discuss the subject. Whatever orders they may think proper to give will be immediately executed by me.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

LYONS.

E. A. POLLARD, Esq., Fort Warren.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK IN BOSTON.—Introduction to the U. S. Marshal.—In the Streets of Boston: Two Spectacles.—A Circle of Secessionists.—The “Hub of the Universe.”

As the Greyhound worked her way through the green and picturesque archipelago of Boston harbor, the pilot did me the kindness of pointing out Fort Warren as my probable abode for some future months, and confidentially spitting in my ear the advice to “holler for the Union.” He had also found occasion to essay some advice to “Jane,” a negro-woman, one of those tidy, respectable family servants redolent of “Old Virginia,” who had been captured on her way to join her mistress, the wife of a Confederate agent in Bernuda. Jane’s response was not complimentary; for the experience of the Yankee, which that respectable colored female had obtained from the amount of swearing and swilling on the Greyhound, had induced her to assert, with melancholy gravity, that “she had not seen a Christian since she left Petersburg.”

The United States Marshal, who was introduced by the prize-master, with the whispered injunction that “we had better be polite,” was a little Yankee with gimlet eyes, and who, with the fondness of his nation for official insignia, had adorned himself with a long tail coat, scrupulously blue, and garnished with immense metal buttons marked U. S. He was accompanied by three citizens, two of whom appeared to be civil and intelligent gentlemen, whose curiosity, if that was the motive of their visit, was subdued by their politeness. The third had an emasculated lisp, which I afterwards found to be characteristic of a certain class in Boston, and which was increased in this instance by the effect of the liquor he had drank. “He was a Virginian; he thought it right to indulge a little State pride.” “Oh, to be sure,” responded the prisoners, who thought the confidential injunction to be polite to the marshal included his toady. The fellow came up to me whispering

something about "his sympathies being with Virginia, but it wouldn't do to let the d——d rascals know it." I was glad enough to repel the embraces of this creature without inquiring why it "wouldn't do" to testify his sympathies for Virginia, and how it was that his sympathies detained him in Boston, and kept him in the company of "d——d rascals." I afterwards discovered that he was a prize-lawyer, and preyed for a living upon Yankee crews.

The marshal having taken himself off with the prize-master, I was, about sundown, invited ashore by a severe-looking man, placed in a carriage and driven along the green skirt of Boston Common to a building, which I was told contained the marshal's office. That official had not arrived there. I was waved back into the carriage by the severe man. "Where are we going, now?" I asked; pleasantly. "*To the jail!*" replied the severe man, very sharply and sententiously. I protested I was a passenger on board the Greyhound, already in communication with Lord Lyons, to protect my rights, as such, under the neutral flag on the high seas; and if the marshal or his deputy presumed to treat me as a criminal, and put me in a common jail, it would be at the peril of grave legal consequences.

The latter part of my protest seemed to affect the deputy, for he relaxed his brows, and had me driven to the Tremont House, where the marshal was to be found. I was readily released on my parole not to attempt to escape. At a subsequent hour of the night, having found my way to a very modest, but excellent hotel, where I registered as "E. A. Parkinson," from "New York," I, at last, relieved from the presence of authority, and the annoyance of impertinent curiosity, enjoyed the first undisturbed sleep I had had for many nights.

I felt something like a translation to a new world in the gay streets and luxurious hotels of Boston. In the latter places were to be seen knots of sleek, lust-dieted men, lounging and guzzling; in the streets, a dizzy show of well-dressed crowds, going to and fro on errands of business and pleasure, or in the

idle excursions of ostentation. What a contrast to the scanty homes of Richmond, and its streets, where soldiers in dust-stained gray challenge the passenger, and where the eye has become accustomed to the home-spun garb, the mildewed uniform, and the other proud tokens of the unabashed and stern poverty of a country fighting for liberty! Oh, my countrymen! how my heart bounds to think of you, in the dainty and ostentatious crowd that besets me! Our tears, our dust-stained rags, our broken goods, our images of poverty—shall not history gather them into a monument more glorious and more enduring than any the hand of Opulence can rear!

I had been left to understand that owing to the delay of the Washington Government in attending to such small matters as the rights of liberty of individuals, I should probably have my parole for a week or ten days in Boston, and might enjoy myself accordingly. But what enjoyment! Wherever I ventured out, I was sure to get my dose of Yankee, and on all occasions of such "enjoyment," I was glad to get back to the privacy of the four walls of my little bedroom.

I might go into the parlors or the reading-rooms of the hotels, and see there the peculiar fungi of Yankee hotel society. I might sally into the streets, and see the equipages of "Shoddy," driven by solemn-looking coachmen, dressed in black, with mutton whiskers. I might stroll into Boston Common, and be beset there by the itinerant Yankee with his "Respirometer," his "Grand Stereopticon of the War," or some other one-cent wonder. It is not strange that a plain Confederate might be disgusted with such a programme of entertainment. But I did find some amusement, at occasional hours, in walking through Washington street, and observing crowds of enthused Yankees, including strapping women, with strong minds and constitutional "yearnings," gathered around the garish lies of the newspaper bulletins, and devouring such intelligence as the "Capture of Richmond," "Rout of the Rebels," "Defeat of Hampton's Legion by Massachusetts Negroes," &c., &c.

There were two occasions in Boston which drew me from the retirement of my hotel. One was the celebration of the return of a Massachusetts regiment, from the lines in Virginia, their term of service having expired, and the "brave boys" having sought their homes in the very heat and crisis of Grant's mem-

orable campaign. They had left Virginia at the very moment the great battle had been joined on the Rapidan. Such conduct would have been despised as an exhibition of selfishness or cowardice in the South, and a regiment of Confederates returning home, under such circumstances, would have been hooted in the streets of Richmond. But the Yankee is too fond of "sensations" to analyze any moral question they may involve. The whole of Boston was in an uproar of delight to receive the returned regiment, which was escorted through the streets with all the military display the city could muster: flags waving welcome, spreads of canvas in the streets entitled "Honor to the Brave," handkerchiefs and parasols flapped from windows, ear-loads of school-children, and a jam of omnibuses at each corner of the route of "the braves," crowned with admiring spectators. Then there was a dinner at Faneuil Hall, a speech from Governor Andrew, and complimentary honors enough to fill two or three columns of the next morning's papers.

Really, the most curious philosophy in the composition of the Yankee is his love of sensation: the most distinctive trait, too, of the nation, and one in such especial and striking contrast to the plain and serious manners of the Confederates. It has frequently occurred to me that an occasion of the sympathy of Englishmen with us in this war is the similarity of our manners, proceeding in each instance from the habit of a quiet and practical estimation of things at their right value. The Confederates are a people of habitual sobriety of sentiment, readily excited on due occasion, but much more by the inspiration of abstract principles than by the names of persons. How different the Yankee! I have seen General Lee passing through the streets of Richmond without a huzza and without any other attestation of his presence than that of his being occasionally pointed out with a quiet and respectful regard. I certainly never heard of a mob of admirers at his hotel, or a deputation of Confederate damsels to kiss him. But the Yankees must have their "big thing," and if there is nothing else to serve their appetite these people will actually exaggerate their own disgrace and caricature themselves rather than not have their "sensation" in the penny newspapers. We all recollect what magnified and gloating descriptions the Yankee journals gave

us of the footrace of their army from Bull Run to Washington—one of the first “sensations” of the war. And here we have a twenty-four hours “sensation” in Boston in the celebration of the return of a regiment of soldiers, who came home in the remarkable circumstances that they have not re-enlisted for the war, and have turned their backs upon their comrades at the brunt of the campaign.

The other occasion which took me into the streets was one of sad, memorable interest. I had seen in one of the city papers that two hundred Confederate prisoners were expected in Boston from the prisons in the West; they having taken the oath of allegiance and enlisted in the Yankee navy. I went to the depot to see these wretched men, and when I saw them filing through the dense crowd, with their emaciated faces and bowed heads, I could not find it in my heart to accuse them. There was the evidence in their pinched faces and flimsy rags of the devilish appliances of torture that had been used to break the spirit and impugn the honor of these unfortunates.

But in the behavior of the crowd which received them at the depot there was a lesson which I trust I may never forget. The poor fellows were ridiculed at every step, laughed at, assailed with contemptuous remarks, and had to run the gauntlet of the wit of butcher boys and greasy loafers, well pleased with their supposed superiority to Southern “barbarians.” Such was the *fraternal* reception of those who returned to Yankee allegiance. And in this scene of derision at the depot I saw in miniature what would be the real consequences of the return of the Confederacy to the Union, and what meant for us the promised embrace of fraternal reconciliation.

Oh! my countrymen, death and the visitation of all other misfortunes and misery, rather than the embrace of our enemy! God spare us the pollution of contact with a people, who, affecting so much outwardly, have turned every thing to a lie, and who, ravening for our blood, smile and stab. Who could endure the triumph of the Yankee, the braggart exultation of the coxcombs of creation! Rather the grave cover us and our name, and our dear country pass away in the mist of blood and tears, than we should consent to this humiliation!

I had passed a week in Boston, entirely unknown and secluded, when an incident occurred that was to open to me a new and surprising interest in this Yankee metropolis. I was sauntering in the reading-room of the hotel one evening, when an amiable looking gentleman came up to me with a beaming face and whispered, "Are you not Mr. Pollard, from Richmond?" I was so taken aback by the plump question that I could not help answering "Yes." "I thought so," he replied, quickly; "some detectives here know you; hush, talk low—I want you to let me bring a friend around to see you at nine o'clock this evening." I signified my assent, and awaited with some interest an interview about which there appeared to be some mystery.

At nine o'clock I received in my chamber the gentleman who had so unceremoniously introduced himself to me, and who was, indeed, to prove a friend, accompanied by a gentleman whose name was already familiar to me as one who had suffered for his early and brave sympathy with the Confederacy in this war. There are obvious reasons why I should not mention here the names of these friends and of other sympathetic persons in Boston, afterwards found, who surprised me, not only by the warmth and delicacy of their personal kindness, but by their sentiments for my country.

I sat up with my two visitors until near three o'clock in the morning in conversation on the war, answering their eager inquiries of men and things in the Confederacy. The next day it was insisted that I should be introduced to a number of persons in Boston who sympathized with the South; and some of my countrymen will be surprised to learn that to meet these persons I was carried to the Merchants' Exchange, to the offices of leading lawyers, and to some of the largest business establishments in Boston. I may say here that in the course of two or three days I met at least one hundred gentlemen in Boston, among its most influential classes, who expressed to me an ardent sympathy for the South in her struggle for constitutional liberty, and an earnest desire for the acknowledgment of her independence as the only possible termination of an unnatural and unhappy war.

To no one could this have been a greater surprise than myself. I had long been a skeptic as to the opposition to the

Lincoln Government in the North, and had esteemed it nothing more than a demonstration of partisan machinery, in competition for office and power. But however correct may be this general estimate of parties in the North, what I was made a private witness of in Boston was sufficient to satisfy any candid mind that the Southern Confederacy had a party in the North of devoted and intelligent friends entitled to her consideration and gratitude. What was most remarkable was that these men sympathized with us not from infidelity to their own section, but on the high and intelligent grounds that the war involves the issue of their own liberties, and that the Southern Confederacy in this struggle represents what remains of constitutional law and conservatism in America, battling against a fanaticism which must at last be destructive of itself. A sympathy of this sort is valuable. There is, perhaps, other sympathy with us in the North proceeding from less honorable motives, the mere fruit of faction—properly entitled “Copperheadism”—which I am very much inclined to think is worthless and contemptible. “Sir,” said a leading merchant of Boston to me, “I am not what is called a disloyal man. I want to see the South succeed because I want to see the constitutional issue she is fighting for, succeed. I regard General Lee as fighting our battles as well as your own, and if he is whipped we shall have a despotism at Washington which will crush freedom in the North, as well as independence in the South.”

In short, I had discovered a circle of “secessionists” in Boston, and had been cursing the black desert of heartless crowds before my eyes, without the least thought that it contained an oasis for the despised Confederate. I was overwhelmed with kindness by my newly found friends, offered a testimonial dinner which I peremptorily declined; invited to charming country places and suburban rides. Alas, from this amicable diversion my thoughts were to be soon turned into a channel of bitterness! What could avail even the most generous kindness of a few individuals when I had been marked as a victim by the Autocracy at Washington, and the iron wheel of its torture was being prepared to crush out my life or grind it with all the unutterable misery that the imagination of despotism could invent.

CHAPTER IV.

COMMITMENT TO FORT WARREN.—HORRORS of the Yankee Bastile.—Torture of "A Brutal Villain."—A Letter to Secretary Welles.

I WAS taken from a sick bed to my granite prison and sack of straw. I had been suffering for many months from nervous prostration; and so much had it been aggravated, by the anxieties of my situation, that I had taken myself to bed. I was lying there, the morning of Sunday, the 29th of May, when a deputy of the United States marshal entered my room, and commanded me to accompany him to Fort Warren. There was no explanation of this harsh and immediate summons, except that "orders had come to that effect from Washington." In vain I plead the confines of sickness, and sought the delay of a single day. "Could I see the marshal?" "No." The orders from Washington were to imprison me "forthwith." "What was I accused of? Why was it that the other passengers on the Greyhound were so graciously liberated, and I alone to be sent to Fort Warren?" The officer did not know. So, without explanation, without notice, without process of any sort, I had been selected, the single victim, to suffer for the Greyhound, while her master was off for Canada, and the other passengers had been permitted, without a whisper of investigation, to proceed in the same direction. Perhaps my imprisonment, under these circumstances, was a complimentary distinction; but I must confess that, at the time, I could not, as the Yankees say, "see it in that light."

In the beautiful Sabbath-day, full of sunshine, through the sparkling water, and along the green islands of the bay, I was carried to my prison-house, the sight of whose solid masonry, rising above the bright water, smote my heart with a strange agony. What a mockery all this flashing and picturesque scenery of Boston bay, as I passed through it on the way to prison. Through it all I could see the horrid maw of the jail

that awaited me, and the black veil that was to fall over my hopes, and drape my life in mourning.

I was presented to Major Cabot, commandant of the fort, "registered," and was then asked to surrender my money and give an account of my effects. The latter proceedings were undertaken by Lieutenant Parry, the officer "in charge of prisoners," who dispensed with all that was unpleasant in them, and took my word that I had "neither weapons nor documents" in my baggage. This officer was very civil, and not only spared me the indignity of a search, but addressed me some polite common-places, kindly intended, I thought, to compose my mind. He inquired when I had left Richmond; and asked, with an appearance of great interest, after the condition of General Longstreet, who had been wounded before I had taken my departure from the Confederacy.

Here let me say, once for all, that I am satisfied the officers of Fort Warren showed, to the prisoners in their charge, all the kindness they could venture; but, at the same time, I am forced to declare that this disposition could do but little to mitigate that system of *punishment* of prisoners of war demanded at Washington.

I was consigned to a casemate, and a sack of straw for my bed.

As I passed the sally-port, in charge of a corporal, my name was called out, and one of a melancholy group of men advanced to meet me. It was V. of Richmond, but I scarcely recognized him, for his hair had turned gray, and his prison attire made him a strange spectacle. "You here!" I exclaimed; "how long have you been in this prison?" "*Eighteen months!*" was the solemn reply. I had never heard in Richmond of his arrest. But there were other terrible disclosures for me, which I had never heard in Richmond; which the people had never heard in Richmond; but which the Government, in that Confederate city, had assuredly heard, and had kept to itself in silence and submission.

Here in this fort, companions of my misfortune, were one hundred and sixty odd men, the majority of them prisoners for more than a year.

Here, entombed *in solitary confinement*, were seven brave soldiers of the Confederacy, taken in Virginia and Tennessee.

Here, sentenced by a Yankee court-martial to *fifteen years* imprisonment, were two Confederate officers, Major Armesy and Lieutenant Davis; thus punished for recruiting Confederate troops in Western Virginia.

Here, in the quarters allotted to solitary imprisonment (brought here), was Captain Brattle, of Wheeler's cavalry, conveniently designated as a guerilla, and treated as a felon.

I did not learn these facts without a shudder. How long was I to continue here, and the words "*how long?*" seemed to reverberate in my heart like a knell. I was too sick to eat, and did not go to the cook-house, where another horror of my prison awaited me. But I had learned enough for one day. As I laid upon my wretched bed at night, and watched the thin slice of moonlit sky, that shone through the grating, my nature seemed absorbed with unutterable horror.

The hardships of a prison, its physical restraints, its beggar diet, are, after all, but slight evils, compared with the mental distress (aggravated, in my case, by a nervous constitution and diseased body), occasionally taking the form of a morbid agony, as the spirit wrestles for LIBERTY. For the first time in my life I felt the meaning of this precious word—no longer now the mere *decantation* of poetry and sentiment. I had often used it as an idle ornament in language, but I little knew the sweet and hidden meanings of this noble word, how it signified the vital possession of man's nature, and contained the richest jewel of his inheritance from God.

I found in the morning newspapers the announcement of my incarceration, coupled with such comments as might be expected from the cowardly malignity of a Yankee, where its object is a helpless prisoner. The announcement in one paper was entitled "A Brutal Villain." Another administered the following warning:

"Some stronghold like that in which he has been placed is the safest quarters Pollard can find, as he is a doomed man among the surviving prisoners who have been released from Richmond."

But the following in a Pennsylvania paper (Pittsburg *Dispatch*) was a complimentary notice, especially to be preserved:

"To this man's coarse, unfeeling brutality our men attribute no small share of the indignities and hardships heaped upon them in Richmond, and his voice was never heard but against them—never raised save to inculcate the justice or expediency of some newly devised brutality. He is one of that little band of malignants who have been engaged, heart and hand, for three years, in spreading among the ignorant masses of the South, the most villainous misrepresentations of the Government and the Northern people, and who have done more, as journalists, to sustain the rebel cause than regiments of soldiers in the field. For his exertions in this line, however, we could afford to trust him to the vengeance of the Government, but for his unwarranted and unmanly efforts to oppress the already overburdened prisoners in Richmond, we look to another source for punishment. Our townsman, Colonel Rose, and a score of others, well known and dear to us, have had a taste of this man's quality, and we ask for no other satisfaction than that chance may favor any one of them with a momentary meeting. There will assuredly be one educated villain less to labor in the rebel cause."

Of course, one's flesh might be expected to tingle at this foul and cowardly abuse. The next minute a sensible man would be inclined to laugh at it—especially the valiant threat of Colonel "Rose" and other flowers of Yankee chivalry. In another moment reflection would teach him that he was complimented by such evidence of his personal importance, and decorated, as every true Confederate is, by the libel of a Yankee newspaper.

The sufferings I was to endure were to be terrible enough; but added to them was the constant smart of Yankee falsehood, which, ignoring the victims of its own cruelty, was incessantly publishing the imaginary misery of prisoners in Richmond and elsewhere in the Confederacy. One can have an idea of the smart of this misrepresentation, if he will imagine a Confederate cut off from the world by the walls of a prison, and compelled to chew his indignation in silence, reading every day in Yankee newspapers some new version of "the barbarities of the rebels," and left to conjecture that the world is induced to believe these vile slanders, scattered to the ends of it, without the opportunity of any contradiction on the other side. But there is some possible comfort in the reflection, that Yankee falsehood in this war has overleaped itself. A people who, ravaging the country of their neighbors, burning their houses and property, and stripping the shelter over the heads of women and children, yet entitle their adversary as *savages*, and assert themselves champions of civilization; who, fighting

for the fourth year an unconquered country, have, in the entire history of that war, represented every event as a Yankee success, and a mortal blow to the Confederacy, are no more discreditable witnesses in these particulars than when they parade before the world their nursery dramas of the horrors of "rebel" prisons.

To the sufferings of my first days in Fort Warren my memory reverts with an irrepressible shudder. If I had been in health I might easily have endured the hardships assigned me, including the straw sack; the diaphanous slices of bread and the bits of fat pork. But the nervous affection from which I had long suffered, and which was now aggravated by the anxieties and rude trials of imprisonment, had taken an alarming aspect. A partial paralysis of my body threatened to succeed. I could not rise from my bed or from a long sitting without finding my arm, or perhaps my whole side, temporarily powerless.

The kindness of my fellow-prisoners, in these circumstances, is never to be forgotten. I was relieved from my part of cooking and washing dishes, and was excused from "the police duty" assigned to prisoners, which included the cleaning of their quarters and a number of unpleasant tasks. My mess-mates came to my aid with friendly sympathy. I obtained medical advice from Dr. Hambleton, of Georgia, my fellow-prisoner and excellent friend. Although I had but little faith in the justice or humanity of the Government at Washington, I thought it could scarcely insist upon torturing me, and would be satisfied to secure my person. I had applied for a parole on account of my health, but in vain had I waited for a reply. I had never, even, been allowed to see the order committing me to Fort Warren; and it seemed that the authorities had not been willing to spare me any agony of doubt or suspense.

I had been in prison nearly a fortnight, when I wrote the following letter to Washington:

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, June, 1864.

MR. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the United States Navy:

SIR: On the 10th of last month, I was taken one hundred and fifty miles out at sea on a British vessel, where I was simply a citizen passenger, unconnected with any public ser-

vice of the Confederate States, and subject to none of the military penalties of your Government. Other passengers were released: I, alone, of all the ship's company, an innocent passenger, was doomed to Fort Warren. I was taken from a sick bed to be brought here. In these harsh and invidious circumstances, I asked but a parole on account of desperate health; the bare concession of the plainest humanity. Since my confinement here, I have had three attacks of partial paralysis. It is now only left for me to declare to your conscience and to the sympathy of the world—not in terms of importunity or any mere personal disrespect, but in the spirit of a solemn conviction—that I am being *murdered* by an imprisonment, the object of which is not to secure my person (since I offered to do this by an inviolable pledge of honor) but to punish an enfeebled body, and sharpen the torture of a disease that claims pity for its helplessness.

I am, etc.,

EDW'D A. POLLARD.

To this letter I never received a word of reply or sign of heed.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL NOTES IN PRISON.—Precious Tributes of Sympathy.—Portrait of the Yankee.—A New England Shepherd.—Sufferings and Reflections.—Fourth of July in Fort Warren.

JUNE 17.—The hours weigh heavily upon me. In my imprisonment and sickness I have yet much to be thankful for, especially in the assiduous and cheerful attentions of my fellow-prisoner, Doctor Hambleton. The pastimes in our prison-life are meagre enough. Reading the newspapers and eviscerating Yankee falsehoods are our chief employments.

The good friends I have made in Boston have not forgotten me, and I have frequent occasion to acknowledge their kindness in missions of sympathy and occasionally of "material" comfort, in articles of food banished by "orders from Washington" from the slop-boards of our cook-house. Whatever thoughts I have of the cruel despotism at Washington and of those masses of population subject to it, my heart must always retain grateful and faithful memories of those few in a strange land who administered to my sorrow, and dared an expression of sympathy for me, when in the bonds of prison and disease.

I have a valued and interesting correspondence with some noble ladies in Boston, whom I have never seen, but whose names are known to several of the prisoners here, who have had various tokens of their sympathy. The correspondence in my case commenced with a present of delicious fruit, to which the card of the donor was attached. The charity of these ladies, and, more than all, the sentiments which have sweetened it, are treasured in the hearts of many prisoners here, and they may be sure that when the name and freedom of our beloved country shall no longer be disputed, their deeds will find a public record somewhere and be rewarded with conspicuous gratitude.

Before this war I had lived several years in Washington and in New York; but from all the herd of my acquaintance in the North I have not yet had one line of sympathy or of remembrance.

Yet I have had letters from *strangers*—among them dear, noble countrywomen of mine in the enemy's lines—which have touched my heart with inexpressible gratitude and pride.

I had been in prison but a few days when I received from Mrs. General —, of Kentucky, a stranger to me, but the name of whose gallant husband, fallen on one of the bright fields of the war, lives in the glorious memories of the Confederacy, a letter of sympathy, subscribed, "a sincere though unknown friend." "Do you need aid?" wrote this generous lady. "And will you be allowed to receive any from your *friends*? It would be a pleasure to relieve your wants as far as we can."

Yesterday I received a letter which is so remarkable, that I cannot forbear transcribing here some passages from it, and taking the liberty of adding the name of the writer—a liberty, I think, which a grateful memoir must admit, unless there is good reason to the contrary:—

PRAIRIEVILLE, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, }
June 12th, 1864. }

MR. EDWARD A. POLLARD (of Richmond, Va.):

I see from the papers that you are a prisoner of war at Fort Warren. All prisoners need the attention of their friends. Though entirely unknown to you, I have still the honor to be a *Virginian*, and love from a sense of duty all of her worthy sons. If you need money, clothes, or any thing, write immediately and inform me, with directions to whose care to send them. I have a holy veneration for my Mother State, and if I failed to do any thing in my power for her brave sons, I would feel that I had neglected a religious duty. All of my relatives, except my father's immediate family, are in the "Old Dominion." I have had a brother at Camp Chase, and a cousin at Johnson's Island, and have cause to know how comforting any sympathy is to the prisoner. Do not forget that you have many warm friends in Missouri, and in myself a faithful one. So do not fail to let me know if you wish any thing. I think, sir, that we partake of the independent spirit of our mother, and do not like to receive any thing from strangers; but you know Virginians are not strangers, but brothers and sisters wherever they are found. . . .

KATE B. WOODROOF.

Sweet lady, God bless you! I wrote that I was in no such need as to tax the generosity of friends; that the letter of my fair correspondent was itself a treasure; that I was proud to have such a countrywoman. To think that she had written to a desolate prisoner thus from her distant home, with that hearty and persistent offer of assistance, so unlike cheap sympathy, so really anxious to oblige! Well may Virginia herself be proud of such a daughter! The fragrance of many a womanly deed breathes through the gorgeous wreath Virginia has entwined in this war, and among these we would place this tribute of filial love from distant Missouri.

June 18.—The following is an excellent picture of present Yankee society, which I came across to-day, in an odd book, which gave some account of France under the rule of Henry III.:

“There was no more truth, no more justice, no more mercy. To slander, to lie, to rob, to wrench, to steal; all things are permitted save to do right and speak the truth.”

What a perfect delineation of Washington and New York at the present day!

June 19.—The third Sabbath in my granite prison. Some one has had such care for the souls of Confederate prisoners as to have distributed among us a number of tracts, issued by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston. I have just finished reading one of them, entitled “Love Your Enemies”—a characteristic specimen of the Puritan Christianity of the Yankee, the blasphemy and *brag* of which have filled me with horror and disgust.

The writer, evidently one of the pious spitfires of New England, sets out with a terrible denunciation of the Confederacy, and, with characteristic regard for historical truth, describes the Confederates as outraging our [Yankee] “kindred,” and “lurking in traitorous ambush at our [Yankee] door-posts.” He then speaks of “their threats and curses, their outbursts of

furious fiend-like passion." After this very Christian vituperation, and merciless vindication of the truth of history, our clerical friend encounters the question, how it is possible to pray that the wrath of the Lord be poured out upon the Confederates, and yet to retain Christian love for the *persons* of their rebellious neighbors. And he surmounts the difficulty bravely. The cause of the Yankee is "*the cause of God*," and to pray for the destruction of the enemies of the Yankee is "to divest themselves of all personal and merely human considerations" for God's glory, and to sink the love of the neighbor in the higher duties of the Divine service. This morsel of pious logic and Puritan charity is put in the following words:

"David recognized in his foes the foes of Jehovah and his church, and planting himself by the very side of God, divinely inspired, he invoked the most terrible calamities, the most complete ruin, even eternal evil, upon his adversaries. Our cause, too, is the cause of God; our foes the opposers of those principles of eternal truth, justice, and righteousness, which sustain the divine administration. But do we stand, where David did, in unity with the divine mind and will, moved by the same pure and holy impulses, equally divested of all personal and merely human considerations? If so, then we, too, in calm, holy, fervent supplication, may pray, 'Render unto our neighbors sevenfold into their bosom the reproach wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord!'"

Has any one ever found any thing more characteristic of New England Christianity than this passage? a mixture of old Puritan self-righteousness and modern lying, that might refresh the appetite of the Infernal. Concocted, probably, by some fellow who nurses his white dainty flesh with lace neck-cloths, and spits pious venom in some fashionable church.

. *July 1.*—I was allowed to-day to see a physician from Boston, who accompanied my sister, under a permit from General Dix.

This visit has been a precious occasion to me, and, I trust, has improved my resolution to suffer with as little complaint as possible. Even imprisonment is not without its compensa-

tions and uses; is not necessarily a blank in one's life. We may learn noble virtues in prison, for it is a severe school where we are taught to moderate our desires and to confront misfortunes with that defiant patience, which more than all constitutes the force of character and tests the man.

"To suffer, as to do, our strength is equal."

There is compensation, too, in the reflection that my imprisonment is in the name of my country, and that what I suffer is a sacrifice for it. It is true we all of us must contribute to the cause of our country in some form or other—and how little have I ever contributed to it, that I should begrudge this suffering in its name, and how many more deserving than myself, with mutilated limbs, or broken hearts, have yet virtue to thank God that they have been able thus to testify their principles! These are salutary thoughts, which should chasten my pride and impatience, and teach me how little and unworthy I am, to resent the fortune which has made me a prisoner.

Fourth of July.—Captain Murden, of South Carolina, a fellow prisoner, has celebrated the day by the following lines, entitled "The Confederate Oath," which we have all "taken." It is given as a specimen of the Fort Warren Muse, and as a sentiment appropriate to the day we celebrate:—

Aye, raise aloft that gory pall
 Of Freedom's bleeding corse,
 While craven minions, shouting all,
 Its infamy indorse.
 Gape, cannon, your infernal throats,
 Belch at the despot's word,
 While Liberty's expiring notes
 Are in thine echoes heard.
 Blow winds, from these accursed walls,
 And to the world proclaim
 How wronged, insulted, Freedom calls
 To stay the branding shame.
 Tell of the rights our fathers' claimed,
 And claiming, dared maintain,
 Tell of the deeds in history famed,
 Which broke the tyrant's chain.

Then, tell again, how Avarice sapped
The fame to Freedom reared :
How Lust, in false religion wrapped,
To boasting minds appeared.
And let thy breath the poison bear
Of Puritanic guile,
And in thy voice let nations hear
The howlings of the vile.
Aye, hoist that foul, dishonored flag,
While truckling millions bow,
And kiss the rod, the chain, and gag,
Upheld in terror now.

And we, who see, and hear, and feel,
That mockery of this day,
Shall *we*, in servile cringing, kneel,
And own the despots' sway ?
No, by the rights our sires won,
No, by the rights we claim,
No, while our wrathful blood may run,
No, in our country's name,
No, by our fields of wasted grain,
No, by our smoking walls,
No, by the Vandal-trodden plain,
Our sack'd and ruined halls !
Bring from each corner of the land
The demon's waste and wreck,
Bring murderous axe, and smoking brand,
The hateful pile to deck.
Then think upon the widow's wail,
Think of the maiden's tear,
Think of each wrong the Southern gale
Brings to your sickened ear :
Then by each smoke ; then by each thrust
Which caused one anguished thrill ;
Then by each deed of hate and lust,
Each heart recorded ill :
Then swear while life's red current flows,
While flint can yield the spark,
While arm can nerve for vengeful blows,
Or bullet reach its mark,—
New England's lust, New England's greed,
Need seek no Southern sky,
While powder burns, or knife can bleed,
Who seeks our soil must die !

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNAL NOTES CONTINUED.—Life in the Casemates.—Some of the Secrets of Foreign "Neutrality."—Southern "Aristocracy."—My Boston Benefactress.—Lincolniana.—Massachusetts "Chivalry."

JULY 5.—We have quite a mixed lot of prisoners here. The officers and crews of the Atlanta and Tacony are confined here, and to Captain Webb of the first, and Lieutenant Reed of the latter, I am particularly indebted for much entertainment and kindness. To tell the truth, it is not often you hear intelligent conversation among associates in a prison, or obtain any experience of small courtesies; selfishness, stupidity, vacancy of mind, are most frequently the results of the harsh and scanty life within the casemates, unless one should happen to have been bred a gentleman, for truly no man is "born" such.

But I have been most fortunate in my mess, and I have yet to notice any instance of bickering or of selfish overreaching among us. Yet we have plenty of pleasant controversy. My good friend, Marrs (engineer of the ill-fated Cuba), keeps us all alive with his constant intention of "raising h—l": a vague threat which I have never yet seen him put into practical execution, for he really has an amiable and generous sentiment for everything but the Yankee. Captain Black reads the newspaper aloud every night, and Marrs punctuates with sententious exclamations. Then we have the invariable quarrel of each night about shutting windows and putting out the lights, two proceedings which always give rise to differences of opinion. Marrs must have everything read of the "d—d Yankees," or must have Captain Murden recite his composition of patriotic poetry for the day, before he can compose himself to sleep, which he at last does with objurgations not to be mentioned to ears polite.

July 6.—There are various devices here to induce prisoners to swallow the oath of Yankee allegiance. The most infamous is that practised upon the foreigners, who have been taken on privateers or running the blockade, and who, through the offices of their consuls in New York and Boston, have been offered their release on condition of taking the Yankee oath of allegiance, and clinching it by enlistment in the Yankee army or navy.

In fact, there appear to be none of the rights of alienage recognized in Yankee jurisdiction. One must “holler” for the Union under all circumstances. In connection with these compulsory tests applied to foreigners, who are in the unfortunate category of blockade-runners, &c., I may supply the following paragraph, which I read some days ago in a letter from Washington, published in a New York paper :

“It appears that the rebel authorities again allow aliens to pass through their lines, as quite a large number of these refugees have reached this city within the past few days. To-day eighteen presented themselves at the provost-marshal’s office, and took the oath of allegiance.”

So, these men, whose neutral rights had been respected in the Confederacy, find, on reaching Washington, that it is necessary or convenient for them to take the Yankee oath of allegiance. It would seem, indeed, that the Yankees have assumed the task of annexing all nations to their political formulas, overriding all the predilections of foreigners and controlling the sympathies of the world. The arbiters of civilization, the bullies of all Christendom, the coxcombs of creation, they demand everything to give way as Mr. Lincoln “runs his machine” and dispenses the wisdom and bounty of “the best government the world ever saw.”

July 7.—We had quite a discussion in our mess to-day. One of the company remarked that in South Carolina a mechanic was not respected as he should be. I took occasion to advance some peculiar opinions of my own : That the democracy at the North was an utterly false one, being an insolent assertion of

equality, a sort of "d—n you, I am 'as good as you are," which placed two classes in society in an exasperated and bitter contest that was constantly going on in Yankeedom beneath the outward semblances of its social laws; that this insolent democracy was especially the product of free schools, that educated the population just to the point of irreverence and egotism; that in the South there was to be found the most perfect democracy in the world; that there was a voluntary and tacit acknowledgment of distinctions in Southern society (hence the conservatism of this part of America), and that, this difference once implied, the intercourse between the different classes was unrestricted and genial, with a pleasant admission of equality in all respects where equality was to be properly admitted. These propositions might be expanded into illustration and argument enough to make a book. But surely any one who knows anything of the South must have observed the easy and pleasant intercourse between its social classes, in which the humblest is treated with polite respect, so much in contrast to those insulting assumptions on the one hand and browbeating on the other, which make up Yankee society. Where a laboring man would, in the North, be stopped at the door of the rich by a servant and held at arm's length in any intercourse the patron might find necessary with him, in the South he might be asked to dinner—certainly, would be treated with much more real respect than by the aristocratic Yankee with whom he contests the claim of equality and fraternity.

July 8.—I have received to-day a gratifying letter from my lady friend in Boston. She writes :

"Remember that you are to count us among your friends; and what is the use of friends, if you will not give them the privilege of ministering to you in prison. Send to us for any thing you need. We are of the *practical* style, and our fingers and feet, as well as our heads and hearts, are at your service."

Such testimonies of sympathy illuminate the prison, and make us think more kindly of the world outside.

July 14.—The Yankee newspapers we have got here, for several days past, have been in an incessant gabble about Early's and Breckinridge's invasion of Maryland. *Apropos*, here is a good "slap" at Massachusetts, from a New York paper :

"The Boston *Journal*, in a fit of heroics, wants to know how far an invading army of Confederates could march into Massachusetts. That would depend upon the time allowed the officials of that State to visit Kentucky and recruit."

CHAPTER VII.

Have we a government?—A Commentary on "Retaliation."

JULY 15.—There is one question here constantly on the lips, or in the meditations of the prisoners. It is, "Have we a Government?" We do not hear of any thing done by the Richmond authorities in behalf of tens of thousands of Confederate prisoners, and we are left starkly and desperately to the contingencies of the future.

We know very well that it is not the fault of our Government that an exchange of prisoners is not made. Such an exchange has been estopped by the choice and action of the Yankees; and in doing so, this vile and sinister people have effected one of the most barbarous penalties of war—captivity. Such a penalty is opposed to the spirit and humanity of the age; in civilized war, the only object of taking prisoners is to exchange them, certainly not to condemn them to the savage horrors of captivity.

But, then, although our government is acquitted of the non-execution of the cartel, and this brutal infraction of civilized usage, why does it not manifest what concern it can for its prisoners, in some substantial acts of retaliation for the intolerable and terrible atrocities attendant on their imprisonment. This is where the question pinches. It is, with respect to outrages upon its prisoners that the Confederate Government has most abundant occasion and opportunity for retaliation; and it is with respect to this that it has done less to satisfy justice and vindicate the rights of a belligerent.

There is a pitiable page of sophistry and weakness in the records of this war. It is the history of Jefferson Davis's policy of retaliation. While that history has afforded no instance of a single substantial act of retribution, it is replete with *pretences* of such, designed to conciliate the popular demand for retaliation, and to impose upon the world an appearance of spirit.

These pretences have been silly enough. Some days ago I read in the newspapers, that the authorities at Richmond had placed certain Yankee prisoners in a house in Charleston, in retaliation for the attempted bombardment of a city still inhabited by women and children. What nonsense! The peril of the prisoners is imaginary, when women and children walk the streets where they are placed without fear; yet it is a convenient text for the Yankee on the subject of "rebel barbarities," and an occasion, perhaps, for a prejudice against us, wherein we profit nothing.

The subject of Yankee prisons is theme enough for retaliation. There are in this fort, condemned to solitary confinement, certain Confederate prisoners, whose terrible doom calls loudly for the interposition of their Government, and illustrates how that Government has stultified itself by submission to the claims of the Yankee to enact the part of *magistrate* over those whom the fate of war has placed in their hands. I have been enabled to obtain some facts about these unhappy men.

CASE OF MAJOR ARMESY, &C.

Major Thomas D. Armesy was formerly a private in the Thirty-first Virginia regiment. He had raised a company in Western Virginia, near Clarksburg, and having turned this over to the Confederate service, went back in the spring of 1863, commissioned to raise a battalion in this part of Virginia. William F. Gordon, the adjutant of his old regiment, also took a part in this recruiting service, and was commissioned a captain in Armesy's battalion.

In April, 1863, Armesy, Gordon, and Lieutenant Harris, were captured by the Yankees in the houses where they were staying. They had taken the precaution to destroy their muster rolls, and to appoint a rendezvous for their recruits outside of the enemy's lines of occupation.

Armesy and Davis were taken to Fort Norfolk (near Norfolk, Va.), thence to Fortress Monroe, apparently for exchange; when they were suddenly ordered back to Fort McHenry in October, 1863.

They were tried by a Yankee court-martial. They were

charged with recruiting in Western Virginia, a part of the Southern Confederacy, represented in its Congress, and, though overrun by the enemy, yet, legally, by the act of secession of the State, and by the express organization of our revolution, within the Confederate jurisdiction. There was but a single specification to the charge: *The official order of the War Department of the Confederate States, authorizing the recruiting service in which Armesy had been engaged.* On this charge and specification Armesy and Davis were sentenced to *fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.*

A yet more terrible judgment was reserved for Gordon, who had also been confined at Fort McHenry. He was sentenced to be shot. On the day appointed for his execution in the fort, the brave Confederate had taken leave of his family, and had been marched out, carrying his shroud under his arm, with a dauntless air, when an order came from Washington, revoking the sentence.

The sentence of Armesy and Davis was executed by putting them to the dirtiest and vilest work in the fort, cleaning sinks, &c. They were subsequently transferred to Fort Delaware, and thence they were brought to this fort; their sentence being so far modified as to require them to serve out their term of fifteen years in *solitary confinement.*

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EPISODE IN PRISON.—A Council in the Casemates.

JULY 16.—There has been a commotion in the prisoners' quarters in this fort to-day that so far exceeds the even routine of our days that it is entitled to a separate chapter and, indeed, to a train of important reflection.

It appears that some days ago the *Boston Courier* had published a certain report that Major Cabot, the commandant here, had punished Confederate prisoners by compelling them to carry billets of wood on the ramparts. The report was untrue. It was contradicted by Major Cabot in the *Journal*. Thus the affair had passed out of mind when the following extraordinary publication, in the worst Abolition paper in Boston, fell upon us this morning like a bomb-shell—

FORT WARREN, July 13, 1864.

MAJOR S. CABOT:

DEAR SIR, we were truly mortified this evening on reading the *Boston Journal*, that you had been obliged to deny the slanderous attack—evidently intended upon your character—*this* being the *only* fort in Boston harbor wherein "Confederate prisoners" are confined.

We feel it not only a duty, but as an act of justice to yourself to deny emphatically the truthfulness of the communication which appeared in the *Courier* of yesterday, over the signature of W. J. F., purporting to be founded "upon the most ample authority." On the contrary, there are a very large number of "Confederate prisoners" who have been under your charge for more than *twelve* months, and we have always received at your hands nought but kindness and every attention and privilege consistent with the proper duties of your position. I have been requested by the prisoners to state that if you deem it necessary, you are at liberty to publish this letter.

In behalf of the prisoners under your charge, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

Prisoner of War.

The fact was, that the prisoner who had composed for the Yankee press this compound of very objectionable grammar and gratuitous eulogy had done so on the responsibility of not more than *three* prisoners in the fort, the remaining hundred or so being entirely ignorant of this preparation of gratuitous incense to our jailors. I have suppressed the name of the author of the communication, from a firm conviction, shared by all the prisoners with whom I have conversed, that he acted contrary to his better nature; that, though thoughtless, he was a faithful and zealous Confederate; and that he had been misled by interested advice into something worse than a *faux pas*.

The whole day has been one of excited criticism and sage pow-wow on this, our unexpected appearance, in Yankee prints. After much consultation, the subjoined letter was prepared for publication in a Boston paper, but was withheld from it, since the writer of the obnoxious piece agreed to disclaim publicly the authority he had assumed, to represent the prisoners in the fort [which he afterwards, I believe, did]. While, therefore, it was not deemed necessary to publish in the Boston newspapers the following expression of opinion, yet the prisoners who signed it desired that it should be preserved and placed on appropriate record, as a testimony of their sense of propriety and duty in the general matter of the behavior of prisoners. I have, therefore, introduced it here, with the names of its subscribers, as a record of Fort Warren that belongs to the Confederacy.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, July 16, 1864.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL:

SIR: We, the undersigned, Confederate prisoners in Fort Warren, have noticed with great surprise, a statement addressed by ———, prisoner, &c., to Major Cabot, and published by that officer in the *Journal*, stating "on behalf of the prisoners," &c., that "we" were "truly mortified" at a certain "slandrous attack" in the *Courier*, concerning that officer's treatment of prisoners, and proceeding, after these regrets, to contradict the same. In making this statement, Mr. ——— did not consult us; did not inform us; and does not represent us. We, therefore, request that you will grant us

the same favor in your columns afforded to Major Cabot, to correct what you have published, and to say that we repudiate the statement Mr. ——— has assumed to make in our behalf. We do this because this statement refers to a matter entirely between Major Cabot and his accuser, with which we have nothing to do; because there is no occasion on our part for explanation—still less for sentiment—in a matter for which we are not responsible and with which we have nothing to do; and because—solely from our self-respect, without reference to the merits or demerits of the case in hand, without design either to cast an injurious reflection upon Major Cabot, or to bestow a eulogy upon him—we are so far sensible of the delicacy of our position as prisoners that we cannot see the propriety of our interfering as volunteers in a newspaper controversy, making ourselves the uncalled for panegyrists of any man, and putting ourselves unnecessarily and indecorously before an invidious public.

JOHN W. CAREY, C. S. N.

J. GILLIAN KING, C. S. N.

T. L. WRAGG, C. S. N.

JAMES H. HOGGINS.

JAMES J. SPEAR, C. S. A.

A. L. DRAYTON, C. S. N.

JAMES R. MILBURN.

S. F. MARSHALL.

A. H. B., C. S. A.

W. D. ARCHER, C. S. A.

CHAS. W. DELOUR, C. S. A.

D. W. S. KNIGHT.

JAMES MCLEOD, C. S. A.

DANIEL MOOR.

ROBERT HUNT.

A. STEWART.

JOS. M. HERTWOOD, C. S. N.

JAMES P. HAMBLETON, of Ga.

C. T. JENKINS, Fla.

JOSEPH LEACH, New Orleans, La.

E. O. MURDEN, Charleston, S. C.

EDW'D A. POLLARD.

W. W. AUSTIN.

W. McBLAIS, C. S. N.

J. A. PETERS, C. S. N.

W. A. WEBB, C. S. N.

CHAS. W. MILBURN.

G. H. ARLIDGE, LIEUT. C. S. N.

C. W. READ, LT. C. S. N.

W. B. MICON, ASST. PAY'R, C. S. N.

E. H. BROWNE, C. S. N.

J. A. G. WILLIAMSON, C. S. N.

JOS. S. WEST, C. S. N.

THOS. B. TRAVERS, C. S. N.

F. B. BEVILLE, C. S. N.

THOS. L. HERNANDEZ.

JOHN E. BILLUPS, C. S. N.

F. N. BONNEAU, C. S. A.

R. H. GAYLE, C. S. N.

J. M. VERNON.

THOMAS MARR, Mobile, Ala.

AUGUSTUS P. GIRARD, Mobile, Ala.

The unpleasant occurrences of to-day have recalled some questions which have frequently been present to my mind, with respect to the proper behavior of men who occupy the

unfortunate, and, in many senses, trying and delicate position of prisoners of war. It is certainly just and becoming that prisoners should recognize the kindness and courtesy of those who keep them; but this must be done in a proper way, and on a proper occasion, certainly not by the disgusting methods of a puff, or for the selfish and contemptible gain of the enemy's favor. Justice can be done even to an enemy, and it is only a base spirit that has recourse to falsehood and libel for its miserable revenge.

I think it is Rousseau, in his "Confessions," who tells of some person who, after breaking with a friend, went through the community, announcing: "Listen neither to this person nor myself, when speaking of each other; for we are no longer friends." The Frenchman claims this as magnanimous. Not so. A candid and honorable person can fulfil exactly and severely the obligations of truth to all men, and the confession that he and his enemy are equally disreputable in their statements, lowers him to the standard of that enemy, whatever it may be.

In these pages, I have made it a point to recognize whatever kindness has been shown me, although I have had no occasion to intrude such things into Yankee newspapers.

My own conception of the proper behavior of one in the condition of a prisoner of war is, that he should consult the dignity of his country, keep aloof from all unnecessary conversation or contact with his enemy, and preserve a simple severity of manner, which, while guarding against any appearance of subserviency, equally avoids the imputation of an unmannerly insolence. For I have perceived that there are two extremes to be shunned in the behavior of prisoners. One is toadyism. The other, and not less contemptible, is that braggadocio or swagger which affects to be patriotic spirit; but, in the condition of a prisoner, and under the protection which that affords, is really nothing more than a display of venturesome cowardice and native vulgarity. It is not necessary, for a prisoner to show his "Southern spirit," that he should quarrel with corporals and orderlies, and make insolent speeches to the officers who are put over him. Such a course invites insult and betrays the qualities which pocket it with indifference.

In medio tutissimus ibis. The prisoner of war must recognize himself as in the temporary power of his enemy, and make a becoming submission. But, on the other hand, he must never omit to be sensible of the dignity of his country and himself, or forget to moderate his civility with the considerations of self-respect and propriety.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL NOTES RESUMED.—Protest to Lord Lyons.—“Peace Negotiations.”—Comforting Words of a Boston Lady.

JULY 20.—I have ended my affair with Lord Lyons. I received to-day his reply to a letter I wrote him some days ago, and have rejoined, which, I suppose, concludes this vexatious correspondence. Copies of all three letters are annexed, and I shall spare myself any commentary upon them in my journal.

IN PRISON, AT FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, }
 July 11, 1864. }

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington, D. C.:

MY LORD: Will you please inform me what results have been reached, or proceedings taken by Her Majesty's Government, with reference to my application for release from this prison, by virtue of the protection of the British flag, under which I was taken on the high seas.

I was brought here from a sick bed, at an hour's notice, and have been afflicted in my confinement with partial paralysis; and I am sure that this much said of the extremity of my situation, will be sufficient to acquit me of importunity in again seeking at the hands of your Lordship a termination of my sufferings.

I have the honor, &c., your obedient servant,
 EDWD. A. POLLARD.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, July 17, 1864.

SIR: Your letter of the 11th instant reached me yesterday. In reply to the question which you ask, I have to inform you that I received yesterday afternoon the answer of Her Majesty's Government to the Despatches which I addressed to them on the subject of the capture of the Greyhound, and in which I inclosed copies of your letters to me.

The general instructions of Her Majesty's Government preclude my interfering without special orders from them, in behalf of American citizens captured on board British vessels, seized for breach of blockade ; and as Her Majesty's Government have not, on the present occasion, ordered me to interfere in your behalf, it is, of course, my duty to abstain from doing so.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LYONS.

EDWARD A. POLLARD, Esq., Fort Warren, Boston.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, July 22, 1864.

LORD LYONS, Envoy Extraordinary for Her Britannic Majesty, near Washington, D. C. :

MY LORD : I thank you for your courtesies in replying to my different letters. I have, of course, no further claim to make upon it in that regard. But it is not improper that I should express a respectful dissent from the conclusion you have reached, and inform you that whenever released from prison, I shall prefer to the Home Government of Her Majesty a formal claim for indemnity for a damaging and cruel imprisonment, to which I consider I have been subjected by the failure to obtain that protection under a neutral flag, which was due to me under the law of nations and that of humanity.

I cannot concede, what is certainly a novel and inhuman doctrine in international law, that a *passenger* on a British vessel which has broken the blockade, is so tainted in the breach of blockade that he may be taken *on the high seas*, under the neutral flag, as human prize by his enemy. If, as I am left to understand, my Lord, this is the position of your Government, it follows that it assents to a system of Kidnapping under its flag on the high seas, and establishes against itself an astounding PRECEDENT. For if I, a passenger, was a legal prize on the Greyhound, then the British passenger in the same circumstances is equally so, being no more protected by the British flag on the high seas than I should be, myself ; and if, in these same circumstances, the Englishman does not share my fate, but is absolved by diplomatic intercession, this is the

favor of the Yankee Government, which may at any time be withdrawn.

At one time your Lordship wrote me that you had requested my release. At another time, you write you cannot interfere in my behalf in any manner whatever. I am left to imagine that there is no other cause for this contradiction than that I am a citizen of a friendless and persecuted Government, towards which, yours, my Lord, professes neutrality, but, I must say, practices uniform disfavor.

Whenever restored to liberty I shall have full opportunity to testify to the damage of my imprisonment, as measure of the indemnity I shall claim from the British Government. But your Lordship will already perceive from the enclosed copy of my letter to the Secretary of the United States Navy, which has never been answered or noticed by him, that I have in vain entreated a parole on account of my health, in circumstances which appeal not only to sentiments of pity, but to the lowest senses of humanity.

I trust that your Lordship will find nothing in what I have written inconsistent with the high and courteous consideration due personally to yourself, or improper to be communicated, as I desire, to your Government in the interests of justice and humanity. I have the honor, &c.,

Your obedient servant,

EDW'D A. POLLARD.

July 21.—It appears from Yankee newspapers which have got into the casemates, that there has been undertaken at Niagara Falls a peace negotiation after the style of Brandreth's pills advertisements; in which Horace Greeley is intermediary of the Confederates, George N. Saunders, their fugleman—a flippant telegram of the latter to James Gordon Bennett, commencing the proceedings. It is to be hoped there is nothing in all this: that the Confederate Government has not for the *fourth time* in this war, when there is already a standing tender of peace and an abundant definition of its terms in the official acts and expressions of Congress and the Executive, sought the *back-door* of Washington, and put itself in a position to be snubbed and cuffed out of countenance by the master of the "White House." But we shall see how much of au-

thority there is in these proceedings, and how much of the self-exhibition of notoriety-hunters and adventurers. In the mean time our little circle here entertains itself with the credulity of the Yankee newspapers, and their remarkable fecundity in making the wish father to the thought. An intelligent friend in Boston writes me this evening, in dead earnest, "terms of peace are passing over the wires," and concludes with a flourish of piety and a fervent thanksgiving for the happy news.

July 22.—We were permitted for the first time this morning to walk a short distance on the island. I was touched to see the grave of a Confederate prisoner beneath the ramparts.

On our return to the casemates I found in the morning mail a comforting and sweet letter from my lady friend in Boston. I cannot forbear making an extract from it, as an evidence of the kind and Christian spirit of this excellent person :

.... "I can well understand all you must suffer of anxiety, and I sympathize most deeply with you. It is hard to bring one's reason and philosophy to the rescue, under circumstances of such peculiar trial. But, my dear friend, when these fail, faith comes in, and your heart will be lifted out of the depths, and comforted in the assurance that joy will surely come after a night of darkness and desolation. *In quietness and confidence shall be your strength* ; and, if I ask you to trust, I am sure you will bear with me, and not think I am preaching to you. If I cared less, I would not say this to you. But it saddens me to know that you are suffering from a miserable feeling of illness and depression ; and in my longing to do or say something to comfort you, I may run—as women are apt to do—into what you would not be blamed for considering pious platitudes."

"I hope you will like and find readable 'Prescott's Life.' I have not read it yet, but promise myself that pleasure. If you will give the volume we send a place in your library, it will hereafter recall to you a passage in your life, which you may then not be entirely unwilling to remember. For this reason, I trust you will not consider it a burden, that I ask you not to return it. Remember if you think of *any thing* you would like, you are to write at once to No. — for it. May God bless you, dear friend."

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL NOTES CONTINUED.—A Yankee's Confession: Confederate Civilization.—A "Map of Busy Life" in Boston.— . . . Sickness and Reflections in Prison: Female Philosophy on the War.

JULY 25.—The Boston *Traveller* says: "It would only be as the vanquished that we could consent to Southern 'independence.' For observe what that 'independence' would mean. It would mean our abdication of the position of the American nation. Let but the Southern Confederacy be acknowledged by us, and it would succeed immediately to the place formerly held by the United States, in the estimation of the world. It would become the first power in North America, and, if Maximilian should there succeed, Mexico would have the second place, while ours should be the third."

The Yankee is right. We Confederates are not only fighting in this war for independence, but for the front rank in the civilization of this continent, and for a destiny of power as well as of liberty. Such considerations ennoble the contest. Such prizes should stimulate our exertions.

But, apart from this reflection, there is an important truth involved in the declaration quoted above, which the Boston editor unconsciously admits and does not develope. It is that the South represents in this contest the better part of American civilization, represents superior ideas, represents what is most valuable in the traditions of the past, for it is only by such titles she could succeed "to the place formerly held by the United States."

And here opens an infinite field of interest to the intelligent inquirer. A comparison: on the one side, the North—its false and phosphorescent civilization—showy free schools, the nests of every social pestilence—material gauds—a society rotten with insolent agrarianism called "democracy;" on the other side, the South—its virtuous simplicity—the extraordinary intelligence of a people educated, not so much by

books, as by free institutions and by a peculiarly free interchange of mind between all classes of society—a popular innocence of mad reforms, “isms,” morbid appetites, unnatural vices, and other products of New England free schools—and, most conspicuous of all, a true and noble democracy ; of which it may be said that, though the white laboring men of the South defers to those who are his superiors (not indeed in rights, but in the various particulars of society), no one more quickly or effectually than he resents the insult or contumely of power. Here are heads of reflection for a volume ; and somebody should write it, to show the world how little it knows of the Confederacy, and how much it has been deluded by the lies, the boasts, the Thrasonical literature, and Puritanical pretence of the Yankee.

July 28.

“What is it, but a map of busy life.”—COWPER.

I have been interested to-day in a specimen of Yankee literature, “for the home-circle ;” the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, an excellent specimen of that New England family literature which crops out in hebdomadals, illustrated papers, and other tokens of literary civilization.

With the usual amount of maudlin stories and poetry and reading matter for the home-circle, the *Saturday Evening Gazette* furnishes its readers with a double-rate advertisement, in editorial type, on the terrors of masturbation. This advertisement of a Boston quack is entitled “an essay,” and placed in a conspicuous part of the paper, where it is impossible for the eye to avoid the nasty mess of literature and obscenity.

Let us look at the editorial columns. First we have the report of a sermon of a Boston clergyman, who edifies us with this discovery in the history and politics of America :

“The war of 1812 was an aggressive war, commenced in opposition to the wisdom of our best and wisest statesmen, to help Napoleon Bonaparte, the bulwark of despotism on the continent, and to destroy England, the last refuge in the whole world for the oppressed.”

Following this instructive sermon are editorial “puffs” of

various descriptions. A correspondent, whose palm has been evidently greased, gives the following glowing description of the attractions of a watering-place, which is evidently a candidate for public favor, with "its polite young lady waiters:"

"The tables at this house are filled with the choicest viands of the season, and being all short tables, each family may enjoy the benefits and pleasures of a full six-course dinner, as the ladies ordinary, at three o'clock, is the dress dinner of the day, without being obliged to await the tedious formula of the long-table system. The attendants of the house are in the most part from your city, and we believe they are excellent selections, as the whole house has that air of sociability and contentment so peculiar to houses of its kind in the old Bay State. Hark! I hear the gong that reminds me that Putnam, with his host of polite young lady waiters, is ready to serve the ladies' ordinary, where I can witness the best-dressed ladies and enjoy an excellent dinner, all at the same time."

The *Gazette* is not sparing in its puffs. The reader is informed, in an editorial paragraph, of a certain person who cleans old clothes by steam. The editor vouches for him that "work will be done in that *astute* style for which he is renowned."

The reader's attention is next called to a camp-meeting in the vicinity of Boston. "These gatherings," says the seductive editor, "partake somewhat of the character of a picnic, and afford to many *almost the only recreation of the season*." Who would not visit this scene of New England piety, after such a recommendation, and the information that twenty-five cents will give him a passage on the "unrivalled" line of Blowhard & Co., to this pleasant Canaan!

Following the editorial matter, is an advertisement by the column of miraculous cures of almost every disease imaginable, invariably attested by the certificates of "clergymen." These medical advertisements are irrepressible, effulgent, and difficult to be epitomized. Here we have Cancer and Canker Syrup, Amboline (for the hair), White Pine Compound, Howard's Vegetable Syrup, "Ironized" Catawba Wine, Indian Emmenagogue, Cherokee Injection (with picture of big Indian), Dr. Wright's Regenerating Elixir, Hungarian Balsam, Chloasma, Pabulum Vitæ, Medical Hydrokonion, &c., &c.

A savory list of quack compounds surely, with illustrative wood-cuts of women covered with hair by the use of "Ambo-

line," etc., and regenerated skeletons "after taking" the nostrum, and all attested by the sacred testimony of clergymen, and other grateful, bedridden saints, who invariably send for the second bottle. But all the medical specialities of "the family newspaper" are put to blush by "the grand specific." We give its wonderful discoverer the benefit of a free advertisement:

It cures:

- A.** ABSCESSSES on the surface, or deep seated.
- B.** BOILS, caused by over-heated fluids.
- C.** CANCER, however malignant, or old.
- C.** CANKER, of all kinds, in young or aged.
- C.** CARBUNCLES, wherever situated.
- D.** DYSPEPSIA, recent or long standing.
- E.** ERYSIPELAS, however violent.
- E.** EVIL (KING'S), an inherited curse.
- E.** EVERY KIND of humor from bad blood.
- F.** FEVER SORES of the worst kind.
- F.** FEMALE WEAKNESSES it soon relieves.
- F.** FATHERS who are scrofulous give it to children.
- G.** GENERAL DEBILITY, from any cause.
- G.** GLANDULAR SWELLINGS of the neck, &c.
- H.** HERPETIC ERUPTIONS, &c.
- I.** IRREGULARITIES peculiar to Females.
- J.** JAUNDICE in all its complications.
- K.** KING'S EVIL, in young or old.
- L.** LOW SPIRITS, arising from Debility.
- M.** MOTH, Freckles, Blotches.
- N.** NURSING SORE MOUTH.
- O.** OLD SORES, external or internal.
- P.** PILES, Fistula, &c.
- P.** PIMPLES, on face or arms.
- R.** RICKETS, a common Children's disease.
- R.** RHEUM (SALT), in all cases.
- S.** SCROFULA, in its worst stages.
- S.** SCURVY of all kinds.
- S.** SCALD HEAD in children.
- T.** TUMORS, without operations.
- U.** ULCERS, from whatever cause.
- V.** VARIOUS SKIN AFFECTIONS.
- W.** WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., &c.

Our medical friend exhausts the alphabet, if he does not the list of "ills that flesh is heir to."

We shall finish the entertainments of the *Saturday Evening Gazette* with the following, for the benefit of those who are

distressed, or “crossed in love,” or whose “insides” are at all disarranged :

MRS. FRANCIS, THE INDEPENDENT, WAKEFUL CLAIRVOYANT.—Is successful in describing past, present, and forthcoming events, all kinds of business, diseases and their remedies. Consultation, one dollar ; questions answered for half price. Her Rose Ointment, for the cure of every kind of Humors, Scrofula, and Cancers, Sores and Bunches, Pimpled Faces, &c., 25 cents per box, and also a certain cure for Rheumatism, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Coughs, Sore Throat, Dropsy, Gravel, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases arising from Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood. Her Magnetism is soothing and strengthening for weak and diseased Nerves, Neuralgia, &c. 147 Court Street, Room No. 1. Hours from 9 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 6, P. M. ; from 7 to 9, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. Don't ring.

August 10.—I have written nothing in my journal for some days. In this time I have been sick, almost unto death, in these cruel walls. Tortured, too, from day to day, with every rumor and shadow of hope that flits through the prison, about the much-talked-of and long-deferred exchange of prisoners. From day to day I have carried the heavy burdens of sickness and disappointment ; but though, at last, the strength of my body has rallied a little, the skill of the physician cannot so easily recover the mind. I can imagine a brutal submission to imprisonment, a sullen and coarse satisfaction in sleeping and dreaming away a life ; but there are nervous, active sensibilities, to which a prison is more terrible than death—men who beat their souls against its walls and live in a frenzy of mad hopes. Alas for the fatal gift of excessive sensibility ! Add to this a disease, which condemns one to the horrors of the bedridden in prison and fills the mind with gloom, and the circumstances excuse the most abject degrees of distress.

There was a little event of pleasant surprise in my life to-day. A box containing under-clothing, and, what was even better, something to eat, sent all the way *from the distant prairies of Missouri*, marked “from Kate W——.” So it was from no strange angel, but from the dear Virginia lady who had written me before, and who would take no refusal of her kind disposition to serve me. I accepted the gift with a feel-

ing of gratitude in my heart, which my pen could but very poorly express.

I have often had occasion to meditate, in this war, upon the abundant humanity it has shown in women. The fierceness of its strife has too frequently steeled the hearts of men,* and demoralized much of our better nature; selfishness, mean expediences, callousness, a certain carelessness for the misfortunes of others, since misfortune has become so common, have taken much of the place of the charities and courtesies of society. But in these, the worst ruins of war, our women, steadfast and conspicuous in their better nature, have not forgotten, even in the sorrows of their own hearth-stones, the claims of sympathy; but everywhere, in the hospital, in the prison, in every walk of charity, they have followed the impulses, and illustrated the duties of tender and unfailing humanity.

And then, too, how much superior is woman's instinct in taking sides in such a war than the troubled reason of men. The women of Maryland and of Kentucky would give an overwhelming majority for the Confederacy; they, even while their husbands and brothers differ, are secessionists, almost without an exception; and even here, in the cities of the North, there are innumerable women who condole with the Confederacy, are in love with its virtues and sufferings, and dare expressions of sympathy and admiration in the face of prison, exile, and all the inhuman penalties which the Washington Government and its minions can proclaim.

There are some questions which require a certain complication of reason; others the key to which is found in a single direct and plain thought. Of these latter, women are the better judges. I have seen in a single paragraph in a woman's letter in a New York paper, the questions of this war more effectually disposed of than in all the sesquipedals of the editorial columns, and all the four years' arguments of the Yankee newspapers. "Men," says this female critic (she is talking of the male Yankee), "who would rather run than fight, any day, and who, if they are drafted, will hasten in abject terror to the first emigrant ship which arrives, to secure a substitute, talk loudly about the glory of fighting and dying for one's flag and one's country. What is one's flag and one's country? It is not a strip of rag, or a little dirt, a few stones,

and some water; these can be found anywhere, and demand no especial consideration. If our country and our flag are dear, it is because they represent to us a larger proportion of the blessings that make life desirable than can be found elsewhere. If these are forcibly taken away from us, if peace is gone, if liberty is gone, if friends are gone,—if home and plenty are gone, what is the country and the flag worth to me? All countries belong alike to God, and if a happy and peaceful life could be better secured on any other portion of this earth, that would become my country."

Thank God, we Confederates have a country to which we may claim a virtuous attachment, in which are wrapped up our individual welfare and our individual aspirations; in which we have pride and honor for the courage of its men, and for the benevolent missions of its laws to every home and fireside. Such a country a woman or child can love quite as intelligently as the man; for it is the expression of what makes life desirable, adorns it with unfailing objects of pride, and associates each member of the community, not notoriously unworthy, with the honors of familiar history.

CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF PRISON.—My Parole.—In Yankee Atmosphere.—A Letter from Boston.—Waiting.

AUGUST 12.—A memorable day. For, on this day, after unspeakable and almost mortal sufferings, I was released from prison, on a parole, to remain with a relative within the limits of Brooklyn, until my special exchange, which I then supposed to be in negotiation, was completed. A concession obtained for me by friends, to whom my life-long, loving gratitude, is ever due.

In the morning, Risk, the laconic orderly, came to my casemate with the short and severe message, "I was wanted at the Adjutant's office." I went there and was told that I would be released on signing a "parole." The news upset my nerves, and brought my heart into my throat; but, alas! though liberated from the fort, I was yet to be confined in Yankee atmosphere. But I certainly was not disposed to quarrel with the partial favors of fortune, and so I signed the following document with a very lively satisfaction, and could hardly refrain from shouting for joy as I returned to the casemate to gather up my blanket and what few "duds" constituted my property in prison:

Parole of Honor.

"I, Edward A. Pollard, of the County of Henrico, of the State of Virginia, do hereby pledge my sacred word of honor, that, in consideration of being temporarily released from imprisonment in Fort Warren, I will proceed, within twenty-four hours after being so released, to Brooklyn, N. Y., and that, during the continuance of this Parole, I will not go outside the limits of said city, without the consent of the Secretary of the Navy, in writing, nor commit any hostile act against the

Government of the United States, nor afford aid or comfort to the enemies thereof in any manner whatever, nor communicate to any one in the rebellious States, or proceeding thither, or to any one in Europe, or other foreign country, any information that may or can be used to the injury of the United States, and that I will report in writing to the Secretary of the Navy every two weeks, and hold myself prepared to return to Fort Warren whenever he shall so direct; it being understood that this parole is to cease at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Navy, or in the event of my recommitment to prison, or my exchange, or the termination of the war.

“Signed, in duplicate, at Fort Warren, this 12th day of August, 1864,

“EDWARD A. POLLARD.

“Witness—

“EDW. R. PARRY, 1st Lieut., 11th Infantry, U. S. A.,

“Commissary of Prisoners.”

What a parting I have had with my poor fellow-prisoners—messages and entreaties for Richmond, good wishes, affectionate counsels, almost tears! Captain Green gave me a ring of his own manufacture, and my good friend Marrs wanted to press upon me a gold chain, a remnant of property which the Yankees had, strangely enough, left the poor fellow. As I passed through the sally-port, I turned to wave my handkerchief to the weary, watching faces; but the sergeant orders me to “move on.” I have left behind some friendships in those granite walls; and, if there, too, I have left a pleasant record of my companionship in the hearts of my unfortunate countrymen, God knows that I am prouder of it than of any other memory of my life.

August 15.—I was required to report in twenty-four hours in Brooklyn, but found time to see some friends in Boston. I saw my benefactress there, the noble Catholic lady, who had devoted herself to the comfort and consolation of the unhappy men in Fort Warren, and whose name should be inscribed in every record of honor in the Confederacy.

I am yet strange and giddy in the comparative liberty of a parole after the horror and torture of a Yankee prison. In the streets of Boston there was sounding in my ears the usual surly "halt" of some brass-harnessed Yankee at almost every step; and in the cars, whirled for twelve hours by the white houses and apple orchards of New England, and through the peaceful scenes of the country, I was imagining the reveille, the harsh call to the cook-house, the orderly's round, and all the other routine of a day in prison.

I am living in a very remote suburb of Brooklyn; and here, *incog.*, and intent to avoid all contact with the Yankee, I must possess my soul in patience, until, in God's good time and merciful providence, I shall again breathe the air of home and of liberty.

August 17.—A letter from my dear friend in Boston:

Boston, 1864.

I did not half tell you, my dear Mr. Pollard, how glad and grateful I am for your release. I did not realize it until after you had gone. The pleasure of seeing you, face to face, of making you a veritable fact, after believing you somewhat a myth, of talking with you upon the one subject of deep interest to us both, was too much at the time to take in that other joy of your freedom. I suppose if I were a boy, I should have thrown up my cap, and made a noise like that "the shrouds make at sea, in a stiff tempest, as loud and to as many tones." As it was, I followed the impulse of a womanly nature, and, kneeling down, I thanked Him who had heard our prayer, and loosed your chains, and opened wide your guarded prison doors.

. . . . We are getting up some things for the prisoners. What shall I put in for Mr. Pollard, was my first thought—forgetting, for the moment, that you had taken wings. I wish I had asked you more particularly what is best to send. I shall really be grateful for any suggestions. After all, *how little* one can do for so many. What are the five loaves and two small fishes among such a multitude. It is only that the

doing one's best is acceptable from the sympathy it expresses. You, dear friend, entirely over-estimated the very little I found it a privilege to do for you. If I could atone by a life of service for the least of the wrongs my people (alas! that I should say *my* people) have inflicted upon as noble a race as God ever created, I should only be too happy. You must never think of any little thing I have done in any other way. If I have given you one moment's cheer or comfort, it has been more to me than to you that I have been able to do so.

I shall hope to hear from you as soon as you have had your fill of sleeping between fresh, clean sheets. I think I would take it out after the fashion of Rip Van Winkle. And the pleasure, too, of sitting at a table with one's own friends, and eating in a Christian way! It must almost repay you for the hardship and the keen discomfort of your prison life. No more rations, no more abominable pork! *Deo gratias!*

I have just received a call from a gentleman friend He is, indeed, a very true and faithful man; and the time will yet come when his voice will be heard above the wild waves of passionate strife, and his calm power will be felt. I intend writing him this week, and it will give me great pleasure to tell him what you said of him.

. . . . *September 10.*—The fall has set in, and yet no news of my exchange. I have written to Richmond of my failing health; but I fear it may be some time yet before I again see my brown South, and stand upon the "sacred soil" of Virginia.

Living here, almost in the seclusion of four walls—at least, choosing such severe isolation as I think becomes, both the misfortune and resentment of a prisoner—consumed by sickness and anxiety, I have nothing left to sustain me but the promises of hope. And if I cannot hope successfully, I can at least hope bravely.

Anything rather than mere *nostalgia*, or that certain fatal charm of melancholy, which loses its misfortunes in idle sentimentalism.

He who learns to *wait* is more than all other men the master of his fate.

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Chronology of the Third Year of the War.

1863.

- May* 1.—Battle of Port Gibson, Miss. Gen. Grant, U. S. A., defeats the C. S. Gens. Green and Tracy.
- “ 14.—Jackson, Miss., is evacuated, and occupied by Grant.
- “ 16.—Gen. Grant defeats Gen. Pemberton at Baker's Creek. Gen. Tilghman killed.
- “ 17.—Gen. Pemberton routed on the Big Black by Gen. Grant, and retreats to Vicksburg.
- “ 22.—Attack and repulse of the U. S. forces under Gen. Grant on the works at Vicksburg. Attack and repulse of the U. S. forces under Gen. Banks at Port Hudson.
- “ 23.—Investment of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant.
- June* 3.—Beginning of Gen. Lee's onward movement in Virginia.
- “ 9.—Gen. Stuart defeats the Federal cavalry at Brandy Station.
- “ 14.—Battle of Winchester and defeat of the Federals by Gen. Ewell. Capture of Martinsburg by Gen. Rodes. Second attack on the works at Port Hudson.
- “ 14-17.—Gen. Hooker withdraws from the Rappahannock, and occupies Centreville and Manassas.
- “ 17.—Two brigades of Federal cavalry defeated by Stuart at Aldie.
- “ 18.—Engagement at Aldie renewed. Stuart forced to retire.
- “ 23.—Capture of Brashear City, La., by Gen. Taylor.
- “ 24-30.—Invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by the Confederate forces under Gen. Lee.
- “ 28.—Repulse of Gen. Green at Donaldsonville, La.
- “ 29.—The Federal army, under Gen. Meade, crosses the Potomac.

- July* 1-4.—Battle of Gettysburg. The Confederates under Gen. Lee defeated by Gen. Meade, and forced to retire from Pennsylvania. C. S. loss 10,000. Gens. Pender, Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, and Semmes killed. U. S. loss between 15,000 and 18,000. Gen. Reynolds killed on the 1st.
- “ 2.—Gen. Morgan crosses the Cumberland.
- “ 4.—Unconditional surrender of Vicksburg, by Lieut.-gen. Pemberton, to Major-gen. Grant. Gen. Lee begins his retreat. The Confederates under Gen. Price defeated at Helena, Ark., with a loss in killed and wounded of 500 to 600.
- “ 5.—Capture of Lebanon, Ky., by Gen. Morgan.
- “ 6.—Gen. Imboden defeats the Federal cavalry at Williamsport, Md.
- “ 8-18.—Gen. Morgan makes a raid through Indiana and Ohio. Is captured, with 200 men, near New Lisbon.
- “ 9.—Surrender of Port Hudson. Landing of Gen. Strong on Morris Island, S. C.
- “ 9-16.—Bombardment of Jackson, Miss., by Gen. Sherman.
- “ 10.—The Federal troops attack Fort Wagner and are repulsed.
- “ 12.—4,000 U. S. troops defeated by 1,200 Confederates under Gen. Green, near Donaldsonville, La.
- “ 13.—Capture of Yazoo City by the Federals.
- “ 16.—Evacuation of Jackson by Gen. J. E. Johnston. Gen. Sherman occupies and destroys the town. Gen. Lee recrosses the Potomac.
- “ 31.—Gen. Burnside declares martial law in Kentucky.
- Aug.* 18.—Commencement of the bombardment of Charleston. The Federals attack Fort Wagner and are defeated, with a loss of 1,550. Confederate loss about 100.
- “ 21-24.—Bombardment of Sumter by the combined U. S. land and naval forces under Gen. Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren.
- “ 26.—Gen. Averill is defeated near Dublin, Va., by Col. Patton.
- Sept.* 6.—Evacuation of Fort Wagner. The Federals occupy Morris Island.
- “ 8.—The U. S. troops make a night attack on Fort Sumter and are repulsed. Defeat of the Federals at Sabine Pass, La.

- Sept.* 9.—Gen. Frazier surrenders Cumberland Gap to Gen. Burnside.
- “ 19-20.—Battle of Chickamauga. Gen. Rosecrans is defeated by Gen. Bragg, with the loss of 8,000 prisoners, 51 cannon, and 15,000 stand of small arms, and falls back on Chattanooga.
- Oct.* 11.—Cavalry engagement near Brandy Station.
- “ 14.—Gen. Hill repulsed at Bristoe Station.
- “ 18.—Gen. Imboden captures Charlestown, Va., and 434 prisoners. Gen. Grant assumes command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and proceeds to relieve Chattanooga.
- “ 29.—Engagement in Lookout Valley. Confederate forces defeated.
- Nov.* 6.—Skirmish at Rogersville, East Tennessee. General Echols defeats Col. Jackson at Droop Mountain, Virginia.
- “ 7.—The Confederates defeated at Kelly's Ford, on the Rapahannock.
- “ 8.—Battle of Missionary Ridge; Bragg defeated by Grant, and forced to abandon his intrenchments, with the loss of 40 cannon and 6,000 prisoners. U. S. loss in killed and wounded 5,000.
- “ 27.—The Federals defeated at Germania Ford, on the Rapidan.
- “ 29.—Gen. Longstreet makes an assault on Knoxville and is repulsed. C. S. loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 700. U. S. loss in killed and wounded, 20.
- Dec.* 8-22.—Gen. Averill makes a raid into the heart of Virginia.

1864.

- Jan.* 30.—Raid of cavalry under Gen. Rosser.
- Feb.* 1.—Commander Wood, C. S. N., captures the U. S. gunboat Underwriter, near Newbern, N. C.
- “ 1-25.—Gen. Sherman's expedition into Mississippi. Failure, and return to Vicksburg.
- “ 9-11.—Skirmishing on John's Island, S. C. The Federals retire.

- Feb.* 20.—Gen. Seymour is defeated by Gen. Finnigan at Ocean Pond, Florida. C. S. loss 80 killed, 650 wounded. U. S. loss 500 prisoners, and probably 2,000 killed and wounded.
- “ 21.—Cavalry engagement at Okalona. Gens. Smith and Grierson defeated by Gen. Forrest and fall back to Memphis.
- “ 25.—Gen. Thomas attempts an advance but falls back on Chickamauga.
- “ 28.—Attempted raid around Richmond under Gen. Kilpatrick and Col. Dahlgren. Dahlgren killed and his force captured.
- March* 14.—Fort De Russy, on the Red river, taken by Gen. A. J. Smith.
- “ 16.—Occupation of Alexandria, La., by Federals.
- April* 7.—Skirmish at Pleasant Hill, La.
- “ 8.—Battle of Mansfield, La. Gen. Banks defeated by Gen. Kirby Smith, and driven to Pleasant Hill. Gen. Mouton killed.
- “ 9.—Battle of Pleasant Hill. Gen. Banks falls back to Grand Ecore, thus ending the disastrous Red river expedition. U. S. loss, altogether, 8,000 killed and wounded, 1,000 prisoners, 35 guns, 1,200 wagons, 1 gunboat, and 3 transports.
- “ 12.—Storming of Fort Pillow by Gen. Forrest.
- “ 17.—Gen. Hoke's expedition against Plymouth, N. C.
- “ 25.—Gen. Forrest attacks Paducah, Ky.
- “ 28.—Gen. Hoke takes Plymouth, N. C.
- May* 5-6.—Battle of the Wilderness.
- “ 5.—Gen. Butler moves up the James river.
- “ 7.—Desultory fighting on the Fredericksburg road.
- “ 8.—Gen. Warren is repulsed in two engagements near Spottsylvania.
- “ 9.—Gen. Sedgwick killed.
- “ 10.—Cavalry engagement near Yellow Tavern, Va. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart killed.
- “ 12.—Battle of Spottsylvania C. H.
- “ 15.—Gen. Sigel defeated near Newmarket by Gen. Breckinridge.
- “ 16.—Gen. Beauregard attacks Gen. Butler's advanced position at Drury's Bluff. Gen. Butler retires to Bermuda Hundred

- May* 28.—Gen. Grant crosses the Pamunkey.
- June* 3.—Attack on the Confederate works at Cold Harbor. Federals repulsed.
- “ 5.—Gen. Hunter has a success at Piedmont, and effects the capture of Staunton. Death of Gen. W. E. Jones.
- “ 7.—Flank movement on Resaca, Ga., by which Gen. J. E. Johnston is forced to evacuate Dalton.
- “ 9.—Expedition from Gen. Butler's lines against Petersburg. Federals repulsed.
- “ 12.—Grant crosses the James river.
- “ 14.—Battle of Resaca.
- “ 16, 17, 18.—Grant's forces attempt to take Petersburg by assault and are repulsed.
- “ 22.—Grant attempts the Weldon railroad.
- “ 27.—Battle of Kenesaw Mountain. Gen. Sherman repulsed.
- “ 28.—Gen. McPherson repulsed at New Hope, Ga. Unsuccessful attempt on the Weldon railroad by U. S. cavalry under Gens. Wilson and Kautz.
- July* 3.—Gen. Johnston retreats to Atlanta, Ga.
- “ 20.—Battle near Atlanta between Gen. Sherman and Gen. Hood.
- “ 22.—Battle near Atlanta.
- “ 28.—Engagement near Atlanta.



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